

Chief Keef, G Unit

I keep the chrome in the truck, we rollin' it up
I be rollin' stuffed blunts, we call 'em stuffed crust
On dummy a lot
Think you finna ten-point spot? Well, boy, you got me fucked up
I got Yayo and I got shooters named Lloyd
Got the whole G-Unit and I got Young Buck
Got a fifty shot Glock and an automatic pump
And it got bucks, and it's gassed up
Ride through your block like G-Unit, bitch
Yeah, and we masked up
Ride off like fuck a motherfuckin' case
Wanna know why? Bitch, can't stop
I do the G-Unit stomp
Watch me lean with the pump
Beam on the chopper
Ain't no game, ain't no problems, G-Unit, ayy

Nigga, get rich or die trying, ayy
Nigga, get rich without dying, ayy
Lil' nigga, get shot nine times
Jack you, somethin' like Curtis Jackson, ayy
Ridin' in all-blue 'Rari, 50 right behind me
We the Glo Gang, Guerilla Unit, ayy
G-Unit since I was motherfuckin' four, ayy
Heard a nigga snitchin', got the motherfuckin' gang unit at my door

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You can find me in the club
With a snub, fuck a bottle of the bub
Mama, I got what you need, straight dick, baby, not no love, ayy
I gave that bitch a mug, the bitch tried to give me a hug, ayy
I got G-Unit and I got Mobb Deep, money my apology
Boy, that money ain't yours, that money Monopoly's, ayy
Had a thot named Olivia, but you know I had to drop the bitch
Teflons on, pistols, don't be in front of it

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