

G-Unit "Banks Workout Part II"

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50 Cent, Lloyd Banks

50 Cent chorus:

nobody get hurt and nobody don't move just give it up
smooth G UNIT

Motherfucker you move, I'll flash my 2 and blast my 2 G
UNIT

Nigga, you don't know me and I don't know you, you
think you know my crew G UNIT

Lloyd Banks:

I been problem since the old days pimps and gold caps
now im in oj simpson throwbacks

ya'll was wonderin where my ass been

probally vacationin on south beach gettin head like ass
breathin through gas i can let the tech pound ur ego

lock you in the closet with the westnile mosquito

the press crowd the people espicially celebritys im

heavily shittin on any tom dick or gregory

nigga you better be strappin

they want you dead if you rappin

im tryin to cave your head and your back in

im gettin bread and relaxin

and attractin a fan base of females wit emails and
letters to fax in

in vegas with a toaster n a blunt

and the hotel i checked in got a roller coaster in the
front

hollerin poster when i stunt the sammy sosa of the
month

better yet the hoe teas and nigga im still breathin even
though my dollars are green

i rap for the kids thats to poor to waste eggs on
halloween

im gettin swallow clean

my habits are good collectin all the carrots i could

slidin from the stash box to conceal extortion

and a good silencer to make it sound like the wheel of
fortune

all this careless talkin cause im travelin and flossin

havin a good time and u havin a abortion

you sucker for love gettin married and divorced than

you cant even afford the batteries for ur walkman
man im out the hood burnin cali weed on slauson when
set trip can turn to tragedys and coffins, look
i mean what im sayin you schemin im sprayin ur team
isnt playin
on the sofa screamin and and prayin sayin
gunit niggas be rollin crazy holdin 80s older ladies
starin cause they starin in that gold mercedes
since 50 hooked up with shady
now they tryin to brook up to pay me
if u think im sugar u crazy baby
the boy strapped two ninas
smokin out a bag big enough to fit in vacuum cleaners
i wear a glove when i blaze a fatty,
i aint ur baby daddy, u flippin
now he tryin to grab me out that navy caddie, i aint ur
avy,
poppa was a rollin stone,
stockin up the hona home,
pocket full of loaded chrome,
drop n get a hold a dome,
i know ur motive homes,
u mad cause im fuckin half ur motorolla phone,
im swift with the we mon im good wit my words, alota,
niggas is hatin on what i deserve im hotta,
front if u want end up on the curb in ur prada,
and ur mans runnin ambulance come,
another day another dollar on the low from the impala
i can have a six some in my shower, mother fucka!

50 cent:

nobody get hurt and nobody don't move, just give it up
smooth G UNIT
motherfucker you move, I'll flash my 2 and blast my 2
G UNIT
nigga you don't know me, and I don't know you, you
think you know my crew G UNIT
I'll send a nigga that you thought you knew to come
through and put a hole in you G UNIT

Lloyd Banks, haha, 50 Cent
I ain't even got a one card
look at these niggas, hahaha
yo, fuck you gonna do now nigga
you have had the same niggas in the background for a
long time
think they gangstas for going back and forth to jail
well, jump on a ??? don't count nigga, haha

