

G-Unit, Gansta'd Up

(Chorus: 50 Cent)

Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood dun made me feel like my emotions are froze i stay "G'd
tha things tha i dun seen and the shit ive been through that made my heart turn cold i stay
"G'd Up",Im a gangsta ya find out fo sho if u eva step on my toes I stay "G'd Up"
hanigin' out tha window wit that AK fillin ya punk ass wit holes

(50 Cent)

Cocaine, heroin, extacy, marijuana, a mule on that greyhound from NY to Carolina, paper
chase different name, same face dont catch a case, my road dogs on parole his baby gurls 4 years
old, we play tha block pistol cop, u could shoot or get shot kill u for ur crack spot take
everything your ass got, semi-automatics spary, bust back or run away, niggaz talkin in tha
hood we'll handle this another day, in November u make my shit, u should b dead, if u can catch a
Christmas,ill send u a gift,niggaz will come and leave yo ass twisted,them hollowtips shells
burn baby burn,see niggaz get merked up,N babies born make tha world turn, i've seen it all crysta
clear so i keep my pistol near,hearts never full of fear homie i stay well aware of whats goin
around me muthaf**kas want me dead i go wit a smile on my face,witness my time kid

(Chorus)

(Lloyd Banks)

lil nigga I dun paved the way,yall should thank e'm,but if u think otherwise bring ya boy over
here so i could spank e'm,ill put a end to your career bitch (bitch),before u speak on 50,buy
fourty in a spare clip, these niggaz gassed up gettin to used to rap like i wont give
them more blood clots than supercat,niggaz will snatch ya im like a bat catcher ill give em
signs and they'll throw something at ya, round here niggaz die off hydro and even when it aint tha

4th of July it sound like pyro,u smart enuff to creep n lay ur dumb brains down the pound will
spin u down like tha young James Brown (yeah) i know im hot but hey (hey) im icy to rocks will
hit u from a block away like a beat from Dr.Dre we takin' over this year case tha soldiers is
here everyone knows its a scare (yeah)!

(Chorus)

(Young Buck)

my popa never bothered to show me what it was to be a man he just pop another bottle n smoke
up a half a gram,i would hop in my Impala and ride all throught tha night that gave my homeboy
life so when u do it do it right,my fingernails still filled with cocaine residue,i still got
tha heart to go bust me ahead or 2 (fo sho)no other soulution u think we hollerin n hooptin'
until u wake up n u gotta here about these shootings,i take a bullet from mah vooz n put tha
clip in my pocket before i take another bullet im gonna pull it and pop it (blaaatt)and if
its beef my nigga then let your guns do tha talkin' the graveyard has got plenty room for a
coffin (haha)they say we responsible for boostin tha crime rate they say we tha reason these
young niggaz is buying weight but im gonna keep this glock on my waist till my dyin'days its
"Nuttin But A G Thang", G-Unit And Dr.Dre

(Chorus)