

Young Buck, Hold On

(feat. 50 Cent)

[gunshot]

[Intro: Young Buck]

Yeah niggaz, G-Unit in this motherfucker (it's the Unit)
Aiiyo 50, aiiyo this nigga barely breathin nigga!

[50 Cent - repeat 2X]

It won't be long 'fore you dead...
You wanna run your mouth crazy talkin 'bout me
Nigga I come for your head...
And leave your monkey ass laid out in the street

[50 Cent]

I hit your heart you dead, I squeeze 'til the semi run out
Niggaz know me good, I'm my hood call me a dumb out
I'm the nigga in the hooptie with my hat down low
Can't tell that this a hit, 'til the mac-10 blow
I got 32 shots, I ain't got to aim
I'll wave this bitch in your direction mayne (ha ha)
Beams, clips and grips, this a sticky situation (yeah)
Adrenaline rush, I squeeze, my heart start pacin

[Young Buck]

Same glock, same block, same chain, same watch
Same six-fo' drop, same nigga on top
Don't blame me if your muh'fuckin block get hot
Cause I'm just tryin to make a livin, nigga stay up outta prison
In a position of power
In a position where bitch ass cowards can't fuck with ours
And just do me, who he, say he gon' sue me?
Muh'fucker I got bread (it won't be long 'fore you dead)

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

If, you, can't, hold on nigga hold on
It seems like it never lasts
Always takes so long when you're hit
It won't be long 'fore you dead

[Young Buck]

When you wired up in ain't no smilin
See all of 'em whylin, and these niggaz is violent
Little do you know your time could be expirin
And you know that Reaper comin when that heater start dumpin
Nobody seen nothin, these niggaz is silent
From 12th Avenue, all the way to the projects
Real niggaz, we don't fuck around with the nonsense
Murder One shit, that's how it get - muh'fucker what

[50 Cent]

I put the fifth to your head, your white tee turn red
Nigga now give up the bread, I'll fill ya ass with lead
Put a hole in your wig, with the cig', ya dig?
Said fuck the kids, I don't play that shit (c'mon)
It's all part of the game, man the game ain't fair
The trigger gots no heart, nigga my gun don't care
The hammer hit that shell homie you see that flare
Your life start to flash, ya dead, nigga who cares? (YEAH!)

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Me and my bitch we break up, we make up, see Jacob for the stones

We kick up, that's what's up, cause I'm out, with the chrome
You fuck up, you get bucked, Buck'll getcha
Push a knife through your chest boy I ain't fuckin wit'cha

[Young Buck]

The Unit's my hood, my coke, my weed, my dope
My pills, my liquor, my family, my niggaz
We soldiers, we killers, they know us, they feel us
They know we Gorillas, you know who the realest

[50 Cent]

The Unit's my gang, my set, my mac, my tec
My protects, my family, do you, understand me?
My knife, my gun, my wife, my son
My love, my niggaz, my stacks, them figures

[Young Buck]

Buck shots, hit his ass from the shotgun blast
Black Dickie suit and a fuckin black ski mask
Shoot first, this is how I react and we act
like it's nothin, Ca\$hville niggaz used to that
Listen

[Chorus]