

50 Cent, Every Gangsta, Every Hood

(music starts)

Intro: (50 Cent)

Yo This is 50 on the check in. For real people everywhere..Ja, Suck A Dick

Verse 1 (Tony Yayo)

Yo its T-O-N-Y,
Stay with A Semi
Dont ask me why dawg, but I'm herre
G-G-G- Unit 187 on your block beware
Yayo is my name and the substance that I bag
in a cloth, envelope, held up in a rag
I'll turn any of u soldiers into junkies
Im the number 1 seller in the whole damn country
Ya Heard, thats how i get down
Guerilla Unit is here and we up in your town (G-UNIT)

Chorus

Every Gangsta in every hood
U Know we up to know good
We got the gunz that yall need
we like to smoke on that weed
We drive 20's on big trucks
and yall know we just dont give a fuck
Every Gangsta in Every Hood
Yall know we up to no good

Verse 2 (Lloyd Banks)

Yo It's the most hated playa in the history of hoods
We G-Unit soldiers man we never up to any good
Lloyd Banks hit ya up don't try again
I'm not your buddy let alone your distant friend
I got nines that are just itching to be blasted
And skinny niggaz get it not the FAT BASTARDS
JaRule and Irv aint got no shit on us
They just whack ya heard tryin to crip (get busseed)
My gunz are all loaded ready to thrash
The future is now we got the whole hood on smash (G-Unit)

Chorus

Every Gangsta in every hood
U Know we up to know good
We got the gunz that yall need
we like to smoke on that weed
We drive 20's on big trucks
and yall know we just dont give a fuck
Every Gangsta in Every Hood
Yall know we up to no good

Verse 3 (50 Cent)

I'm not afraid of the so-called Murda Menaces
I'll shoot up so bad leave their faces with twisted grimaces
My gun squirts/but man it aint water
I'll Kill all u Homos, you might call it a slaughter
Ja Rule U skinny Playa Might need to gain some weight
My bullet twists you up leave u to deal with your fate
Murda aint gonna shoot me/cuz yall dont even got guns
ya'll turn hard rap music into playschool fun

Enuff candy rap/We straight Gangsta
Murda jumped proof, he's not the one with colon cancer
Yo fucking faggots/Aint never seen crack
I'll deal you niggaz bullets smokin back-2-back
Now im beefin with yall cuz u beefin with me
Ya'll got plenty "gangstas" while I stick with three
Don't ever in a song use the words guns, kill, and gay
I got the three biggest bodyguards (G, Em and Dre)

It's Finished! G-G-G-G- UNIT

(Outro) (Tony Yayo)

Thats It for Murda. Explain it to all your homies in the hood man.
Murda has officially ended thier career. Ja and Irv are in the coffin.
Ashanti's naked in bed. Vitas thrown out. Caddy is dead. Black is dead.
Jody Mack ran away. Life's Great.

(music stops)

(50 Cent)

G-G-G- G Unit!!

We aint never scared.