

50 Cent, 8 Mile Road (G-Unit Remix)

feat. Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo)

[50 Cent]

Yeah..50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo

G-UNIT!

[Lloyd Banks]

This rap shit plays a major part of my life

So if you jeopardize it I got the right

To send a mothafucka at you tonight

G-Unit! And I ain't stoppin' to my clique poppin'

Swimmin' in barrels of money

Ma could walk around wit' a head up and challenge you dummy

It's funny, niggas rather see you sufferin' and hungry

I'm hungry as hell, skatin' with another nigga's money

You liyin ya ass off, you know you ain't that tough

I'm callin' your bets off as soon as you act up

You know what I came for, it isn't the game ball

Artillery that's about as long as a chainsaw (Lloyd Banks!)

By the way, this feels like I'm dreamin'

Forty cal. under my pillow, condom feelin' my semen

The physical presence of a female, form of a demon

That's why, I fuck 'em and leave 'em

Get my nut while I'm breathin'

'Cause they thought they'd catch me slippin', now I'm duckin' and trippin'

That's a thousand dollar outfit what the fuck is you rippin'?

You trippin', more records could get my ass in position

Death wish for no religion whether Catholic or Christian

Listen, I went through my ambition in and out the kitchen

With probable cause, it's probably sendin' out to prison

You got soldiers, but you still gotta respect ours

We got more four five's and nines than a deck of cards

[Tony Yayo]

You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood out me ('Cause what?)

'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto

Niggas hate when you do good

But when you broke, your friends and your enemies

They love you, they love you

"Cheche, get the yayo"

Picture me being crack, out of town, trips on the trail

"Cheche, get the yayo"

Picture me being crack (Tony Yayo!)

You can sift me, cut me, I'll turn you to a junkie

I'm the number one seller in the whole fuckin' country

Wallstreet niggas, they cop me on the low

White boys don't call me coke, they call me blow

It's time to go, on the bus, the train, the plane

I'll smuggle, I'm nothin' but trouble

I'll make your money double

Cook me in baking soda

I'll turn your Hooprock into a new Range Rover

I'll pay all your bills and fill your 'frigerator

Feed your family, turn your man into a hater

Put me in your doorpanels or your stashbox

Put me in your Nik's, Timbs or Reeboks

If you cop three and a half you hustlin' backwards

Cop a hundred grams, you movin' forwards

You tryin' to move more birds

...In PA all day, on the corner of Third

[50 Cent]

You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood out me (what?)

'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto

Picture me polishin' pistols, I'm comin' to get you

The shells hit you, you screamin'

Think I'm playin'? I mean it

Man, I done bought all these pistols

Lets get it poppin'
Start wavin' my emboies shell cases get the droppin' (C'mon)
Like if it's down the corner, I got too much pride to hide
I'm outside, gun in my pocket just stunnin' I'm stoppin'
I'm dyin' to pop it, I'm young and I'm restless, you know my contestants
As the world turns, there's lessons to be learned
Count all my blessin's, clean up my weapons
I'm ready for war, the strong survive, the weak will parish
I told you before, hoes they compliment me now like "50 nice chain"
Malasio, twenty grand in chips at a dice game
Burn out, can't stop gotta watch MTV, BET
Nigga you see me!
I wonder if you mad, 'cause I'm doin' good
or 'cause niggas feelin' me more than you in your own 'hood
And it hurts 'cause you love 'em and they don't love you back
'cause they know you just rappin' and you don't bust a gat
You pussy
Yeah, explain it to niggas in your hood nigga
They know you fuckin' frontin' nigga
Talkin' like gangstas on a record, I see you nigga
Niggas know me nigga, ask around in my 'hood nigga
Read the "Daily News" nigga you see them talkin' about me nigga
I'm in the middle of all kinds of shit
Pussy, lets get it poppin'
G-G-Unit, G-G-Unit, G-G-G-Unit, G-G-G-G-G-G-Unit, G-Unit!