

# G-Unit, Im So Fly Remix

(feat. Eminem, 50Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck, Tony Yayo)

[Intro: 50 Cent]

I don't need Don Parrion

I don't need Cris

Tengo [?]

I don't need shit

Nigga im [?]

G-UNIT

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

We on the front page then we in the Bahamas with AK's on the stage, the ice and the Jacob watch  
most of my enemies dead i got about two left  
untill my last breath im sendin niggas bullet holes  
inocent bystanders get hit tryin to be heroes

[Verse 2: Eminem]

Don't want the diamonds, want the gold, or want the jewelery, he don't want the ring, don't want the  
running circles round his competition on the court  
he appreciates your support but he a'int beggin for it, and you can love it you can hate it but you can  
and he was gonna raise hell like them country boys  
if you confront him then you better come confront me fore it (I'm a warrior)

[Verse 3: Young Buck]

I feel attention when I walk in the club  
G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug  
Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bud  
I dont need security, this old nickel enough  
I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all  
So bitches call ya hoes, n niggaz call ya dogs  
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight  
She might neva come home again nigga, aight!  
Teeth, neck, wrists all ice my lifes like  
Ridin' in Ca\$hville runnin all stop lights (for real)  
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin  
My momma jus hadda dream of seein me in prison (damn)  
My daddys a dope fein, n i dont really miss him (fuck em)  
Aint seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin (c'mon)  
Tha same ol' 2 step we move to a rhythm  
50 holla get em' Buck, you know im gunna get em'

[Verse 4: Lloud Banks]

The Double L O Y D  
Get put on an I.V  
Tryin ta try me  
The new age Ali  
The black C.I.G  
Resides beside me  
As smooth as an Isley  
Sometimes I surprise me  
Can't even ID  
As low as my eyes be  
I roll with the gangstas don't get fly with your mouth  
The wrong punchline'll have niggaz inside of your house  
Nigga I'm doing good I made it out of the hood  
I own Beverly Hills no more bottles or wood  
That's a zipper that's sticky  
California should whip me  
I done made it this far can't be mad if they hit me (shhiit)

[Verse 5: 50 Cent]

I'm a tell you what Banks told me "cus go head switch the style up"  
And if the hate then let 'em hate and watch the money pile up  
Or we go upside there wit a bottle of bud

C'mon man you know where we be  
You can find me in da club

[Verse 6: Lloyd Banks]

Before I leave the crib I tell my mother I love her  
Wrap the urn up cus she ai'nt concerned cus shes earner  
My bitch lays it out real nice for me to hurt her  
We fight  
Wake up and fuck like Ike and Tina Turner  
[?]  
Cus some girls over here don't got a problem giving head  
Paranoia's on you that's why your alm is in your bed  
Fuck a red Chinchilla and buy some momma for your head  
On the block i'm from niggas be damned near 40 and still tuckin  
And niggas baby mommas is pregnant and still fuckin  
It's either cus they boyfriends is scrub like Brillo  
Or cus Banks is cooler than the other side of the pillow  
My cronic is blown for my niggas that got locked up and deported  
So now the gotta go back home

[Verse 7 : Lloyd Banks]

Fresh off the jet and I breeze to the beaches  
Blue Yankee fitted  
G-Unit sneakers  
I already figured out wut they do with all features  
Decorate they basements for the streetsweepers  
When it comes to stuntin theres nothin you can teach us  
We in a different time zone your records don't reach us

[Verse 8: 50 Cent]

When that window roll down and that AK come out  
You can squeeze your lil hand gun till you run out  
And you can run for your back up  
If them machine gun shells don't tear your back up  
God's on your side shit i'm aight with that  
Cus we gone reload them clips and come right back  
It's a fact homie  
Go on and get some your fucked  
I get the drop if you cn duck  
Your lucky you heard of Lady Luck  
Look nigga  
Don't think you safe cus you moved out the hood  
Cus yo mamma's still around dog and that ain't good  
If you be smart youd of shooen me  
Cus I get tired of lookin for you  
Spray yo mamma crib and let yo ass look for me [gun shots]

[Outro: Tony Yayo]

Me for myself i gotta watch my back extra because  
Those niggas that like me [music fades]