

G-Unit "Rider, Pt. 2"

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(50 Cent)

GRRRRRRRRRR!
WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!
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(Chrous, 50 Cent)

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a riiida
I approach you boy with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range and fiiiya
I ain't tryin to hear shit I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'f**ka 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

(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 b**** throw a song to her dude this
is

(Yung Buck)

(slow motion) G-Unit,(regular speed) f*** your click
Like syphillis b**** you stuck with this
(SLOW motion) I'ma loyal nigga nigga,(regular speed)
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)

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(Lloyd Bank\$)

I'm comin out of South-side, 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 hunnid degrees or more
My do' block a M-16 or more
I'm in the store copin shit u ain't seen before
Black card swipe,(yea) we galore(yea)

(Tony Yayo)

I said these niggas stop talkin then start worryin
The FEDS keep comin' the money we burryin
I'm in a mean loft, I'm in tha Cream Porshe
I let that thing off, then 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

(Chrous, 50 cent)

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Nigga trip I'll come for yo head (Nah, Nah Nigga)

(Unknown Artis)

Nah muh f**ka, this shit ain't done
Think about what I'll do to ya, ya pick on Bun
Then the torpedo shit wanna gimme a gun
Let tha beam tan him up like he sat in the sun

I'm bout my bread, I'll hit ya for crumbs
In the streets I'm like a catholic ya can' get none
(hahahahaha)
Poppin off for practice cuz this ain't calm
Bout to eat ya food up like thiss free lunch
The parkin lot support supply when I pop that trunk
Then ya fleein cross the settle cuz the shit don't bump
Kid rocks a semi-auto when my shit dump
Hit 16 Seribellums wit that pump (BITCH)

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