

G-Unit

"Freestyle On Hot 97"

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"If Dead Men Could Talkin'" to sleep and your homie
told you who got him. (GOT HIM!)
Would you have the heart to shoot the nigga that shot
him, (SHOT HIM!)
Huh? - Or would you start switchin' up? (YEAH!)
You think about the penitentiary, you're bitchin' up!
What if he said money ain't everything - the hood
raised us wrong?
What it takes to get your money long, but look I'm
gone! (LOOK I'm GONE!)
Would that - touch your heart, have you feelin funny
inside? (INSIDE!)
Would that be enough to make your punk ass ride?
(RIDE!)
What if he gave you a lil' list of things to do? (THINGS
TO DO!)
Said he wouldn't have to die! - He could live through
you.
Would you - load your Gats and get ready ro ride?
(READY TO RIIIDE?)
Or would you - lock the door at your crib and hide?
(CRIB AND HIIDE!)
It's a cold world even when it's hot outside. (WHAT
ELSE?)
Wether sunshine or rain, you still feel pain (STILL FEEL
PAIN, COME ON!)
Hit him cause he was your strength! - Now you in a
daze (SOUTHSIDE!)
Your homie turnin' over in his grave. - Cause you
PUSSY!
Ya'll know who killed him, filled him!
With the Lugars from they Rugers or they Deserts!
Them boys smoked your homie,
you ain't gon' do nothin' back (BACK!) {Naaah! }
Not even if he told you, you next to get clapped.
(NEXT TO GET CLAPPED, COME ON!)
It don't take much for them shells to make the best
of you (MAKE THE BEST OF YOU!)
Your peoples gon' probably cremate and burn the rest
of you. (REST OF YOU!)

YEAH!
GET 'EM!
C'MON! YO, YO, YO! YO!

Yo it's T-O-N-Y Y-A-Y-O
You light on the .fo'-fo' and light up your Tahoe!
(WHOOOOOOOO!)
Bag it! Chop it! The D's in the blenders (uh-huh!)
So my Coupe got TV's - and Latrell spinnas. (YEAH!)
I'm a "Hustler" like Larry Flynt! - Fly pimp!
In bulletproof bomber minks with chinchilla prints. (uh-
huh!)
I catch stunts like Evel Knievel
I got that Diesel and that X! - And I'm not Vin Diesel!
(uh-huh!)
Yo I know you love the choppy flow the rocks they glow,
(FUNK FLEX!)
I have your man laid up in the hospital. (Hahaaa!)
He wasn't thinking with his mind he wasn't logical!

Son Wise came home Far Rock edge men; I figured I'd
drop in
Bless him with a little short change to go shopping!
(YEAH!)
Plus it don't wait! - Elevator shitty staircase pissy
His sister ran hugging on a nigga she miss me!
(whooo!)
And my momma living room
Sit painted till he was pissy!

Look! - Now I'm done off the liquor and back grabbing
a stripper
Strapping to stay out that black bag with a zipper! (uh-
huh!) {Whooo! }
You slacking so I'm a blast past even quicker (What?)
Without radio air play or ads on a sticker! (Whoooo!)
Nigga I'm blowing brocolli in a Tahoe
The kid with more punches than Rocky and Apollo
(uh-huh!) I'm cockier tomorrow, {Ohhhh! }
Pop you with a bottle!
Haters wanna pop me with a hollow (Funk Flex!
) nigga can't stop me is my motto! {LLOYD BANK\$
NIGGA! }
I will not be gettin' followed. - I roll with an entourage
{G-UNIT! }
And follow you and put holes in your aunts garage!
(GGG!) {YEAH! }
Niggas wanna stomp they hoes!
Cause they fiancee chose, my next victim is BeyoncÃ©
Knowles! (uh-huh!) {YEAH! }
My whole neck and arm stay froze

I'm beyond they shows thirty thousand we on 8 roads!
(Whooooo)
When we leave from back stage kids be on they clothes
{WHAT ELSE? }
It seems she gotta little on the all gray 'bos! {COME
ON! }
And what I gotta jet for? - I should start up a bidness
Cause I get rid of more {BIRDS THAN A PET STORE! }
(AAAAHHHHHHH!)
? pop a board up! - And filin' with? {SOUTHSIDE WHERE
YOU AT RIGHT NOW? }
See it from the next mail! (uh-huh!)
Poppa said handcuffing the hoes is a sin
I came straight out the gutter like a {ROLLING PEN! }
You gonna need hella doctors (haha!)
My whole team get around with choppers!
- And I don't mean helicopters! (Keep goin'!) {YEAH! }
I make a move down tougher with it? {I CAN'T WAIT
FLEX! } (Hahahaha!)
? here. {I'm, I'm REALLY HYPE RIGHT HERE! }
(Hahahahah!)
? cause you mad
Pro'ly gotta lock them and sayin' {YEAH!
} (Yo, you know Yayo know what's up!)
I did not? block like a soccer player!

Check my resume homie we got A-1 felonies (Whoooo!)
But nigga we stars you know A list celebrities. ('TIES!)
Rap and street stuff it's all the same
I realized that when 50 snatched Ja's chain! (UH-HUH!)
Ya screaming: "Murder! " - But your things don't pop!
(uh-huh!)
You can catch me at Hollis at the hero shop! (HERO
SHOP!)
I got a long Desert Eagle like Robocop
That spit 200 yards and make a hippo drop.
(HAAAHHHHH!)
Yo we natural born killers! G-Unit Gorillas!
Clap at me homie I'll chop off your fingers!
(AAAAHHHHH!)

I still walk around with' the Hammer boss;
Rope and a cross, hard times'll make a lil' nigga hate
Santa Claus.
Your mountains is high - holdin' in Diana Ross (uh-huh!)
I'm like a 2003 banana Porsche.
I don't gotta hide sluts, {OH, GOD! } to get your ties cut
They on my dick, 'cause I make flat!

In New York you get stalked like a snake's prey
Yo the streets is a battlefield you die any day! (DIE ANY

DAY!)

Some cry on they knees when they pray (PRAY!)

All you hear is he said, she said around the way.

(SHE SAID AROUND THE WAY!)

I'm in the no fly zone private hide away (uh-huh!)

Tryna proolly with my sons like it's Father's Day!

(FATHER'S DAY!)

When my revolver spray you better andalay

(ANDALAY!)

I take ya moms away writin' rhymes 'till my arms decay.

(ARMAS DECAY!)

On mics I'm dynamite like Jay Jay (JAY JAY!)

Listen hombre! - I glisten in broad day.

The Feds got me framed in a picture (PICTURE!)

Cause I got my chick trained to hit ya!

(TRAINED TO HIT YA!) - Like Amy Fisher!

Let a slugs fly at a bug eyed judicier (JUDICIER!)

Play Fat Cat and I'll strip you for your whiskers.

(STRIP YOU FOR YOU WISHKERS!)

We move Fishscale you messin' with Fish Yay (FISH

YAY!)

Make cars fish tail when we shoot at them brakes!

We pop Mo's! And pop bouncers! (BOUNCERS!)

In the club we pay off them bouncers to lay off the

Tray Pounders! (LAY OFF THE TRAY POUNDERS!)

When the cops raid the crib they want the houses

(HOUSES!)

Fed times - head lines - read about us. (READ ABOUT

US!)

Follow my fathers footsteps! - Why bother? (WHY

BROTHER!)

Charter a few leer jets, we got the Ganja! (WE GOT THE

GANJA!)

Never had a seed but I please your baby mama, (BABY

MAMA!)

Lick her on her knees but she's on Dolce Gabbanna!

(GABBANA!)

Put her on a track too ten niggas want her (WANT HER!)

Flaunt her! - Get my cheese back on the corner! (ON

THE CORNER!)

Nigga get a glance, hit the free lance performer (FREE

LANCE PERFORMER!)

Heaven and hell will prevail when I'm a goner! (PREVAIL

WHEN I'm A GONER!)

I'm in the mountains with the trees are palm (uh-huh!)

In a New York "State Of Mind" tryin' to freeze my arm

up. {FREEZE MY ARM UP! } (LET'S GO!)

Got the Balm, blowin' on sticky with a slut

It went from: "Hi, how you doin'?" {TO A QUICKY IN

THE TRUCK! } (Aaaahhh!)

I'm tryna find where the party is at (I know that Bank\$!)
I'm bringin' me! (Hahaha!) - Jesse,
Ferrari and Black! {FERRARI AND BLACK! } (YEAH!)
My hood is all fucked up it ain't no goals (uh-huh!)
The little boys turn to convicts and girls turn to hoes!
{OH, MY GOD! }
? home - I'm ridin' through the Valley {THE RAP! }
Where you might hear turns like "Essay homes".
Mama ain't raised no fool! - I'm talented and gifted
I practice in boats so I could balance it!
I'm fresh out the dirt! - Nigga you washed up!
Thirty something! - And never seen a fan star struck!
{STAR STRUCK! }

Yeah, ya lame!
Ya wanksta!
Oh, yeah!
Fo' sho'! Yo, yo, yo!

Some say I'm paranoid, I say I'm careful about how
I chose my friends (COME ON!)
Been to ICU once and I ain't going again. (COME ON!)
First Z got merked! (what else?) - Then Roy got
merked! (YEAH!)
Now homie still in the hood why he ain't get hurt? (WHY
HE AIN'T GET HURT?)
I smell something fishy man it might be a rat (IT MIGHT
BE A RAT!)
You mean niggas switchin' sides on niggas just like
that? (JUST LIKE THAAAT?)
You know me! I stay with a chick on her knees (KNEES!)
And give guns away in the hood - like it's government
cheese. (Y'ALL KNOW, Y'ALL KNOW!)

If half of my niggas could get inside with a weapon
they would (uh-huh!)
There's a thousand niggas out here reppin' they hood
(REPPIN' THEY HOOD!)
You don't even wear ya new shit
Cause you ain't ready to brawl man I bump you!
- And you ain't even do shit. (DO SHIT!) {Whooo! }
You can smell the assault as soon as you see me
Stuntin' mega hard like I do it for TV. (LIKE I DO IT FOR
TV!)
My team in the VIP - you know boxes, cases;
Tag alongs pop all the faces. (uh-huh!) {what else? }
Don't disrespect power stop and embrace us,
Hands up alls you see is watches and bracelets.
{BRACELETS}
Bullet holes is surgery. - An Ox is a face lift, {UH-HUH!
}

There's 17 in here I'm not gonna waste it. (uh-huh!)
{FLEX WHATTUP? }
And I'm wearin' gloves so they not gonna trace this,
(YEAH!) {UH-HUH! }
Get him in events house parties in basements.
(NEW YORK CITY!) {CITY, YEAH! }
You can bet I'm bettin' on the Rockets and Pacers,
(FUNK - FLEX!)
Harrassed outside cause the cop was a racist! (uh-
huh!)
Walked by, captured her sight! - It had to been the ice
Brown skin - eyes slanted like Russell Simmon's wife.
(uh-huh!)
Now I'm thinkin' about bustin' in her twice,
Blonde color corn braids best customer in sight, (uh-
huh!)
Aight? - Her body tight, too tough not to look {BANG
'EM! }
Louy Vuitton shoes, gator cut pocket book. {ICE JETS! }
(UHH-HHUH!)
Her smile lit up the room a Colgate grin
I'm in the Spurs throwback with the old gray Timbs.
{COME ON! }

Life is full - of greed and envy, scared dudes'll start,
(GO HARD!)
So if you doin' good you better act like you starvin'.
(oh!)
I've seen grown rappers shed tears (SHED TEARS!)
In the streets how little niggas growin' gray hairs.
(GROWIN' GRAY HAIRS!)
See nine out of ten - try to rhyme (TRY TO RHYME!)
But I've been spittin' lines - since '89.
They going hand to hand since The Real Roxanne!
(REAL ROXANNE!)
You want beef we could handle it man to man. (MAN TO
MAN!)
When I pull out - yo there's no need to reload it (NO
NEED TO RELOAD IT!)
I flush you out your house and you a rodent! (YOU A
RODENT!)
I'm out for the chips and the wealth (WEALTH!)
Tie you on the truck have you piss on yourself!
(PISS ON YOURSELF!) Catchin' dips on the belt!
(DIPS ON THE BELT!) Whatever I say is being felt
(FELT!)
The words off my tongue nigga nigga taste buds melt.
(TASTE BUDS MELT!)
See me and my team - got supplies throughout Queens
When the lights hit the ice they shine like high beams.
(SHINE LIKE HIGH BEAMS!)

Nothin' but frozen jewels
I'm holdin' the twos!

I know you love it, but how much do you love it!
I know you love it, but how much do you love it!
I do what I do and I don't think nothin' of it!
I know you love it, but how much do you want it!
(Look, look!) - Get 'em Bank\$!

The way things lookin' shit might spill
Cause this dumbass nigga! - Paid \$40 to come in and
ice grill! (ICE GRILL!) {whooooo! }
I'm in the back higher than a light bill (uh-huh!) {YEAH!
}
Ya chick grindin' on the kid high off a white pill
(WHOOO!) {YEAH! }
I'm tryin' to get a little played in her mouth
If you ain't tryin' to conversate you should've stayed
in the house! (STAYED IN THE HOUSE!) {BOOOOO! }
If you ain't know I'm tryna get you laid on the couch
(COUCH!)
4 o'clock on the dot kids sprayed in ya mouth. (uh-
huh!) {BREAK IT DOWN! }
Then I'm out, meet me at the door at three
I got dutches and a quarter peel if you don't smoke
more for me! (FOR ME!) (Flex: AAAAAAHHHHHH!)
Somebody just got cut - caught a half moon stumblin'
Probably got hemmed up in the bathroom. (uh-huh!)
{COME ON! }
It's hard as hell cause niggas is slam dancin'
While you on the wall beatin' on ya man vancin'
(VANCIN'!)
It's goin' down even if police around (AROUND!)
So bring ya four pound! - Cause niggas want to clown!
{DON'T GET THAT! }

In the club - bottle full of Bub! (BUB!)
Mami I got that Ex if you into takin' drugs (DRUGS!)
I'm into havin' sex I ain't into makin' love
So come give me a hug, if you into gettin' rubbed!

We sling Weed - Crack! - And Dope mixed with Opium
While the Feds sweep the block like custodions. (LIKE
CUSTODIONS!)
44 loons got my birds and dames holdin' 'em (HOLDIN'
'EM!)
Rock mink longs made with Teflon soles in 'em. (SOLES
IN 'EM!)
I'm as big as King Kong - with the mind of Napoleon
(WITH THE MIND OF NAPOLEON!)
Cook up blow in straight AC-WOL Sodium. (AC-WOL

SODIUM!)
I'm trying to sell records like Vanilla Ice (VANILLA ICE!)
And hang MC's up from balconies like Suge Knight!
(SUGE KNIGHT!)
In every event my team catch crazy stunts (STUNTS!)
Rollin' eight deep like the Brady Bunch. (BRADY
BUNCH!)
I keep 80s cause niggas tried to blaze me once (BLAZE
ME ONCE!)
And ride in big trucks so (FUCK THE BUMPS!)
I ride for my drug lords and OG hustlers (uh-huh!)
Imagine my face placed on Billboards and buses. (AND
BUSES!)
And record covers - even The Source magazine
I used to be the one to extort the fiends. (FRIENDS!)
Remember back then - when I slinged on the corner
I had the sheep skin my girl had the leather balmer.
(MY GIRL HAD THE LEATHER BALMER!)
Around the time Mike was moonwalkin'
Now I write the shit that'll have the whole hood talkin'.
(WHOLE HOOD TALKIN'!)
Hit ya shit up! - I'll make ya body spit back!
So don't fall victim to my gangsta rap. (GANGSTA RAP!)
I stay - strapped down like Crazus in "Creep More"
(MORE!)
Got Macks, Trey Pounds, 3-80s and C-4. (C-4!)

Never discuss cheese around a mouse
Nah! - I got a grimey team that'll probably empty a
clip on "Big Momma's House". (BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE!)
{Yeah! } Damn her eyes a young man with grown
hunger (Flex: Hahahahahaha!)
Look in my drawer nothin' but condoms and phone
numbers.
(PHONE NUMBERS!) {FUNK FLEX! }
The rap Roy Jones! - The king of the ring! (uh-huh!)
Hoes hate me! - They want my ding-a-ling in a sling.!
(50 & Yayo: LING IN A SLING!)
Hot product - they all 'gon buy it (Flex:
WHHHHHHOOOOOOOOO!)
I'll have you limpin' out of Hot97 with ya jaw all
wired. {WITH YA JAW ALL WIRED! } (whoooo!)
(Flex: AAAAAAAHHHHH!) I'll start a three day riot,
leave you on a lead diet (AAHHHHAHAHAHAH!)
On ya bed spread you ain't hangin' out with ya girl
head buy it.

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