

G-Unit "G-Unit Desksite"

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With the mic on my nut yeah! i was burst with balls
My pops must of had a mic on his nuts got a stupid
Ass thing shoot like mic in the clutch that mean i'm
Never missing barretes and four fifths when i travel
Coast to coast and handle toast in both hands niggas
Gon remember the name (uh gutta) that boy put it
In his number like december had came that put it down
Just so he could win on my grave.

Chorus:

You know i'm coming for you
You know i'm coming for you
You know i'm coming for you

Verse2

If you want to run put ya chips on board everyday terry
in
The booth every once a day like chips ahoy just to
smoke
I could smoke a least a mountain of atlanta and that
rap
Shit i could put a couple of ounces on the line (not even
my
Mom)my mom chedda smoke it like a bomb put it
heavy on
The boy just like a mountain in the shine just cause you
talk
About killing that don't make you a killa just cause you
eatin
Banannas don't don't make you akilla cause you got
shot nine
Tims that don't make you hot bitch! i'm better than hot
nigga
I never been nigga get to close to the toast and these
guns will
Pop nigga ihad been around the blocks and back
marijuana x pills
Glocks and stacks.

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