

G-Unit, Collapse

Now don't think I won't hit you, cause I'm popular
I got a P-90 Ruger to pop at ya
Catch you slippin' I'm a give ya what I got for ya
My clip loaded with 16 shots for ya
Ya'never had a hot gun on ya waist or blood on ya shoes
Cause a nigga went and said the wrong shit to you
Homie you ain't been through
What I been through
You not like me
And I'm not like you
I'm like a animal with it, when I spit it, it's crazy
Got semi-autos that put wholes in niggas tryna play me
One shot is not enough, you need at least an uzi to move me
After 4 bottles of Don
The kid start feelin' woozie
I write my life
You write what you've seen in gangsta movies
I'm gangsta to the core, nigga you can't move me
I find my space at the top
I got this rap shit locked
I've never heard of you
You've heard of me, I'll murder you
Spit shells at your convertable
As long as you notice
Rich or poor, hollows still go through ya door
This is war
You scared of me
Your not prepared for me
The Kid is back
50 Cent I know you like that
Yeah I know you like that
Green Latern, Shady Records, Anger Management Tour
Homie, Homie, Homie