

Lloyd Banks, G'z Up

(Chorus x2)

G'Z UP!, to every hood and every crew
U (you), supposed to have ya gun 'round you
N-I (and I), claim G-Unit till die
got it down to a T (tee), Ya'll aint f**kin with me

(Verse)

Whoever it was that said carrots (karots) was good for ya sight
Must've never came across a rock this bright
I been hot since Mike first put on a glitter glove and
Slipped backwards on the stage, so give a nigga love
Yeah, I'm popular, but dont get it f**ked up
The Uz'll have ya shakin in the club like the bruck up, What's Up
With these wannabe Lloyd Banks's, toy gangstas
We need to do a remix 'cause theres some more Wankstas
My street team strap Mag's on they waist
Vest under the shirt, and black rags on they face
Im a problem, Lord can you find a way to save me
I cant die, shit, i aint even have my baby
F**k its all gravy, if I go, Im cool
Death comes for everybody, no acception to the rule
I'm a G-Unit soldier, ridin with my eyes low
Funny rims spinnin backwards in a spiral
Ya'll know the kid got the game in a gyro
in other words, to choke, nigga, im no joke
how the f**k you sell 4 million records and go broke
how the f**k you take a trip to jamaica and dont smoke
Out in L.A., I know a couple Damu's and Loc's
My chain heavy, 'bout the weight of soap on a rope
Leave ya girl around me to long, I'm pokin' her throat
Soon as she open her coat, bend her over and STROKE

(Chorus x2)

(Verse)

In the town Im from, the tattle-tells dont rock like Pro-Keds
The lil niggas ride they mopeds round the dope heads
Glass on the ballcourt, you cant even cross-over
Without poppin the ball, I'm not gonna fall
One year from now im in the pop ??
Bulletproof glass blockin ya boy, glock in the door (jea!)
Im on tour, pocket of raw, knockin ya whore (jea!)
You back home suckin' ya teeth, moppin the floor (laughs)
Im gettin top dollar, these ain't freebies
Been in the game a year and got 2 "Best Of Banks" Cd's
If they aint mine then i dont give a f**k about em
shit, R. Kelly played with kids and niggas still bought his album
I learned patience 'cause it takes time
Now my delivery is sicker than McGrady on the baseline
None of the Tec's jus wait around
'cause i got a roster, that'll bring a record label down
Im a monster, i tear da whole track up
My closet bar'll break on me if I throw another throwback up
Im flyin back to Miami, just to do a feature
'cause they throwin paper at me like a substitute teacher
Im far away from the leechers, they cant even reach us
Im on the left coast gettin my dick sucked on the beaches
Somebody hurlin up, everytime that i stunt
And every other verse you hear is the rhyme of the month, YEA

(Chorus x2)