

Destinys Child

"G-Unit"

Visit "[G-Unit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[50 Cent]

Yeah!

50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck

G-g-g-g-g-Unit!

Hahahah

[Verse 1 - Young Buck]

Vacate ya home, I come to break ya bones

America's nightmare (yeah!), we at it again (c'mon)

A Desert Eagle and a black mac-10

They'll never know what ha-penned

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 gon' save them

Ain't no-body 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, Interscope and G-Unit

[Chorus] *sung* {50 Cent}

We got action where you don't

Show up places where you won't

G-Unit! G-Unit! {G-g-g-g-g-Unit! }

(Geeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-Uuuu-oooo-Nit!)

[Verse 2 - 50 Cent]

Now I told y'all on my first Dre joint - I am lo=co

Better than so-so, game's in the chokehold

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
Hah hah!

[Chorus]

[verse 3 - Lloyd Banks]

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 cuz
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, Sweatn 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 tec's with me
I gotta focus, I'm gettin older
You niggas ain't gettin over
G-Unit!

[Chorus]

High-tech, niggaz

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