

G-Unit, The Gang

(Intro: 50 Cent)

Yea

I ain't even gotta tell them who it is, I be like wussup its the Kid, they know its me man. F**kin kiddin

(Chorus: 50 Cent)x2

Yall niggas know me, 'cause I do my thang man
You look you gonn' see, G-Unit's my gang man
You front on me, Ill pull out the thang thang
Pop at you bang bang, blow out ya brains man

(Verse 1: 50 Cent)

They say ima trouble maker, ima waste of shit right
Keep my strap on me niggas front ima get right
I dont care if its broad day, or its night
Im out on bail money and my lawer fees i be alright
I aint no pussy I aint no punk niggas know bout me
And know my flows, know the clothes, and know the hoes I see
I move around its hard as hell tryin to be low key
'cause every gangsta in the hood f**kin listen to me
And if I say im in my Bentley you could picture me rollen
But if I said that shit last year you could picture it stolen
My dirty ass clean now, Im fresh out the hood
If you mad 'cause i aint hookin your ass up den good
Niggas aint neva did a thing for me, now they wanna hang with me
Next thing you know they got they hands out, wantin from me
I dont play no games homie, I keep that thang on me
I lay a bitch nigga down

(Chorus: 50 Cent)x2

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(Bridge: 50 Cent)

This is Benzes, BM's and Bentley's, back to back, when we come through
Palmer's, Rangers, Denali's, Escalades you know how we do, G-UNIT!

(Verse 2: Young Buck)

You f**kin right a nigga still in the hood call me
they say that the feds want me
but they gotta come and get me, we aim for the head homie
pistol grip pumps with the rubber grips pop till it stop
then slide in another clip burnin down the block
you dont know who you f**kin with until you get shot
see buck is on some other shit
I keep a desert eagle in my reagle just for a bitch

(Chorus: 50 Cent)x2

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(Verse 3: Spider Loc)

Now tell these niggas to make room, clear the path
Whoever stand in my way they doomed, I might do a year and a half
For stabbin a bitch, when I'd rather be in my lab stabbin a bitch
Licken her out then im kickin her out
I gots the best work on the block, this is just a sample im givin out
Once they get a taste they gon be waitin out
Forget about these other new rappers they can move past us
Get down and dirty like used ratches, and my crew flashes
You gon be f**ked up, tough luck you bustas better hush up

848 thugs what, 50 told me the games ova homie its rays time
You ready here it come, when I appear they run
And you dont hear from the niggas till the coast is clear
The east coast is where I rest
But I be out west, getting love from them sets, them Mexicans and Samoans
So I dont need to check your resume, doggy im knowin

(Chorus: 50 Cent)x2

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(Verse 4: Tony Yayo)

Beam on the mac, will put wings on ya back
How ya ass gonn' walk when ya leg detached
Yo the game changed, lil niggas run the streets yo
The black panther nigga down like dee-bo
My curfew at 9, im low for my P.O
We pop up at 12 just to search the condo
G-unit is the gang man, niggas go hard
So my hearts gone colder than Atticans yard

(Verse 5: Lloyd Banks)

I only been in the game for a year it aint changed
but im hot, inside ya brains in the rear of the range
I be valid till im guilty, yea they call me slitherin
Them cowards should of killed me, im powerful and filthy
So niggas say sorry, before I let them Goons loose
And send ya ass home wit the rims like prune juice
Im New York's prince, Bent like tints
Signed wit 50, i been in da benz brand since

(Chorus: 50 Cent)x2

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