

G-Unit **"G-Unit"**

Visit "[G-Unit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[50 Cent]

Yeah! 50 Cent.. Lloyd Banks.. Young Buck...
G G G G G-Unit! Haha!

[Young Buc]

Vacate your home I come to brake your bones
Americas nightmare we at it again
A desert eagle and a black mack 10
And neva know what happend
When we come through them cowards dont want none
They screamin at they murderas but walkin' with no
guns
Come with me but dont run and die where your standin'
See im holdin' on this cannon and your life i'm
demandin'
Put the pipe to your melon and your brains on the
pavement
These niggaz is talkin' think that security gon save
them
Nobody gon speak when homicide pay a visit
Look you right in the eyes and yell ya "we don't know
who did it"
Corrupted by street corner by shootin' at the police
The feins up all night and the neighbours gettin' no
sleep
You betta get used to it you know how we do it
Shady Aftermath Interscope and G-Unit.

[Chorus]

We got action when you don't
Show are places when you won't
G-Unit, *[50 Cent]* G-G-G-G, G-Unit

[50 Cent]

Now I told ya'll on my first Dre joint I am Loco
Betta than soso the games in the choke hold
Disney's is a nono I perfected the slow flow
In D.C. they dance the gogo

In L.A. they ride on lolo's
G-Unit in the house, oh no
You ain't ready it's heavy
65 chevy
Old school rollin' im holdin'

20 inches spinnin' from the beginnin' we winnin'
Gain's his masculinity pimpin' we not pretendin'
Drop top glock cock ready for the drama
Pistol's pop cop shot i'm heavy with them laama's
Non-sop make it hot we the top regardless
You can be the hardest
We'll just be the smartest
I warn you not to start us
We're not you average artist's
My bitch is like a goddess
When paparazzi spot us
Cause flick after flick same ol' shit that I kick, haha!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Guess who's back mothafucker gun in the clip
Ready to smack up on these suckas that's runnin' they
lip
You can try any one of my shoes on none of em fit
Your hundreds are shorter I'll your pops his son is a
daughter
All I need is some cigars and quarter a couple cars and
a lawyer
Kinda packin' a bitch and i'll be back with a hit
I'm that sick, Who the hell you thought it was
I got expensive habits I can't afford it cause
G-Unit is poppin' and we performin' all the clubs
Niggas be shovin' and pushin' as someone is gooshin'
surprise
She's givin' up the buns on her cushion
Sweatin' and screamin' suckin' me off the rest of the
evenin'
And i'm leavin', on to the next city
Stashbox in the bus to I can bring the tex with me
I gotta go cause i'm gettin' over you niggas ain't over
G-U-NIT

[Chorus]

Visit [G-Unit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.