G-Unit, Poppin' Them Thangs

[Hook X2]
[50 Cent]
Every hood we go through
All the gangstas around know my whole crew (Nigga what)
We hold it down like we supposed to
Nigga you can front if you want, we be poppin them thangs

[50 Cent]

After the VMAs my baby momma cuss my ass out. I kicked her ass we back friends like Puffy and Steve Stout Cut the grass around my clique so I could see these sneaks You see back in the hood its cuz I see they fake I preach a sermon about the paper like Im creflo dollar Ill pop you punk niggaz like I pop my collar Im confused; I like Megan, Monica, and Mya. Missys freaky and Brandys shy, uh Now take a look at how my lifestyle changed up. Im on now, god damn it I done came up. Now you could find me with the finest hoes. Choosin which whip to drive by what match my clothes. I got a fetish for the stones, heavy on the ice man If I aint gotta pistol on me, sure I gotta knife man Get outta line and Im lightin your ass up. Semi-automatic spray, Ill tighten your ass up (What)

[Hooks X2]

[Lloyd Banks] Slow down little nigga Dont exceed your speed Cuz I will put g's on they fitted like the Negro league I got connects so I dont need no weed Ive been in LA for a year now So I dont see no seeds After Im done you clappin the crew Hell yeah, I fuck fans Guess what your favorite rapper does too In a minute Ima have the jeweler makin my rims spin My crew run wild at the Jamaicas at Kingston Nothin but bling bling in ya face boy Thats why my neck shine like one of them shirts Puffy and Mase wore I done find a nympho as soon as I pop a bra She had my balls head first just like a soccer star You can only stand next to the man if you proper Ya'll take care of birds like a animal doctor Been out and Im buzzin niggas just slept on me So Im out for revenge like one of bin laden's cousins

[Young Buck] Read the paper, look at the news We one the front page Yeah we in the Bahamas with AK's on the stage The ice and the Jacob watch make a broke nigga take somethin So I gotta keep the four fifth with no safety button G-Unit getting money I know some artists is starvin But play the game like they rich to me this shit funny I know you see me comin Cuz on the front of the Maybach It say payback for those who hated on me I hate when niggas claim they bangin a gang You ain't no crip like snoop You ain't no blood like game See Ive been having beef

I have my own bullet proof vest Most of my enemies dead I got about two left Until my last breath Im sendin niggas bullet holes Innocent bystanders get hit tryin to be heroes You know how we roll Every where that we go Its fo fos, calicos, and desert eagles (yeah)

[Hook X2]