

50 Cent, Gun Jam

[50 Cent:]

Yeah this is just my intro
Its serious man this is Sirius Radio right here
GGGGG Unit Radio
Shady ha ha ha

Just givin' 'em a little somethin' somethin'

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

You screamin' ya gun jam
Nigga your gun ain't jam
They let off ya bitch ass ran
You screamin' ya gun jam
I know your type fam
You pussy I understand
You screamin' your gun jam
You run when the shots fire
You scared the fuck to death of that hollowtip diet
Intensive Care Unit after niggas get sprayed up
Jamaica Hospital third floor when you layed up
Make sure your bills get paid up
So its nine one one
When you see my gun
I'm popular nigga the police know me
Just cause of this rap shit i'm rich now homie
Man when you not around I got your bitch all on me
She want to be my wife now
She like my lifestyle
My shotty bumpin' its the sweetest taboo
I play something smooth when I stunt in my coupe
Ooooooo you know these niggas ain't like me
Everything I say I got in these raps I got bee
The cars, the cribs, the jewels, the tools
The nines, the Tec9s, the Macs ooooooo
The burners the gats man if you confused
I'll send a nigga from my hood to put a hole in you
I rock G Unit hats, hoodies and shoes
Got "G Unit" tatted on my bitch too
I drink G Unit water watchin' G Unit porn
This is Shade 45 nigga G Unit on

[Mike Epps:]

Fuck the COs
Fuck all of 'em makin' money off of niggas
They just mad Yayo
Cause they can't make no more money off you
They was makin' a percentage off your head every day in there
Now you makin' off of them
Fuck 'em Yayo