

## 50 Cent "G-Unit The Gang"

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[Intro: 50 Cent]

Ye!.

Now you ain't even gotta tell them who it is, I be like wussup it's the KING, they know it's me man. Fuckin kiddin me I run New York.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas know me, cause I do my thang man. You look you gon see, G-Unit's my gang man, you front on me, I'll pull out the thang thang, pop at you bang bang, blow out ya brains man.[x2]

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

Oh they say I'm a trouble maker, imma waste of Shit Riiighht, Keep my strap on me niggas front imma get right, I don't care if it's broad day, or it's night, I'm out on bail money and my lawer fees I be alright, I ain't no pussy I ain't no punk niggas know bou' t me, and know my flows know the clothes and know the hoes I see, I move around it's hard as hell tryin to be low kee, cause every gangster in the hood fuckin listen to me. And if I say I'm in my Bentley you could picture me rollen, but if I said that shit last year you could picture it stolen, my dirty ass clean now, I'm fresh out the hood, If you mad cuz i ain't hookin your ass up den good, niggas ain't neva did a thing for me, now they wanna hang with me, next thing you know they got they hands out, wantin from me, I don't play no games homie, I keep that thang on me, I lay a bitch nigga down.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas know me, cause I do my thang man. You look you gon see, G-Unit's my gang man, you front on me, I'll pull out the thang thang, pop at you bang bang, blow out ya brains man.[x2]

[Bridge: 50 Cent]

This is Benzes, BM's and Bentley's,

back to back, when we come through,  
Palmer's, Rangers, Denali's, Escalades  
you know how we do. G-UNIT!

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

You fuckin right a nigga still in the hood call me they  
say that the feds want me but they gotta come and get  
me we aim for the head homie pistol grip pumps with  
the rubber grips pop t'ill it stop, then slide in  
another clip burnin down the block you don't  
know who you fuckin with until you get shot, see buck is  
on some other shit I keep a desert eagle in my reagle  
just for a bitch.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas know me, cause I do my thang  
man. You look you gon see, G-Unit's my gang  
man, you front on me, I'll pull out the thang  
thang, pop at you bang bang, blow out ya brains  
man.[x2]

[Verse 3: Spider Loc]

Now tell these niggas to make room, clear the path  
whoever stand in my way they do I might do a year and  
a half, for stabbin a bitch, when I'd rather be in  
my lab stabbin a bitch Licken her out then I'm  
kickin her out, I gots the best work on the block, this is  
just a sample I'm givin out, once they get a  
taste they gon be waitin out, forget about these other  
new rappers they can move past us get down and dirty  
like you's ratches, and my crew flashes you  
gon be fucked up, tough luck you bustas better hush  
up, 848 thugs what, 50 told me the games ova, homie  
it's ray's time, you ready here it come  
when I appear they run, and you don't hear  
from the niggas t'ill the coast is clear, the east  
coast is where I rest but I be out west getting love from  
them sets, them Mexicans and Samoans, so I  
don't need to check your resume, doggy  
I'm knowin.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas know me, cause I do my thang  
man. You look you gon see, G-Unit's my gang  
man, you front on me, I'll pull out the thang  
thang, pop at you bang bang, blow out ya brains  
man.[x2]

[Verse 4: Tony Yayo]

Beem on the mac, will put wings on ya back, how ya ass  
gon walk when ya leg detach, yo the game changed, lil  
niggas run the streets, yo the black panther nigga

down like dee-bo, my curfew at 9, I'm low for  
my p.o, we pop up at 12 jus to search the condo, g-unit  
is the gang man, niggas go hard, so my hearts gon  
colder than hatticas yard!

[Verse 5: Lloyd Banks]

I only been in the game for a year it isn't  
changed, but I'm hot, inside ya brains In the  
rear of the range, I be valid till I'm guilty, ye they call  
me slitherin, them cowards should of killed me  
I'm powerful and filthy, some niggas say sorry,  
before I let them Goon's loose and send ya ass home  
wit the rims like prune juice, I'm New  
York's prince, Bent like tints, signed wit 50 i  
been in da benz brand sense!

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas know me, cause I do my thang  
man. You look you gon see, G-Unit's my gang  
man, you front on me, I'll pull out the thang  
thang, pop at you bang bang, blow out ya brains  
man.[x2]

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