

G-Unit

"Pepsi Smash Mic Pass"

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(feat. Young Hot Rod, Freeway, Spider Loc, M.O.P., ...)

[Lloyd Banks:]

Aiyo what up?

Its ya boy Lloyd Banks Aka Blue Hefner

Ya now tuned into Mic Pass

You know how it goes down baby

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

G Unit, G Unit

GGGGGGGGGG G Unit

G Unit in the house

We the best

G Unit in the house we don't settle for less

G Unit in the house

Better wear ya vest

G Unit in the house

Forget the rest

GGGGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 1: Young Hot Rod]

Homie rush now we ain't in a rush now

Take my time I gotta look plush now

We at the club now I got the boss up

The group is loadin' up the semi before I touch down

Homies really wanna fuss now

Cause I'm a superstar yeah I get to cut now

Theres no lines for me get the Cristal

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 2: Freeway]

Don't sweat it boy

Jay and Fif told me "Free go get 'em boy"

Don't let 'em spoil ya plans

If a man try to stand in your way

You gotta crack him open like a Pepsi where the boy?

He is now envoy

Like I just took him to the counter but I leave 'em how I
leave 'em

And I Colt feed him when I greet him

With the pounders like he about to get...

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 3: Spider Loc]

Now I could bring a hundred boys to the front gate
But for ya'll they told me they only want eight
I'm breakin' it down its so hard to do
Especially when I'm at the G Unit Barbecue
Might bust me a female and pop a Pepsi
In Khakis and Chucks ya'll know how the West be
No need to ask if the Loc been high
Same thing in the city when I'm in the NY
G Unit

[Tony Yayo:] GGGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 4: Billy Danze Of M.O.P.]

Once again its on reportin' outta BK, NY
Its the Lochness where real riders rock with
The 5 Benz they love the way I rock
First class, top chefs, top notch
Gangsta Boy Bop
Thats how we do it on our block
And you don't want what you can't stop
Smash M- dot -O dot -P
Dot Stockon fuck get the stone out your ass

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

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[Verse 5: Lloyd Banks]

I'm a steel kicker even after ya funeral
Cause me gettin' what I got ain't got nothing to do with
you
Not the cars, no broads'll pluck him
By the two in my green old school then buck him
Powder blue, fuck you
If you got a crew
Bring 'em and order a Mill and Nina
If ya gotta go toe to toe with the heater
Or blow for blow with the reaper
Am I my brother's keeper?

Well, front on him and meet the bottom of my sneaker

[Tony Yayo:] GGGGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 6: Lil Fame Of M.O.P.]

Yo right about now this beat got ya homie feelin' like

Fab 5 Freddy

Yeah with that tight ass twenty

Front and (pause) ya Zellies

Yep before I tee off

Let ya homie snatch Dee off

The ledge

Got my joints in bootlegs

Shine like its a Sunday back in eighty six

Uptown takin' flicks

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Verse 7: Tony Yayo]

Its the Talk Of New York homie I stay in the hood

Lodi Mack got the Mac so I'm always good

You see the Bentley pull up I'm livin' it up

And when my wolves come out you givin' it up

Listen cash rules

Yayo is that dude

G Unit we rule

Ya'll rappers is fools

And you can tell by my looks I'm gettin' money

Yo I'm still in the hood kid serving junkies

[Tony Yayo:] GGGG G Unit yeah

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

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