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G-Unit "Minds Playing Tricks"

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Its a regular day and a regular routine till I hear this tragic news from about three feens, your man Fifty just got popped nine times and I heard through the great vine its all cuz his rhymes in front of his grandmoms standing on the lawn wearing no teflone I wonder if he gone

I know in my heart i wanna cry having thoughts in my mind that man goin die as I frantically run towards Fifty's spot, I panically peep like fifty cops , it was blue and whites, D.T's, and homocide and yellow tape blocked off on both sides with 4 5th shells on the floor and D.T's ringing doorbells going door to door yo I'm stressed out smoking bogie after bogie duck in the sarce cuz the sarce fucking know me , ljumped the G truck and got a mac to spit and we did about to bust those mary maculin at the time I started to think back in shit how we used to sling crack and stack up chips, with Can, P-lo, Big Ju and The Kid, and my man Fifty used to smack a bitch, and the good and the bad on the one three four and the Hoes that we had At the Cash Money Tour now I'm at the hospital, stop day dreaming all I see is 5 5 1 and its beafing, baby mom screaming whole family greaving but the word is that my man still breathing, I dropped to my knees and I thank the lord and got long shit list all across the board motha fucker, fuck ya'll niggas man, G-unit, we takin over this shit nigga,

Fifty the General nigga I salute him nigga, Tony Yayo nigga the hustler of this shit, Fuckin Lloyd Bank\$ the boy wonder nigga fuckin yo bitch, Shady AfterMath nigga get correct, Tony Yayo, rap juganaurts we run this shit

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