

## G-Unit "G-unit Anthem"

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[Chorus: 50 Cent]

G Unit in the house  
What nigga what?  
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[Verse 1: Tony Yayo]

In my hood you get no points for ya jump shot  
As soon as the sun rise we back on the block  
The stress got me feelin' like an old man  
And I stay on point for that red and gold van  
Its a free lance performer Yayo be a pro  
Cause the flows been hot since G.I. Joe  
Yo my rhymes'll have you nodding like war in the  
streets  
So the freaks give me ass like toilet seats  
Get at me you really think you holdin' Big Daddy?  
So wheres your indoor court and bowling alley  
I got heart like a Hoover Crip, but bust slugs  
Like an Inglewood Blood  
I mingle with thugs  
My single 'gon buzz  
Ya boy export get rid of the drugs  
I still bag my dope up with a mask and some gloves  
I used to have 8 balls in my 8 ball jacket  
Now a thug Lex coupes like Luke in Dukes Of Hazzard

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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Put carpet burns on these rats for several days  
Till they need bandages on they knees like Pat  
Hueing's legs  
I'm always with the biscuit  
The only way I get blue balls is if a bitch had blue  
lipstick  
You broke rob more blocks  
Cause you ain't got to know how to break dance to wind  
up on a cardboard box  
I'm Guccied down to my socks  
Groupies houndin' the spot  
We perform at  
Keep goopies around for the cops  
She'll be down for my watch  
I ain't generous or courteous  
I'm runnin' from a dirty bitch  
Nigga you thirty six  
You don't want it with the kid at all  
Same shit bigger bathroom my niggas brawl  
When we come after you it ain't no gray shots  
The SIG will leave a hole in ya chest bigger than Flavor  
Flav's clock  
You pussy, you wouldn't even pop the smallest chip  
Cause on the inside you softer than a mozzarella stick

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[Verse 3: 50 Cent]

I'm the leader of the new school now nigga what?  
I got a 44 bulldog I'll tear your bitch ass up  
I pop off nigga front I'll put my knife in your gut  
Have you in ICU screamin' ahh i'm cut  
I go rawwwwwrrrr like a dungeon dragon  
But I keep my pistol on me so my pants be saggin'  
Everytime i'm in the house niggas grill a nigga  
Cause they feel a nigga  
I'll kill a nigga  
You speedin' shorty better stay in ya lane  
Before I send one of my soldiers to blow out ya brains  
I'm the general what?  
You salute me  
You a dead man if you attempt to shoot me  
I done lost some of my brains watchin' military flicks  
Got the whole G Unit on some military shit  
[Lloyd Banks:] Private Banks requestin' permission to  
speak  
[50 Cent:] Speak nigga!  
Man its dangerous when theres discipline involved in  
street niggas

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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