

G-Unit "Rider"

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I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rida
I approach you boy with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range and fiya
I ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread
Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit
Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head
I'll have your nigga in an ambulance tellin' ya hold on
The choir in your funeral singin' you so long
The top shotta, that rock product the block gotta
Then pop hollows then pop bottles the whole spot up
The mo' paper the mo' strength, we gon' get it
The fo' fifth come with the amp we ain't missin'
I'm back on my bullshit, a verse is a full clip
Catch you with your bitch throw a song to her
Nigga this is G-Unit, fuck your click
Like syphilis, bitch you stuck with this
I'm a loyal nigga, die behind mine
Even if 50 drop me I still wouldn't sign
You done lost yo' mind, bumped yo' head

Try to stop my shine but I got bread
And I ain't got time to hear what they said
When I catch them cowards I'ma buss their head
I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rida
I approach you boy with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range and fiya
I ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread
Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit
Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head
I'm comin' out of Southside, you know I'm raw
Big ass check, dey show our score
Pull the dough out and roll out the Kreamizore
Fo' Fo' out, I know 'bout the keys of war
I'm hot, five hunnit degrees or more
My do' block an M-16 or more
I'm in the store coppin' shit you ain't seen before
Black card swipe, we galore
Yeah, yeah, I said these niggas stop talkin' then start
worryin'
The feds keep comin', the money we buryin'
I'm in the mean loft, I'm in the cream Porsche
I let that thing off, I turn to T-Wolf
I drive a space ship, nigga 2008 shit
Hermaide kicks on I stay in some ape shit

Niggas on some ape shit, they all get hit
Got the Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clip
I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rida
I approach you boy with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range and fiya
I ain't tryin' to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread
Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit
Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head

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