

## G-Unit "Poppin' Them Thangs"

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Every hood we go through  
All the gangstas around know my whole crew  
Nigga what? Nigga what?  
We hold it down like we s'posed to  
Nigga you can fuck if you want we be poppin' them  
thangs

Yeah

Every hood we go through  
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Yeah

After the V.M.A.'s my baby Momma cuss my ass out  
I kicked her ass we back friends like Puffy and Steve  
Stout  
I cut the grass around my click so I can see these  
sneaks  
You see back in the hood that's 'cuz I see they fake  
I preach the sermon 'bout the paper like creflo dollar  
I'll pop you punk niggas like I pop my colla  
I'm confused, I like Megan, Monica, and Mya  
Missy's freaky and Brandy's shot up  
Now take a look at how my life style changed up  
I'm on now god damn it I done came up  
Now you can find me with the finest ho's  
Choosin' which whip to drive by what match my clothes  
I got a fetish for the stones, I'm heavy on the ice man  
If I ain't gotta pistol on me, I'll be sure I got a knife man  
Get outta line and I'll lighten yo ass up  
Semi automatic spray I'll tighten yo ass up, yeah

Every hood we go through  
All the gangstas around know my whole crew  
Nigga what? Nigga what?  
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Nigga you can front if you want we be poppin' them  
thangs

Yeah

Every hood we go through

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Yeah

Slow down little nigga don't exceed your speed  
'Cuz I will put G's on your fitted like the Negro League  
I got connects so I don't need no weed  
I've been in L.A. for a year now so I don't see no seeds  
After I'm done clappin' ya crew  
Hell yeah I fuck fans, guess what? Your favorite rapper  
does too  
In a minute, imma add a jewel for makin' my rims spin  
My crew run wild like the Jamaicans at Kingston  
Nothin' but bling bling in yo face boy  
That's why my neck shine like one of the shirts  
That Puffy and Mase wore  
I done found a nympho as soon as I pop a bra  
She had my balls head first like a soccer star  
You can only stand next to the man if you proper  
I take care of birds like an animal doctor  
I've been out and buzzin' niggas just stepped on me  
So I'm out for revenge like one of Bin Laden cousins

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Look at the paper, look at the news we on the front  
page  
We in the Bahama's with A.K.'s on the stage  
The ice and the Jacob watch will make a broke nigga  
take somethin'  
So I have to keep the four fifth with no safety button  
G-Unit gettin' money, I know some artists that starvin'  
Who play the game like they rich, to me this shit funny  
I know you see me comin', 'cause on the front of the  
Maybach

It say payback for those who hated on me  
I hate when niggas claim they bangin' a gang  
You ain't no crip like snoop, you ain't no blood like gang  
See I've been having beef, I have my own bullet proof  
vest  
Most of my enemies dead I got about two left  
Until my last breath I'm sendin' niggas bullet holes  
Innocent bystanders get hit tryin' to be heroes  
You know how we roll every where that we go  
It's fo' fos', calicos, and desert eagles

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