

# 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

GGGGGG 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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