

# G-Unit, Betta Ask Somebody

[50 Cent]

I, know, you, know  
I'm, on, fiiii-re

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

If, you don't know, who I be  
You betta ask someboooooody about me  
Oh - you wanna be tough nigga, a look is enough  
I put that snub nose to ya and bust nigga  
If, you don't know, who I be  
You betta ask someboooooody about me  
And they'll tell ya I'm a soldier boy  
And I done told ya, over and over boy

[Verse One: Lloyd Banks]

I come from a big city, the streets corrupt  
Now I'm rollin with snub-noses to heat you up  
Out here niggaz'll do anything to reach a buck  
Cause when you broke you can't afford to fuck ya sneakers up  
I take my time, keep my mind on my bank funds  
Learn how to seperate the real from the fake ones  
And on my heater nina rep what could I carry on  
My nigga just lost his momma, and his daddy gone  
From now on I can provide cause my paper's straight  
Family losin his legs, but I can take the weight  
Some niggaz hate but I'll be damned if they hold me down  
Front niggaz didn't know me then, bet they know me now  
Blunt and a smile, eventually it'll be a frown  
Cause every time I turn around a nigga locked down  
While I'm in the world, tryin to bring my loot through  
Hopin one day we can kick it like we used to, my nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Young Buck]

Uhh, they never seen 26's on a Hummer  
My goal is to try to fuck Trina by the summer  
Some niggaz hate me, but they only made me  
Go and put mo' ice in my mouth than Baby (bling bling!)  
G-Unit and Shady, them dudes is crazy  
Next time, we only usin Dr. Dre's beats  
Fuck you, pay me, take your magazine flicks  
This ain't no Nelly hurr, take a good look at this  
Got the wrists of a chemist and the heart of a hustler  
Plus I probably done robbed mo' artists than Russell  
Always in trouble, you can blame my mother  
Gave birth to a gorilla and raised him in the jungle  
I ain't crawled, I stumbled across the Mexican with birds  
Papi had coke and new plates and pounds of herb  
Keep my hand on my glock, and my ear to the streets  
I'm a country boi, you can hear it when I speak  
G-Unit!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 50 Cent]

Bentley is all dreams, G-5 agendas  
Tha hood'll make a nigga heart colder than December (yeah!)  
Don't take much to make my gun go off  
One shot'll make a hardrock look oh so soft (woo!)  
If you don't know you betta ask who I be  
Or end up in ICU gettin fed through a IV  
Down in the Lou', they say they feelin me derryty  
In New Orleans they say I'm that nigga, ya heard me?

From them Southside blocks to Watts, Westside don't front  
You know about them Grapestreet Gangstas, G'd up  
Rollin that weed up  
Nigga get outta line, get shot stabbed jacked  
Hit with a bat or beat up  
Fuck that, we're on that same bullshit  
Same forty-cally glock, same full clip  
Pussy claat bwoy, ya nah wanna tak wif me  
I'm a real rudebwoy, ya nah wanna ruf wif me

[Chorus]