

# G-Unit, Cocaine Dreams

Yeah  
G-Unit Nigga  
50 Cent  
You Heard Me  
Irv I don't believe you let that nigga talk  
You fat cupcake eatin' mothafucka  
I'll fuck you up nigga  
Fuckin' punk ass nigga  
Don't nobody respect you nigga  
You Preme's son nigga  
Mothafucka's been gettin' extorted since day one  
Its all kinda bitch in ya, chinese, spanish, black, white

I got X  
Method slabs and cocaine  
So the feds wanna search us  
like arabs boardin' tha planes  
I'm in tha range  
switchin' lanes  
Reminscin' on cans and sardines

And car dreams  
I'm burnin' unfamiliar bud  
Got a shotgun like Elmer Fudd  
That'll let off and leave you hella blood  
Ma I'm hip to tha game  
Blue ice chips in the chain  
A few nights skipped on the plane  
With two white chicks gettin' brain  
bang bang from big heaters  
Hundred dollar sneakers  
Two seaters  
Two ninas

And a bundle of hayes  
At least enough to last fourteen days  
He wouldn't sell lobster  
My eyes slanted like Pharell's partner  
Nigga respect like your father when it comes to drama  
I put tha llama to your mama  
and beat her like a pinata

Nigga I been hotta since '97  
You been beggin' tha 5th kick like a kung-fu legend  
One blue seven  
Whats poppin' nigga?  
Different day same shit  
What you coppin' nigga?  
S-K's want bricks, shit  
You wind up dead with this  
So why turn soft?  
Straight bullets will burn a niggas sideburns off  
I gotta model with a sick ass  
Bagged her off 5th ave.  
Fucked her offa hot dog and a playoff knick pass

Now we shoppin in tha malls on tha westcoast  
And as far as pussy  
I been through more walls than asbestos  
So lets toast  
And have a sex on tha beach  
These niggas quotin' my lines like a Martin Luther King speech  
Remember Patrice  
She looked like Kelis

Met her in club  
And caught her eyein' my piece  
And with all the birds at tha show  
I had to go fuck tha crazy hoe  
Callin' Hot 97 'cause she knows I'm on tha radio  
(Ha Ha Bitch)

[50 Talking:]

Yea  
Ja you little Stuart Little lookin' mothafucka  
Catch you I'll break your mothafuckin' neck nigga  
You only weigh 110 pounds you little fagot  
I know tha stylist you been fuckin' too nigga  
I paid him 50,000  
Check my album out nigga  
February 11th you gonna hear him talk  
You little bitch  
Tryin' to jump off like its a promotional stunt  
Seven days before your album drop  
huh..you little bitch

Order of protection  
From who?  
Who I need an order of protection from nigga? [Laughs]  
Ya lil' k..awe man  
Mothafuckas man  
Ya'll niggas is gonna make this a lot of fun for me