

## G-Unit

### "Rider Part Two"

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[Intro: 50 Cent]

RRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!

WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!!!!

WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!!!!

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WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!!!!

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy

I got no choice but to be a rider

I approach you boy with the toaster boy

Hit you point blank range and fire

I ain't tryin to hear shit I'm supposed to be rich

Mu'fuckers gettin with my bread

Then I'm 'gon load my shit then count my shit

Nigga trip I'll go for your head

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

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 in your new whip

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

Nigga it's G-Unit, fuck your click

Like syphillis bitch you stuck with this

I'm on you, niggas, 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'm a buss they head

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy

I got no choice but to be a rider

I approach you boy with the toaster boy

Hit you point blank range and fire  
I ain't tryin to hear shit I'm supposed to be rich  
Mu'fuckers gettin with my bread  
Then I'm 'gon load my shit then count my shit  
Nigga trip I'll go for your head

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

I'm comin out of South-side, you know I'm raw  
Big ass check, they show our score  
Put a dough out and roll out, the cream is off  
Fo'-fo' out, I know 'bout the Keizer war  
I'm hot - five hunnid degress or more!  
My door block an M16 or more  
I'm in the store copin shit you ain't seen before  
Black card swipe, we galore

[Verse 4: Tony Yayo]

Yeah, I said these niggas stop talkin then stop worryin  
The feds keep comin, the money we buryin  
I'm in a mean loft, I'm in the cream Porsche  
I let that thing off, I turn to T-wolf  
I drive a spaceship, nigga 2008 shit  
{?} kicks on, I stay in some eight shit  
Niggas on some apeshit, they all get hit  
Got the Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clip

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy  
I got no choice but to be a rider  
I approach you boy with the toaster boy  
Hit you point blank range and fire  
I ain't tryin to hear shit I'm supposed to be rich  
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