

# G-Unit, Pepsi Smash Mic Pass

(feat. Young Hot Rod, Freeway, Spider Loc, M.O.P., ...)

[Lloyd Banks:]

Aiyo what up?  
Its ya boy Lloyd Banks Aka Blue Hefner  
Ya now tuned into Mic Pass  
You know how it goes down baby

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

G Unit, G Unit  
GGGGGGGGGG G Unit  
G Unit in the house  
We the best  
G Unit in the house we don't settle for less  
G Unit in the house  
Better wear ya vest  
G Unit in the house  
Forget the rest  
GGGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 1: Young Hot Rod]

Homie rush now we ain't in a rush now  
Take my time I gotta look plush now  
We at the club now I got the boss up  
The group is loadin' up the semi before I touch down  
Homies really wanna fuss now  
Cause I'm a superstar yeah I get to cut now  
Theres no lines for me get the Cristal

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 2: Freeway]

Don't sweat it boy  
Jay and Fif told me "Free go get 'em boy"  
Don't let 'em spoil ya plans  
If a man try to stand in your way  
You gotta crack him open like a Pepsi where the boy?  
He is now envoy  
Like I just took him to the counter but I leave 'em how I leave 'em  
And I Colt feed him when I greet him  
With the pounders like he about to get...

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 3: Spider Loc]

Now I could bring a hundred boys to the front gate  
But for ya'll they told me they only want eight  
I'm breakin' it down its so hard to do  
Especially when I'm at the G Unit Barbecue  
Might bust me a female and pop a Pepsi  
In Khakis and Chucks ya'll know how the West be  
No need to ask if the Loc been high  
Same thing in the city when I'm in the NY  
G Unit

[Tony Yayo:] GGGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 4: Billy Danze Of M.O.P.]

Once again its on reportin' outta BK, NY  
Its the Lochness where real riders rock with  
The 5 Benz they love the way I rock  
First class, top chefs, top notch  
Gangsta Boy Bop  
Thats how we do it on our block

And you don't want what you can't stop  
Smash M- dot -O dot -P  
Dot Stockon fuck get the stone out your ass

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]  
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[Verse 5: Lloyd Banks]  
I'm a steel kicker even after ya funeral  
Cause me gettin' what I got ain't got nothing to do with you  
Not the cars, no broads'll pluck him  
By the two in my green old school then buck him  
Powder blue, fuck you  
If you got a crew  
Bring 'em and order a Mill and Nina  
If ya gotta go toe to toe with the heater  
Or blow for blow with the reaper  
Am I my brother's keeper?  
Well, front on him and meet the bottom of my sneaker

[Tony Yayo:] GGGGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 6: Lil Fame Of M.O.P.]  
Yo right about now this beat got ya homie feelin' like Fab 5 Freddy  
Yeah with that tight ass twenty  
Front and (pause) ya Zellies  
Yep before I tee off  
Let ya homie snatch Dee off  
The ledge  
Got my joints in bootlegs  
Shine like its a Sunday back in eighty six  
Uptown takin' flicks

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 7: Tony Yayo]  
Its the Talk Of New York homie I stay in the hood  
Lodi Mack got the Mac so I'm always good  
You see the Bentley pull up I'm livin' it up  
And when my wolves come out you givin' it up  
Listen cash rules  
Yayo is that dude  
G Unit we rule  
Ya'll rappers is fools  
And you can tell by my looks I'm gettin' money  
Yo I'm still in the hood kid serving junkies

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]  
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