

G-Unit, You, Me, Him And Her Freestyle

(feat. Funkmaster Flex)

[50 Cent:]

Oh yeah
Yo
Yo
Yo

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

Some say i'm paranoid I say i'm careful about how I chose my friends
Been to ICU once and I ain't going again
First Z got merked
Then Roy got merked
Now homie still in the hood why he ain't get hurt?
I smell something fishy man it might be a rat
You mean niggas switchin' sides on niggas just like that?
You know me
I stay with a chick on her knees
And give guns away in the hood like its government cheese
Spray on Suzukis

[50 Cent:]

Yeah yeah
Funk Flex
Keep playin' with 'em

[Lloyd Banks:]

Yeah
Look
Look
Yeah
Look
Look
Look

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

If half my niggas could get inside with a weapon they would
Theres a thousand niggas out here reppin' they hood
You don't even wear ya new shit
Cause you ain't ready to brawl man I bump you, and you ain't even do shit
You can smell the assault as soon as you see me
Stuntin' mega hard like I do it for TV
My team in the VIP
You know boxes, cases, tag alongs pop all the faces
Don't disrespect power stop and embrace us
Hands up alls you see is watches and bracelets
Bullet holes is surgery, an Ox is a face lift
Theres seventeen in here i'm not gonna waste it
And i'm wearin' gloves so they not gonna trace this
Get him in events house parties in basements
You can bet i'm bettin' on the Rockets and Pacers
Harrassed outside cause the cop was a racist
Walked by, captured her sight
It had to been the ice
Brown skin eyes slanted like Russell Simmon's wife
Now i'm thinkin' about bustin' in her twice
Blonde color corn braids best customer in sight
Alright
Her body tight
Too tough not to look
Louy Vuitton shoes, gator cut pocket book
Her smile lit up the room a Colgate grin
I'm in the Spurs throwback with the old gray Timbs

[50 Cent:]

You know how many people listening to Funkmaster Flex?

[Verse 3: Tony Yayo]

Life is full of greed and envy

Scared dudes'll start

So if you doin' good you better act like you starvin'

I've seen grown rappers shed tears

In the streets how little niggas growin' gray hairs

See nine out of ten try to rhyme

But I've been spittin' lines

Since eighty nine

They going hand to hand

Since The Real Roxanne

You want beef we could handle it man to man

When I pull out yo theres no need to reload it

I flush you out your house and you a rodent

I'm out for the chips and the wealth

Tie you on the truck have you piss on yourself

Catchin' dips on the belt

Whatever I say is being felt

The words off my tongue make your taste buds melt

See me and my team

Got supplies throughout Queens

When the lights hit the ice they shine like high beams

Nothin' but frozen jewels

I'm holdin' the twos

[50 Cent:]

Funk Flex

GGG G Unit

[Funk Flex:]

Damn

"Hand to hand since The Real Roxanne"

[50 Cent:]

Thats right

[Tony Yayo:]

Thats whats up

G Unit

[50 Cent:]

Thats right, right we from the bottom

You heard me New York?

[Tony Yayo:]

New York City whats up?

[50 Cent:]

We from the gutter

[Tony Yayo:]

We takin' over

[Funkmaster Flex:]

Heres what we gonna do

My man'll spin the beat one more time

[50 Cent:]

One more time

[Funkmaster Flex:]

Hot 97

Funk Flex
50 Cent
G Unit

[Tony Yayo:]
Thats whats up Tony Yayo, Lloyd Banks

[Lloyd Banks:]
Yeah This for the block

[Tony Yayo:]
50 he could retire if he want to right now

[50 Cent:]
I know you love it but how much do you love it
I know you love it but how much do you love it
I do what I do and I don't think nothin' of it
I know you love it but how much do you want it
Get 'em Banks

[Verse 4: Lloyd Banks]
The way things lookin' shit might spill
Cause this dumbass nigga paid forty dollars to come in and ice grill
I'm in the back higher than a light bill
Ya chick grindin' on the kid high off a white pill
I'm tryin' to get a little played in her mouth
If you ain't tryin' to conversate you should've stayed in the house
If you ain't know i'm trying to get you laid on the couch
Four O'Clock on the dot kids sprayed in ya mouth
Then i'm out
Meet me at the door at three
I got dutches and a quarter peel if you don't smoke more for me
Somebody just got cut caught a half moon stumblin'
Probably got hemmed up in the bathroom
Its hard as hell cause niggas is slam dancin'
While you on the wall beatin' on ya man vancin'
Its goin' down even if police around
So bring ya four pound
Cause niggas want to clown

[50 Cent:]
In the club
Bottle full of bub
Mami I got that Ex if you into takin' drugs
I'm into havin' sex I ain't into makin' love
So come give me a hug if you into gettin' rubbed

[50 Cent:]
Ha ha Funk Flex

[Tony Yayo:]
G Unit
It ain't over

[Lloyd Banks:]
Yeah

[Verse 5: Tony Yayo]
We sling weed, crack and dope mixed with opium
While the feds sweep the block like custodions
44 loons got my birds and dames holdin' 'em
Rock mink longs made with teflon soles in 'em
I'm as big as King Kong with the mind of Napoleon
Cook up blow in straight AC-WOL Sodium
I'm trying to sell records like Vanilla Ice

And hang MCs up from balconies like Suge Knight
In every event my team catch crazy stunts
Rollin' eight deep like the Brady Bunch
I keep eightys cause niggas tried to blaze me once
And ride in big trucks so fuck the bumps
I ride for my drug lords and OG hustlers
Imagine my face placed on billboards and buses
And record covers even The Source magazine
I used to be the one to extort the fiends
Remember back then when I slinged on the corner
I had the sheep skin my girl had the leather balmer
Around the time Mike was moon walkin'
Now I write the shit that'll have the whole hood talkin'
Hit ya shit up I'll make ya body spit back
So don't fall victim to my gangsta rap
I stay strapped down like Crazus in "Creep More"
Got Macs, Trey Pounds, 3-80s and C-4

[Lloyd Banks:]
Yeah yeah

[50 Cent:]
Banks, Yayo hold up
Yayo's shinin' Banks

[Tony Yayo:]
Its my time to shine
We with Flex right now

[50 Cent:]
Come with it
Come with it
Come with it

[Tony Yayo:]
This for the hood right here

[Verse 6: Lloyd Banks]
Never discuss cheese around a mouse
Nah I got a grimey team that'll probably empty a clip on Big Momma's house
Damn her eyes a young man with grown hunger
Look in my drawer nothin' but condoms and phone numbers
The rap Roy Jones the king of the ring
Hos hate me they want my ding-a-ling in a sling
Hot product they all 'gon buy it
I'll have you limpin' out of Hot 97 with ya jaw all wired
I'll start a three day riot
Leave you on a lead diet
... On ya bed spread you ain't hangin' out with ya girl head buy it

[Tony Yayo:]
Flex whats that beat?
Whats up man?

[50 Cent:]
That beat is hot man

[Tony Yayo:]
Thats whats up

[Funkmaster Flex:]
Its Hot 97 Funk Flex
Oh my god

[Lloyd Banks:]

We givin' too much for free

[50 Cent:]

Cause its on the new Flex tape too we 'gon burn it down
I'm dead serious

[Tony Yayo:]

The new G Unit out on the streets

[50 Cent:]

Ya'll just heard a new record when I spit that

[Lloyd Banks:]

We got like 3, 4 CDs out right now

[50 Cent:]

I hate when the freestyles be on the records Flex
I hate that

[Lloyd Banks:]

You won't hear none of them rhymes
Those are practice rhymes

[50 Cent:]

Those those is the di.. thats the dirty batch
Thats the batch that didn't make the cut

[Lloyd Banks:]

And i'm a rapper's rapper so don't be stealin' my punchlines man
I'm hearin' ya'll out there

[50 Cent:]

Nah you can steal my lines its OK
Cause they heard me say it first
And we can recycle it
And if you can't afford my CD buy the bootleg and learn the words
And come see us cause me and Flex 'gon be in the club