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G-Unit "Footprints"

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Walk with me, ay if you hear me out there Walk with me, I get down on my knees every night and say Walk with me, yeah Walk with me, I'm goin' to war, I'm goin' to war

You never know when death's comin', all you hear is gunshots

Lil' kids get to runnin', old ladies get off the block When the poppin' the truck music comes to a stop Niggaz get on the floor with they front doors locked

Syringes and sirens the only thing on the street People act like they don't know who did it, but they know it's me

Every day's a death threat, but I ain't dead yet So I go put a hole in a nigga from the next set

Don't know where I slept at, just know where my tec at It's the first of the month, my bitch ain't got her check vet

Juvie left me in California, I don't respect that I love him too much to beef, so I'ma accept that

But I'ma just step back, and focus on buck Tired of ridin' in yours, I'm 'bout to buy my own truck Got to try my own luck, "Get rich or die tryin'" It's G Unit 'til I'm gone, Lord knows I ain't lyin' niggaz

First there was two sets of footprints in the sand Then there was one set of footprints in the sand When times get hard and shit hits the fan God, don't walk with me, He carry me man

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You don't know what I've been through to get what I done got

If you looked through a scope, you couldn't hit what I

done shot Couldn't flip what I done copped, couldn't tip what I done topped I murder you all talk like a clip without a glock

When you holla G-Unit on some other shit You need to do the research, and see who you fuckin' wit'

I smoke all your weed up, go run up your Visa Your baby momma want me, I don't want that skeeza

She's scratched my beema, but I ain't seen her When I catch the bitch, I'ma gangsta lean her We be playin' in them videos, with them pretty hoes Cashville Tennekey bitches and New York City hoes

They learned it from Lil' Kim to let they titties show I'm the King of the South, this is how it really goes Lord knows, I keep all my jewels froze, as long as the check come

Then fuck the award shows, you know me nigga

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Half of these kids never read the Bibles But they can tell you how to kill a man better than I do The reason they fucked up, they all been lied to I know what it feels like when a nigga misguide you

My momma stay in the projects and I been havin' money

I went bought her a house, but she told me she ain't want it

Right then I understood that the hood's in my blood So I hollered lettin' 'em know where I come from

Niggaz know I got a gun when I come to the club And if it go down, you better tell your people to duck Why should I slow down, I just got started targettin' artists

Wait 'til the bullets start hoppin' out the cartridge

I come to get it poppin', pray to God the news watchin'

So when they see 'em snitch, niggaz'll know who got 'em

We came from the bottom to the top, from hoopties to a drop

And kill or be killed is the attitude I got nigga

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I know you prayin' I get killed nigga He who fears death is in denial Fifty told you niggaz, young buck showed you niggaz Banks, free yayo And tell the bitch ass niggaz put they vest on I'm here now

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