

G-Unit

"Better Ask Somebody"

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I know you know I'm on fire

If you don't know who I be
You betta ask somebody about me
Oh, you wanna be tough nigga, a look is enough
I put that snub nose to ya an' bust nigga

If, you don't know, who I be
You betta ask somebody about me
An' they'll tell ya I'm a soldier, boy
An' I done told ya over an' over, boy

I come from a big city, the streets corrupt
Now I'm rollin' with snub noses to heat you up
Out here niggaz'll do anything to reach a buck
'Cause when you broke you can't afford to fuck ya
sneakers up

I take my time, keep my mind on my bank funds
Learn how to separate the real from the fake ones
An' on my heater, nina rep, what could I carry on
My nigga just lost his momma an' his daddy gone

From now on I can provide 'cause my paper's straight
Family losin' his legs but I can take the weight
Some niggaz hate but I'll be damned if they hold me
down
Front niggaz didn't know me then, bet they know me
now

Blunt an' a smile, eventually it'll be a frown
'Cause every time I turn around, a nigga locked down
While I'm in the world, tryin' to bring my loot through
Hopin' one day we can kick it like we used to, my nigga

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They never seen 26s on a Hummer
My goal is to try to fuck Trina by the summer
Some niggaz hate me but they only made me
Go an' put mo' ice in my mouth than Baby

G-Unit an' Shady, them dudes is crazy
Next time we only usin' Dr. Dre's beats
Fuck you, pay me, take your magazine flicks
This ain't no Nelly here, take a good look at this

Got the wrists of a chemist an' the heart of a hustler
Plus I probably done robbed mo' artists than Russell
Always in trouble, you can blame my mother
Gave birth to a gorilla an' raised him in the jungle

I ain't crawled, I stumbled across the Mexican with
birds
Papi had coke an' new plates an' pounds of herb
Keep my hand on my glock an' my ear to the streets
I'm a country boi, you can hear it when I speak, G-Unit

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Bentley is all dreams, G-5 is understood
I made a nigga heart colder than December
Don't take much to make my gun go off
One shot'll make a hard rock look, oh, so soft

If you don't know you betta ask who I be
Or end up in I.C.U., gettin' fed through a I.V.
Down in the Lou', they say they feelin' me derry
In New Orleans they say I'm that nigga, ya heard me?

From them Southside blocks to Watts, Westside don't
front
You know about them Grapestreet Gangstas, G'd up
Rollin' that weed up
Nigga get outta line, get shot stabbed jacked
Hit with a bat or beat up

Fuck that, we're on that same bullshit
Same 40 caly glock, same full clip
Pussy claat bwoy, ya nah wanna tak wif me
I'm a real rude bwoy, ya nah wanna ruf wif me

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