

G-Unit "Eye For Eye"

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I like the way this feels
This makes me more just like
(Je je jeez nigar)
Boxer, haa ha
(Shit on it)

Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga

You can't roll wit me I'm LLOYD Banks the one and only
Not your buddy, not your pal, not your homie
There ain't a government around that can control me,
ohhh no
I'm on that doggy style shit, man I don't love a hoe
Apple wasn't around so I had to let my brother know
Never stay in center, play the back and let your money
grow
Most them niggas wouldn't be around if you was
bummy yo

South side Jamaica nigga yeah thats where I come
from
If you see a nigga with me then theres more than one
gun
Five straight soldier ain't that tired of being the dumb
one
Or even satisfied being another niggas dun-dun
We all know friendships turn sour when you gettin' it
Some niggas hate me in the hood but I don't owe them
niggas shit
Smellin' all up in my face like I don't know them niggas
sick
But I can care less, I'm on the album and I'm gettin' rich

Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga
(Die nigga)

Walkin' and talkin' spit it how I live it nigga
Came from the country, dirty south get it nigga
Feds tryin to question me, they run up in my hotel
They said there wasn't shootin', but they found no shells
New York City, Hell they throwin' niggas under jails
I got love for them and I ain't even from there
Now bust a shot for them boys on the block
I can feel your pain nigga, I'm still in the game nigga
There somethin' bout the sound of a Trey-Pound
That make me pull up, hop out and make a nigga lay down

See every time we round' ya hear some shots go off
And niggas get there chains snatched when they try
and show off
Shoot outs in broad day we do it the mob way
And come to find out these niggas is softer than
Shawty
I'mma keep livin' my life with a pistol in my palm
And a wrist full of ice
You can call me the Don motherfucker
We want the eye 'n' son make one wrong move and
your dyin'
Ain't no time for coppin' heat nigga ya cryin'
'Cause my niggas ain't goin'stop ridin', so you gone

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I got a hand gun habit, nigga front I'll let ya have it
When the shots go off cops sayin 50 back at it
I'm allergic to the feathers on these bird ass niggas
Front and I'll put ya brains on that curbed fence nigga
I ain't a marksman my spark and I'll spray shit
Enough rounds for the H K I don't play bitch
Move like I'm militant back on that gorilla shit
Moody, disrespectful, I'm ruley but niggas can't move
me

I squeeze till I run outta ammo, if it's a problem it's
handled
I'll have your people pourin' out liquor and lightin'
candles
You fuck around I'll blow your brains on my New York
Times
Run home turn to the sports section and read your
mind
It's crystal clear you should feel when that gat bust

First it's crime scene tape then you end up in that Black
Hurst
We don't go to funerals but we'll go to your wake fam
View your body all banged up, you made a mistake
man

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A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga
(Die nigga)

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