

## 50 Cent "G-Unit Anthem"

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(Chorus) 2x

G-Unit in tha House (wut nigga wut)  
G-Unit in tha House (wut wut wut )  
G-Unit in tha House (wut nigga wut)  
G-G-G-UNIT!

Tony Yayo:

In my hood u get no points for your jumpshot  
As soon as the sun rise, we back on the block  
This stress got me feelin like an old man  
So i stay on point for that red and gold van  
Its the free lance performer YaYo be a pro  
And the flows been hot, since G.I. Joe  
Yo my rhymes have you nodding, like Raw in the Street  
So freaks gimme ass like toilet seats  
Get at me, you really think u holding big daddy?  
So wheres ur in door courts, and bowling ally?  
I got heart like a hoover crip, but bust slugs like an  
EngleWood Blood  
I mengle wit Thugs, my singles don't budge  
Import, export get rid of tha drugs  
Still pack my Dope up witta mass of some gloves  
I use to have 8-balls in my 8-Ball jacket  
Now i dawg lex coops, like Luke in Dukes of Hazard

(chorus ) 2x

Lloyd Banks:

I put carpet Burns on these Waxters these days  
'til they need bandages on they knees like Pat Ewings  
Legs  
Im always wit the biscut  
Only way i get blue balls, is if a bitch had blue lipstick  
U broke rob more blocks  
U aint gotta know how to break dance, to whind up on a  
card board box  
I'm Gucci down to my sock, groupies houndin da spot  
Different format, keep groupies round for tha cops  
She'll be down for tha watch, i aint generous or

courteous  
I'm running from a dirty bitch, nigga you thirty-six  
Ya'll don't want it with tha kid at all  
Same shit, bigger bathrooms my niggaz brall  
When we come after u, it aint no graze shots  
This nigga leave a HOLE in ya chest bigger than Flava-  
Flave clock  
You pussy, i think even Pac can smell this shit  
Cause on the inside you softer than a mozerella stick  
(bitch)

(chorus) 2x

50 Cent:

I'm the leader of the New School now nigga wut!  
I got a 4-4 bulldog i'll tear yo bitch ass up  
I pop-off nigga front i'll put my knife in yo gut  
Have you in I.C.U screaming AHH! i'm cut  
I go RAOW-RAOW, like a dungeon dragon  
But i keep my pistol on me so my pants aint sagging  
Everytime i'm in the house, niggaz grill a nigga  
But they feel a nigga, i kill a nigga wut  
Excuse me shorty better stay in ya lane  
Before i send one of my soldiers to blow out ur brain  
Im da General (wut!) you solute me  
U's a dead man if u attempt to shoot me  
I done lost some of my brain watchin military flicks  
Got the whole G-Unit on some Military shit  
(Private Banks request permission to speak)  
Speak Nigga!  
Its dangerous when it's decipline involve in street  
niggaz!!

Close Chorus 2x

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