

G-Unit "Gansta'd Up"

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[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood dun made me feel
like my emotions are froze i stay "G'd Up", its
tha things tha i dun seen and the shit ive been through
that made my heart turn cold i stay
"G'd Up",Im a gangsta ya find out fo sho if u eva step
on my toes I stay "G'd Up", when im
hanigin' out tha window wit that AK fillin ya punk ass wit
holes

[50 Cent]

Cocaine, heroin, extacy, marijuana, a mule on that
greyhound from NY to Carolina, paper
chase different name, same face dont catch a case,
my road dogs on parole his baby gurls 4 years
old, we play tha block pistol cop, u could shoot or get
shot kill u for ur crack spot take
everything your ass got, semi-automatics spary, bust
back or run away, niggaz talkin in tha
hood we'll handle this another day, in November u
make my shit, u should b dead, if u can catch a
Christmas,ill send u a gift,niggaz will come and leave
yo ass twisted,them hollowtips shells
burn baby burn,see niggaz get merked up,N babies
born make tha world turn, i've seen it all crystal
clear so i keep my pistol near,hearts never full of fear
homie i stay well aware of whats goin
around me muthafuckas want me dead i go wit a smile
on my face,witness my time kid

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

lil nigga I dun paved the way,yall should thank e'm,but
if u think otherwise bring ya boy over
here so i could spank e'm,ill put a end to your career
bitch (bitch),before u speak on 50,buy
fourty in a spare clip, these niggaz gassed up gettin to
used to rap like i wont give
them more blood clots than supercat,niggaz will snatch
ya im like a bat catcher ill give em
signs and they'll throw something at ya, round here

niggaz die off hydro and even when it aint tha
4th of July it sound like pyro,u smart enuff to creep n
lay ur dumb brains down the pound will

spin u down like tha young James Brown (yeah) i know
im hot but hey (hey) im icy to rocks will
hit u from a block away like a beat from Dr.Dre we takin'
over this year case tha soldiers is
here everyone knows its a scare (yeah)!

[Chorus]

[Young Buck]

my popa never bothered to show me what it was to be a
man he just pop another bottle n smoke
up a half a gram,i would hop in my Impala and ride all
throughout tha night that gave my homeboy
life so when u do it do it right,my fingernails still filled
with cocaine residue,i still got
tha heart to go bust me ahead or 2 (fo sho)no other
soulution u think we hollerin n hooptin'
until u wake up n u gotta here about these shootings,i
take a bullet from mah vooz n put tha
clip in my pocket before i take another bullet im gonna
pull it and pop it (blaaatt)and if
its beef my nigga then let your guns do tha talkin' the
graveyard has got plenty room for a
coffin (haha)they say we responsible for boostin tha
crime rate they say we tha reason these
young niggaz is buying weight but im gonna keep this
glock on my waist till my dyin'days its
"Nuttin But A G Thang" G-Unit And Dr.Dre

[Chorus]

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