

## G-Unit "Elementary"

Visit "[Elementary](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[50 Cent] G Unit!

[50 Cent] A, B

[Scarlett] You can't fuck with me

[50 Cent] C, D

[Scarlett] We from the Harlem streets

[50 Cent] E, F

[Scarlett] Don't talk me to death

[50 Cent] G, H

[Scarlett] It's elementary

[Scarlett]

Picture me rolling Range Rover

Same color your Air Force Ones

White on white, ya like?

Red I flight the night

From L.A. to N.Y.

I'm Harlem bound

You see how bitches tense up, when Scarlett 'round

Niggas get the heart to holla while we up in the club

But get intimidated when they see me sitting on dubs

I hear 'em whispering " dat ain't a man, shit that's her."

She roll with them G Unit niggas, that's what's up

Disrespect me, I'll have niggas blast ya up

Take my advice, don't let ya peoples grass ya up

I got a fetish for the chips

20's for the six

Hollows for the clips

Try me, if you think I'm playing bitch

And the police we'll have another crime scene taker

Jim Star crush your head, give your ass a shape-up

Uptown niggas known for the money they make

Everybody ain't shook, you see doing the shake

[50 Cent][Hook]

The boss spending ends

Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"

The snitch in the precinct saying

"He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"

The balla by the bar saying,

"Everybody drink, the best champagne, it's all on me"

Snitch in the back of the police car

Pointing out the window saying, "He robbed me"

It's elementary

[Lloyd Banks]

1,2,3,4

[50 Cent]

Lloyd Banks' in the house

[Lloyd Banks]

Now get the fuck on the floor

I slid through the front door

With the 9 and the velour

A cal in my pocket

You wil', I'mma pop it

I'm down for a profit

I'm ghetto as hell

You can't you tell?

My road dog, under the jail

Getting frustrating mail

So I'm drinking and smoking

Thinking and hoping

This cell gon' open

You can dance next to me, but don't throw an elbow

I'll throw one back and leave blood on your Shell Toes

Hell no

I ain't paying for pleasure

Your pussy don't bring rainbows and pots of treasure

It's every girl's dream, to floss with the team

Long on the suine

DVD's on the screen

Blowing on cream

Waiting for you to scheme

You ain't gotta know how to read, to spray a magazine

[Hook]

[Tony Yayo]

I don't wanna grow up, I'mma hustler kid

Go'head and stunt, see I don't pop two your wig

I'm artistic, intelligent, so much ability

When I use them big words, your bitch be feeling me

So ya'll niggas hate me, 'cause your wives be our groupies

Ya'll irritate me, like loud people in the movies

Fall back, matter fact back down

'Cause I just passed security without no pat down

You can catch me in the bathroom blowing a sticky

Or catch me on the dancefloor feeling some tits

Sex sells, so I'mma P-I-M-P

So my pockets never be empty

It ain't no problem, we scoop them models

We got condoms, coups, and lavish condos

50 got me getting ass like I never did  
So when I step in the club, hoes love the kid

[Hook]

[50 Cent]

The cat in the house go

Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow,  
meow, meow

The bird in the cage go

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet

It's elementary

Visit [G-Unit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.