

Fifty Cent

"G-Unit / U.T.P"

Visit "[G-Unit / U.T.P](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Male voice talking]

Right now with the situation gettin' better
So I'm doin' you things, holla

[50 Cent]

Yeah, 50 Cent, uh huh, check me out

Now piece by piece we put it all together
Time to get this dough nigga, it's now or never
I'm wild as ever, foul as ever
Reap whatever, whatever, whatever
They say I'm a slick talker, shit talker
Grimy ass New Yorker
Come gutcha, gum futcher, lay your ass out
If you ever catch beef nigga, call on me
If you fucked up in school nigga, it's all on me
I get a left foot to drop a nigga, pistol to pop a nigga
Break you off proper nigga, the cops ain't gonna stop a
nigga (yeah)
Let's get this money man, them hos come with the
paper
I'm done to go wherever this game takes us
Look homey, you see my 22's, sittin' on low bros
That simple mathematics, that equal more hoes
I smoke a lot of dro, I got a lot of flows
Shit I didn't have to say that, y'all already know

[Chorus - 2X]

From New York to New Orleans
A problem, holla at me
My niggas comin' to see
If everythin' is alright

Ya'll niggas can blow some trees
Have coke and some Hennessey
My niggas from U.T.P.
Everythin' is alright

[Young Buck]

For those who couldn't figure me out, what this nigga
be bout
Cookin' it, and cuttin' it, and flippin' it, in 24 hours

Cause I keep a dyke, on the back of the bike
In the summertime the white
Air Force One's, Louie Baton, Nike style (woo)
Don't really talk much (uh huh), I let my money speak
I know you saw us, shit we a 100 deep
I'm sippin' Don, with Juan, Bird, and smokin' weed
Shakin' them haters off, bouncin' to this jukin' beat
Fuckin' with 50, cause he strictly about head bustin'
Lettin' New York know these Unica niggas ain't stuntin'
Nigga we ain't runnin', I guarantee you that
After these messages we'll be right back
Take off that necklace a, because this tech will hit a
Innocent bystander who don't respect a nigga
After you finish your collard greens and cornbread
Get you a glock, and come around here where my
mom stayin'

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

From South I 95, 85, 65 right at the I 10, get your
money widened
I got the Columbian, and I'm gonna hold 'em down
When you get close, call nigga I'm gonna guide you
down
You got it now, (got it), well then what time you leavin'
In a couple of hours, some time close to this evenin'
What us speed with V8, them cops then heated
They locked my partner Gus up for smokin' weed and
speedin'
But he'll be home though, probably about the same
time you get ya
Shit yeah, seems like we paid his bond like last year
But anyway, you know that thing we thought that was,
but wasn't?
Well come to find out, my homey found somethin'
But he had to choke a bitch, and fo' pound somethin'
Cause I told him, what you told me about the chump
and he chumped 'em
Put the barrel bottle pump, and pumped 'em
And pumped 'em and pumped 'em, and pumped 'em
and pumped 'em

[Chorus]

[Male voice talking]

We over here, E, shots of, sippin' on Courvoisier
Yeah Rockin' exclusive, haha, haha

