

Cent "Blood Hound"

Visit "[Blood Hound](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

G-Unit, UTP
G-Unit, UTP, G-Unit, UTP
G-Unit, UTP
50 Cent, get 'em bucked

50 Cent, that's my name, man I ain't fuckin' playin'
I move on you wit' that Mac, mayn
Come off, now watch your chain fo' I blow out your
brains
Shells hit your chest go out your back, mayn

See me I put in work, man I been doin' dirt
For so long when niggas get laid out
Niggas run through my crib to holla at the kid
That's when I start bringin' them thangs out

Then we go through the strip, hangin' up out the whip
Dumpin' clips off at they whole clique, mayn
When witnesses around, they know how we get down
So when the cops come they ain't see shit, mayn

My soldiers slangin' 'caine, sunny, snow, in sleet or rain
Come through the hood an' you can cop that
I'm sittin' on some change, G-Unit got the game
Come through here stuntin' you get popped at

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

I came in this game knowin' niggas gon' hate me
Just for the simple fact they know that I'm a rida'
I got a hell of a aim, I keep on tellin' ya mayn
I swear ain't nobody gon' find ya

When I get lifted I'm tempted to tear your block up

Your niggas can't run 'cause I'm behind ya
Me an' Chilly in your city wit' a couple nine-milli's
You better stay in line bro'

'Cause if I walk it I'll talk it you know we'll walk up an'
pop it
I love the sound of gunfire bro'
Right now we smackin' 'em wit' platinum
An' they hate it 'cause we made it, that's what we keep
an eye for

I represent it 'cause I'm in it, UTP until I'm finished
Juvenile, they can't stop us
An' I admit it, I live it, I'll knock a baller off his pivot
With this motherfuckin' choppa'

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

My twenty-inches spinnin', you always see me grinin'
An' you hear niggas call me 'Grimey'
They hit me wit' them bricks an' I ain't pay 'em shit
I'm outta town, they can't find me

When I come back around, man I'ma back 'em down
I run up bustin' that Tec, mayn
If you ain't got a gun, an' you can't fuckin' run
My advice is you hit the deck, mayn

But if you get away an' come back another day
My soldiers'll leave you wet, mayn
'Cause we know where you be, an' we know where you
stay
An' we'll come trippin' through your set, mayn

Man you heard what I said, now get it in your head
I ain't payin' no fuckin' debt, mayn
'Cause you're a middle man but you don't understand
You're a fuckin' fake ass connect', mayn

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

Visit [Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.