

# Cent, Blood Hound

G-Unit, UTP

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50 Cent, get 'em bucked

50 Cent, that's my name, man I ain't fuckin' playin'

I move on you wit' that Mac, mayn

Come off, now watch your chain fo' I blow out your brains

Shells hit your chest go out your back, mayn

See me I put in work, man I been doin' dirt

For so long when niggas get laid out

Niggas run through my crib to holla at the kid

That's when I start bringin' them thangs out

Then we go through the strip, hangin' up out the whip

Dumpin' clips off at they whole clique, mayn

When witnesses around, they know how we get down

So when the cops come they ain't see shit, mayn

My soldiers slangin' 'caine, sunny, snow, in sleet or rain

Come through the hood an' you can cop that

I'm sittin' on some change, G-Unit got the game

Come through here stuntin' you get popped at

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped

Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though

I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks

Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped

Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though

I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks

Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

I came in this game knowin' niggas gon' hate me

Just for the simple fact they know that I'm a rida'

I got a hell of a aim, I keep on tellin' ya mayn

I swear ain't nobody gon' find ya

When I get lifted I'm tempted to tear your block up

Your niggas can't run 'cause I'm behind ya

Me an' Chilly in your city wit' a couple nine-milli's

You better stay in line bro'

'Cause if I walk it I'll talk it you know we'll walk up an' pop it

I love the sound of gunfire bro'

Right now we smackin' 'em wit' platinum

An' they hate it 'cause we made it, that's what we keep an eye for

I represent it 'cause I'm in it, UTP until I'm finished

Juvenile, they can't stop us

An' I admit it, I live it, I'll knock a baller off his pivot

With this motherfuckin' choppa'

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My twenty-inches spinnin', you always see me grinin'

An' you hear niggas call me 'Grimey'

They hit me wit' them bricks an' I ain't pay 'em shit

I'm outta town, they can't find me

When I come back around, man I'ma back 'em down

I run up bustin' that Tec, mayn

If you ain't got a gun, an' you can't fuckin' run

My advice is you hit the deck, mayn

But if you get away an' come back another day

My soldiers'll leave you wet, mayn

'Cause we know where you be, an' we know where you stay

An' we'll come trippin' through your set, mayn

Man you heard what I said, now get it in your head  
I ain't payin' no fuckin' debt, mayn  
'Cause you're a middle man but you don't understand  
You're a fuckin' fake ass connect', mayn  
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