

50 Cent & Lloyd Banks "G-Unit"

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Yeah

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

Vacate ya home, I come to break ya bones
America's nightmare, we at it again
(Yeah, c'mon)
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 gonna 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, Inter scope and G-Unit

We got action where you don't
Show up places where you won't
G-Unit, 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 choke hold
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
Ha, ha

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

High-tech, niggaz

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