

## 50 Cent "Eye For Eye"

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Yeah, I like the way this feel  
This make me wanna just  
(G-G-G-Unit)  
Buck somethin'  
(G-UNIT)

Nigga, you shit on me, I shit on you  
You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you  
An eye for an eye, nigga  
Survive the shots or die, nigga

Get 'em, Banks

They can't hold me  
I'm Lloyd Banks, the one and only  
Not your buddy, not your pal, not your homey  
But ain't a government around that can control me  
Oh, no

Uhh, I'm on that 'Doggystyle' shit, man, I don't love a  
hoe  
Poppa wasn't 'round, so, I had to let my brother know  
Never stay at center, play the back and let your money  
grow  
Most them niggaz wouldn't be around if you was  
bummy, yo

South side, Jamaica neighbor, yeah, that's where I  
come from  
If you see a nigga with me then there's more than one  
gun  
Fly straight soldier, ain'tcha tired of bein the dumb  
one?  
Or are you satisfied bein another nigga's 'Dun-Dunn'?

We all know friendships turnin' sour when you gettin' it  
Some niggaz hate me in the hood but I don't owe them  
niggaz shit  
Smilin' all up my face like I don't know them niggaz sick  
But I can care less, I'm on the Island and I'm gettin' rich

Nigga, you shit on me, I shit on you

You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you  
An eye for an eye, nigga  
Survive the shots or die, nigga

Walk it and talk it, spit it, how I live it, nigga  
Came from the country, Dirty South get it, nigga  
Feds try and question me, they run up in my hotel  
They said there was a shootin' but they found no shells

New York City hell, they throwin' niggaz under jails  
I got love for dem and I ain't even from dere  
Now, bust a shot for dem boys on da block  
I can feel your pain, nigga, I'm still in the game, nigga

There's somethin' 'bout the sound of a trey-pound  
That make me pull up, hop out and make a nigga lay  
down  
See, every time we 'round, you hear some shots go off  
And niggaz get they chains snatched when they tryin'  
to show off

Shootouts in broad day, we do it the mob way  
And come to find out, these niggaz softer than Sade'  
I'ma keep livin' my life with a pistol in my palm  
And a wrist full of ice, you can call me a Don,  
motherfucker

We got the Henny  
So, make one wrong move and you're dying  
Ain't no time for coppin' a plea and crying  
'Cause my niggaz ain't gon' stop ridin'  
So, you gone

Nigga, you shit on me, I shit on you  
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An eye for an eye, nigga  
Survive the shots or die, nigga

I got a handgun habit, nigga, front I'll let you have it  
When the shots go off, cops sayin', 50 back at it  
I'm allergic to the feathers on these bird-ass niggaz  
Front and I'll put your brains on that curb fast, nigga

I ain't a marksman, one spark and I spray shit  
'Nuff rounds from that H-K, I don't play bitch  
Move like I'm militant, back on that gorilla shit  
Moody, disrespectful, unruly but niggaz can't move me

I squeeze 'til I run out of ammo, if it's a problem, it's  
handled  
I have your people pourin' our liquor and lightin'

candles

You fuck around I blow your brains on my New York  
Times

Run home, turn to the sports section and read your  
mind

It's crystal clear, you should feel when that gat bust  
First there's crime scene tape, then you end up in that  
black hearse

We don't go to funerals but we'll go to your wake fam  
Do your body all banged up, you made a mistake, man

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