

50 Cent "Gunz For Sale"

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Woo wooo
Haha
G unit!

(chorus}
We got those semi automatics
And we got them revolvers
We those niggaz that you should get at
If you got a problem

When those hollow tips hit 'em
Man that should solve 'em
We got the lugers with rugers and m1s and they all for
sale

Got that 9mm got that 10mm
Got that little duece duece and they all for sale

Got that old trey pound
Got that new fore pound
Dey bin used once or twice and they all for sale

[Verse One]
Waddadaday, waddadaday, I'm the reason those
things in my hood go BANG
I got that trey duece I call that, my nigga behave
16 gage in case these niggaz wanna get crazy
When a sawed off
Hit your body parts they fall off
You get hit in the leg
Man you can't even crawl off
When that AK switch from automatic to spray
Everybody out this bitch could get hit with a stray
I got silences and scopes
Military issue pistols holla at me
Whatever you need homie I can get you
Nickname rubber grips hollow tips extra clips
You don't want your shit to jam
Better buy a cleaning kit
Teflon, kevlar, need to wrap it round your chest
You pop off they pop back and you get left a bloody
mess

Mac 11 mac 10 time for some action
Dump a clip out this bitch and see how niggaz act then
Got guns and ammo they all for sale
Clips included you' responsible for your bail

(chorus)

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G stand for GANGSTER
UNIT stand for U Niggaz in trouble
Better lock and load on the double

G Unit!!

[Verse Two]

Fresh out the box 40 cali glock, calicos 100 shot
Streetsweepers clear the block
Im that nigga niggaz call when those shots pop
Take 'em to my grandmomma basement
Show 'em what I got, look
I got three 380s a tech and two m1's
Ice came through on some shit and bought him one
Them young boys from the projects crazy
He was kissing on the toes and saying that's my baby
Buck came through saying "50 show me some love"
Sold him a dub dub something he can sneak in the club
Gave him some shells for that trey 8 snub
He gave me some bud
I gave him a pound, gave me a hug
Love, it's love I take it back to the NWA days
Fuck Jay my CD's raise the crime rate in the chart state
Got some rugers, some sigs, some colts
My nigga for real. Holla at the kid

(chorus)

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