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50 Cent "G'd Up"

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Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood done made me? Feels like my emotions are froze, I stay G'D up It's the things I done seen and shit I been through That make my heart turn cold, I stay G'D up

I'm a gangsta, you find out for sure If you ever step on my toes, I stay G'D up When I'm hangin' out that window with that AK Fillin' your punk ass with holes, I stay G'D up

Cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, marijuana I'm mule on that Greyhound from NY to the Carolina Paper chase, different name, same face, don't catch a

My road dog's on parole, his baby girl's four years old

We play the block, pistol cocked, you could shoot or get shot

Kill you for your crack spot, take everything your ass got

Semi-automatic spray, bust back or run away Niggas talkin' in the hood, we'll handle this another day

In November, you make my shit that should dead you You can catch for Christmas, I'll send you a gift Niggas'll come and leave your ass twisted Them hollow tip shells, burn, baby, burn See niggas get merked up, babies born and the world turn

I seen it all crystal clear, so, I keep my pistol near Heart's never full of fear, homie, I stay well aware Of what's going on around me, motherfuckers want me dead

I go wit a smile on my face when it's my time, kid

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Lil nigga, I done paved the way, y'all should thank 'em But if you think otherwise, bring your boy over here, so I can spank 'em I'll put an end to your career, bitch Before you speak on 50, buy a .40 and a spare clip

These niggas gassed up, gettin' to used to rap Like I won't give 'em more bloodclots than Supercat Niggas'll snatch ya, I'm like a bat catcher I'll give a sign and they post somethin' at cha

'Round here, niggas die of hydro And even when it ain't 4th of July, it sound like pyro You smart enough to creep then lay your dumb brains down

The pound'll spin you around like the young James Brown

I know I'm hot but, hey, I'm icy too

Rocks'll II hit you from a block away like a beat from Dr. Dre

We're takin' over this year, K's and the soldiers is here Everyone knows it's a scare

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My papa never bothered to show me what it was to be a man

He'd just pop another bottle and smoke up a half a gram

I would hop in my Impala and ride all through the night That gave my homeboy light, so when you do it, do it right

My fingernails still filled with cocaine residue I still got the heart to go and bust me a head or two No other solution, you think we hollerin and hootin' Until you wake up and then you got ta hear 'bout these shootings I take a pull from [Incomprehensible] when he put the clip in my pocket

Before I take another bullet, I'm gonna pull it and pop it And if it's beef my nigga, then let your guns do your talkin'

The graveyard has got plenty room for a coffin

They say that we responsible for boostin' the crime rate They say that we the reason that these young niggas buyin' weight

But I'm gonna keep this glock on my waist 'til my dayin' days

It's nuttin' but a G thang, G-Unit and Dr. Dre

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