

## G-Unit "Gangsta Shit"

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Yeah, niggas talkin' all that gangsta shit  
Acting like my money ain't no good in the hood  
You know what I mean?  
Fuckin' head blown off nigga, you know?

They, they talkin' that, that gangsta shit, they ain't  
about that  
Man, matter of fact hand me my strap  
Show me where they at, I'll stop 'em from talkin' like  
that

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I'm the talk that hit every barbershop and beauty salon  
'Cause these other niggas that rap ain't on the shit that  
I'm on  
'Cause 50 this, 50 that, 50 stay with a gat  
Thirty-two shots in the clip, hollow tips in the Mack

But when I come through, shh, the talkin' stop  
My money long now, I can make the Pope get shot  
Now, we can blow an hour talkin' 'bout the stones I rock  
All the hoes I got, 'cause he stunts in the drop

Now, naw, you love the kids, 50 on that killa shit  
That been mobbed the bad man, bitchy as guerrilla shit  
I'm market my music like diesel on the block  
So if you with me you gon' eat and you gon' starve if  
you not

Weed smokers love me like they love Buddha  
I'll send your kids through the shooter  
Crip niggas love me like they love Hoova  
They tell me see careful good, 'cause niggas wanna  
see like you  
They ain't used to a G like you, blam

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You think you a killer but we gon' just pay 'em a visit  
Put the potato on the barrel so nobody hear it  
I keep a holster on my shoulder like I'm John Wayne  
Shootin' these niggas lights out like Lebron James

Holla my name, gimme a reason to see you bleedin'  
After you feel these hollow tips, nigga, then we eatin'  
Full of anger until there's no more bullets in the  
chamber  
Ain't nothin' like when you get popped and don't know  
who to blame a

Nigga told me, "Do your dirt all by your lonely"  
So I go hit them niggas 'fore 50 couldn't even hold me  
I'm waitin', anticipatin' to put a nigga under  
Smokin' like we some Jamaicans fuckin' with this ganja

Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must  
Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss  
So point him out and watch how I knock him off  
Everywhere you bitches go, I got a nigga watchin' ya'll,  
motherfucker

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Come on, nigga, I ain't here to make no friends, just  
cut the checks  
I got a long pump that'll blow your stupid ass up the  
steps  
Beggin' niggas don't understand though

Probably 'cause my hand glow when I'm anticipatin' the  
lambo

Lean out my bucket for niggas thinkin' they Rambo  
You get one warnin' so I suggest you let your man know  
These rap niggas portray to be tough, nobody acting  
soft  
'Til they laid out in the hospital, eatin' apple sauce

Usually for yappin' off and turn apologetic  
Wavin' a white flag, the danger they might have  
My niggas buyin' so much ammo  
If you reach in the couch for loose change  
You'll probably feel on the handle

Holdin' sixteens to get your bandages and broke bones  
So I suggest you get alarm systems in both homes  
There's only one team on top, we number one with a  
Glock  
Fuck around and get your dumb ass shot

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