

G-Unit, Mind Playing Tricks

Its a regular day and a regular routine till I hear this tragic news from about three feens, your man F
and I heard through the great vine its all 'cause his rhymes
in front of his grandmoms standing on the lawn wearing no teflone
I wonder if he gone
I know in my heart i wanna cry having thoughts in my mind that man goin die
as I frantically run towards Fifty's spot, I panically peep like fifty cops , it was blue and whites, D.T's
duck in the sarce 'cause the sarce f**king know me ,Ijumped the G truck and got a mac to spit and
I started to think back in shit how we used to sling crack and stack up chips, with Can, P-lo, Big Ju
Fifty the General nigga I salute him nigga, Tony Yayo nigga the hustler of this shit, F**kin Lloyd Bar