

G-Unit, Ching

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then I got that ching ching ching
then I bought my bling bling bling
that's how I got your f**king bitch on my dick

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BITCH!!!
Catch me wing shot nigga doin' my thing
'cause when I write with my pen
got me next to Don King
I'm in room 820 in a H2
with a project chic named Rachel
I got racks on my neck
with a big ass piece
they come thru when my lex

call that audition
with no roof on the top
that's my sunday car
in our home I'm looking hot
that's my monday car
I got a stable of hoes
I'm a P-I-M-P
saw your bitches on the (..?)
we got beans on our gat
we retail our weapons
in the way that I rap
we email our chesters
niggas hear what I spit
and wonder how I write
G-Unit gone will
we all on automatic pilot