

## 50 Cent "G-Unit"

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Yeah

50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck  
G-g-g-Unit

Vacate ya home, I come to break ya bones  
America's nightmare, we at it again  
A Desert Eagle and a black mac-10  
They'll never know what happened

When we come through, them cowards don't want none  
They screamin' that they murderers but walkin' with no  
guns  
C'mere nigga, don't run and die where you standin'  
See I'm holdin' on this cannon and your life I'm  
demandin'

Put the pipes at your melon and brain's on the  
pavement  
These niggaz is talkin', thinkin' security gon' save them  
Ain't nobody gonna speak when homicide pay a visit  
Look you right in the eye and tell you, "We don't know  
who did it"

Corrupting my street corner by shootin' at the police  
The fiend's up all night, and the neighbors gettin' no  
sleep  
You better get used to it, you know how we do it  
Shady/Aftermath, Interscope and G-Unit

We got action where you don't  
Show up places where you won't  
G-Unit, G-Unit  
(G-Unit!)

Now I told y'all on my first Dre joint, I am loco  
Better than so-so, game's in the chokehold  
Dissin' me's a no-no, I perfected the slow flow  
In D.C. they dance the go-go, in LA they ride on lo-lo's

G-Unit in the house, oh no  
You ain't ready, it's heavy, '65 Chevy  
Old-school rollin', I'm holdin'

Twenty inches spinnin' from the beginnin', we winnin'

Gained this masculinity pimpin' we not pretendin'  
Drop-top, glock cocked, ready for the drama  
Pistols pop, cop shot, I'm heavy with them llamas  
Non-stop, make it hot, we on top regardless

You can be the hardest, we'll just be the smartest  
I warn you not to start us, we not your average artists  
My bitch is like a Goddess, when paparazzi spot us  
It's flick after flick, same old shit that I kick

We got action where you don't  
Show up places where you won't  
G-Unit, G-Unit  
(G-Unit)

Guess who's back motherfucker, gun and a clip  
Ready to smack up on these suckers that's runnin' they  
lip  
You can try any one of my shoes on, none of 'em fit  
Ya hundreds is shorter, I tell ya pops his son is a  
daughter

All I need is some cigars and a quarter  
A couple cars and a lawyer  
Comin' packin' a bitch, and I'll be back with a hit  
I'm that sick, who the hell you thought it was?

I got expensive habits, I can afford it 'cuz  
G-Unit's poppin' and we perform in all the clubs  
Niggaz be shovin' and pushin' now someone is gushin'  
surprise  
She's givin' up the buns on the cushion, sweatin' and  
screamin'

Suckin' me off the rest of the evenin' and I'm leavin'  
On to the next city  
Stash box in the bus so I can bring them teqs with me  
I gotta focus, I'm gettin' older, you niggas ain't gettin'  
over, G-Unit

We got action where you don't  
Show up places where you won't  
G-Unit, G-Unit  
(G-Unit)

High tech, niggaz

