

G-Unit

"I Get Down"

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(feat. Swizz Beatz)

[50 Cent]

Yeah, it's the Unit!
Yeah (showtime) Swizz!
OHH! (M, C) Wooooo!

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I run the show! No ifs, ands or buts about it
Me fall off? Listen homeboy, I doubt it
Me? I gets down, I get down down down
I get down, I get down down down
I get down, I get down down down
I get down, I get down down down

[50 Cent]

I spit it how I live it man they love it when I talk shit
Not three, not two, I'm number one on the chart bitch
(yeah)
Drama get to poppin even when I don't start shit
I turn around there's only two shells left in the cartridge
My homies dumb out, my homies dumb out
Find out what they 'bout, when the guns come out
I got a shitty attitude cause I come from the bullshit
Got the ammo on me now, nigga front I'ma pull this

[Tony Yayo]

In the hood, you rat you die
In the hood if you rap you die
I'm out the hood gettin fat and high
Private jet, it's time to fly
Got the Roley with the bezzy gettin head in Dubai
And my wolves come out when the moon comes up
Before we take a hit, we roll that buddah
Hydro and hash take me to the moon Alice
I got bad aim but the fiends on the rats, YEAH!

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Baby we'll get lotto from Murcielago

I race in my driveway; motherfuck the highway
Niggaz talk money just not around me
I get the cheddar, ask Swizz, I blow the parmesan
cheese
Like it really means nothin, cause it really means nothin
I'm not what you used to, I'm really not frontin
Tell the shorties I ain't got time to talk, I'm trickin
I want what I want, and what I want I'm gettin

[Lloyd Banks]

Uhh, forty thou' earlobe, 40-cal gripper
That'll make a girl out the "Green Mile" nigga
In the street rapper, industry bully
It's cold, tees turn to rest-in-peace hoodies (uhh)
I gets 'em out, my tricks playin spades
I swim in dime pussy, piss Rose
Unit rider, my clique don't play
I got a pocket full of green now my wrists all gleam

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

You know if God bless the child with so much swag
Now what am I supposed to do with all this cash?
Seats less pussy got, all that ass
Shakin it and wiggle, your skinny bitch mad
AHH! These niggaz ain't hot like we
They don't know how to rock the spot like me
Smell like I just got out a brand new V
My black ass fresh up out of Bentley C's
Work with me lil' mama, let's get it
Wan' take you down to the flo', shorty I'm wit it
I'm on that shit, we on that shit
I ain't on that rubber grip, nah nigga don't trip

[Chorus]

[Swizz Beatz]

Wind it up (wooo!)
Wind it up (wooo!)
Wind it up (wooo!)
Hit the flo', flo' (wooo!)
That flo', flo' (wooo!)

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