

## G-Unit "Angels"

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(50 Cent) G-Unit! Ha Ha! 50 Cent Hook: If some shots may happen to go off tonight Don't worry about me I be aight Niggaz could waiste ammo firin at me because I'm God's child there's angels around me Hook x 2 Verse 1 (Young Buck) Lifes a bitch and then you die it couldnt be worse I either dont eat this week or snatch this purse clip hangin out the side of my Karl Kani my eyes blood shot red I'm High But Let's Ride! I ain't scared if i die it was meant to be He might send for yall before he send for me gun butt you with the back of the beretta the 357 or the black mac 11! We drive bullet proof coupes nigga gon take ya shots We use to shoot hoops nigga now we shoot up blocks Got them shells with them green tips just for ya'll you can run but they coming through them concrete walls Bank\$ drop me off show me where he live at think he tough I'ma put 6 in this 6 pack when you here that click clack bitch betta get back quick one to the chest make niggas do back flips Hook x 2 Verse 2 (Lloyd Bank\$) Yeah I know you niggas want me to get murked get lowered in the dirt in an all black button down shirt cold wit 3 to the dome lil' niggas don't get to see disney land they settle for a funeral home you dont need hoes to know that the leads hot I'm prepared for anything tonight aslong as it's not a head shot the bigger the rim the bigger the tire hollow tips'll make it feel like a nigga on fire Everybody got to go it's the truth so i figure while i'm waitin on my turn i'ma blow up the booth I seen niggas in wheel chairs, eye patches and cruches arm slings that came home to have and dutches we can go there but need i shoot put some holes in your Fila suit you'll probably url when you see my crew I play the hood all the time because I don't give a fuck! you can shoot me down as long as i keep gettin up what! Hook x 2 Verse Three (50 Cent) Shootout shots ricochet, doc says that nigga dead When your time's up, your time's up, this is real shit On my balls 'til my number calls, say a prayer hopin God hear - look, I don't fear man Wanna bang out let's bang out, I don't care man A eye for an eye, my perfect to perfections They have me sprayin automatics in every direction Call me Louie Loco, nut case, oh no I'm more like the kid that put the game in a

chokehold You stunt and I stop it, I'm makin a profit  
Every time you hear my vo-cals comin out them lo-lo's  
From LA to NY, on the red-eye Teflon in my luggage,  
you gotta love it, I'm thuggin My street slang, my  
penitentiary posture Got me out sellin niggaz whole  
fuckin rosters I'm big in New York, like B.I.G. Plus I runs  
with D-R-E Hook x2

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