

G-Unit

"Im So Fly Remix"

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(feat. Eminem, 50Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck, Tony Yayo)

[Intro: 50 Cent]

I don't need Don Parrion

I don't need Cris

Tengo [?]

I don't need shit

Nigga im [?]

G-UNIT

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

We on the front page then we in the Bahamas with AK's
on the stage, the ice and the Jacob watch will make a
broke nigga take somehting so I gotta keep that fo fifth
with no safety button G-unit get that money I no some
artists is starvin so play the game like they rich to me
this shit funny i no u see me coming cus on the front of
the Maybach it say payback for those that hated on me.
I hate them niggas claim they bangin in gangs you a'int
a crip like Snoop you a'int a blood like Game, see I've
been havin beef I got my own bullet proof vest
most of my enemies dead i got about two left
untill my last breath im sendin niggas bullet holes
inocent bystanders get hit tryin to be heroes

[Verse 2: Eminem]

Don't want the diamonds, want the gold, or want the
jewelery, he don't want the ring, don't want the loot
he's in it for the sport
running circles round his competition on the court
he appreciates your support but he a'int beggin for it,
and you can love it you can hate it but you can't ignore
it you can't be that ignorant but you can try to sell him
short, but you cant FUCK with his last joint or the before
and he was gonna raise hell like them country boys
if you confront him then you better come confront me
fore it (I'm a warrior)

[Verse 3: Young Buck]

I feel attention when I walk in the club

G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug

Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bud
I dont need security, this old nickel enough
I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all
So bitches call ya hoes, n niggaz call ya dogs
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight
She might neva come home again nigga, aight!
Teeth, neck, wrists all ice my lifes like
Ridin' in Ca\$hville runnin all stop lights (for real)
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin
My momma jus hadda dream of seein me in prison
(damn)
My daddys a dope fein, n i dont really miss him (fuck
em)
Aint seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin (c'mon)
Tha same ol' 2 step we move to a rhythm
50 holla get em' Buck, you know im gunna get em'

[Verse 4: Lloud Banks]

The Double L O Y D
Get put on an I.V
Tryin ta try me
The new age Ali
The black C.I.G
Resides beside me
As smooth as an Isley
Sometimes I surprise me
Can't even ID
As low as my eyes be
I roll with the gangstas don't get fly with your mouth
The wrong punchline'll have niggaz inside of your
house
Nigga I'm doing good I made it out of the hood
I own Beverly Hills no more bottles or wood
That's a zipper that's sticky
California should whip me
I done made it this far can't be mad if they hit me
(shhiit)

[Verse 5: 50 Cent]

I'm a tell you what Banks told me "cus go head switch
the style up"
And if the hate then let 'em hate and watch the money
pile up
Or we go upside there wit a bottle of bud
C'mon man you know where we be
You can find me in da club

[Verse 6: Lloyd Banks]

Before I leave the crib I tell my mother I love her
Wrap the urn up cus she ai'nt concernced cus shes
earner

My bitch lays it out real nice for me to hurt her
We fight
Wake up and fuck like Ike and Tina Turner
[?]
Cus some girls over here don't got a problem giving
head
Paranoia's on you that's why your alm is in your bed
Fuck a red Chinchilla and buy some momma for your
head
On the block i'm from niggas be damned near 40 and
still tuckin
And niggas baby mommas is pregnant and still fuckin
It's either cus they boyfriends is scrub like Brillo
Or cus Banks is cooler than the other side of the pillow
My cronic is blown for my niggas that got locked up
and deported
So now the gotta go back home

[Verse 7 : Lloyd Banks]

Fresh off the jet and I breeze to the beaches
Blue Yankee fitted
G-Unit sneakers
I already figured out wut they do with all features
Decorate they basements for the streetsweepers
When it comes to stuntin theres nothin you can teach
us
We in a different time zone your records don't reach us

[Verse 8: 50 Cent]

When that window roll down and that AK come out
You can squeeze your lil hand gun till you run out
And you can run for your back up
If them machine gun shells don't tear your back up
God's on your side shit i'm aight with that
Cus we gone reload them clips and come right back
It's a fact homie
Go on and get some your fucked
I get the drop if you cn duck
Your lucky you heard of Lady Luck
Look nigga
Don't think you safe cus you moved out the hood
Cus yo mamma's still around dog and that ain't good
If you be smart youd of shooked me
Cus I get tired of lookin for you
Spray yo mamma crib and let yo ass look for me [gun
shots]

[Outro: Tony Yayo]

Me for myself i gotta watch my back extra because
Those niggas that like me [music fades]

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