

## G-Unit

# "Y'all Ain T Fuckin With Us"

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[50 Cent: talking]

50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck, Game GGGGGGGG  
Unit!

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

See I'm a city boy man I ain't from the South  
50 Cent man ya'll niggas ya'll know what I'm about  
I'm bout my money man I'm on a paper chase  
I'll have doc tying your face like a shoelace  
See I don't play no games I'll cut you up mayne  
I get tired of hearing you talk I'll fuck you up mayne  
You see me in the club you know a nigga strapped  
Picture me partying, playing games without my gat

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

They say the club is a death trap (why) cause niggas be  
beefin  
And they be thinkin its cool so they be right where they  
be left at  
Wonder why I dress black  
Cause there ain't no tellin where I gotta bust this Tec at  
(blah)  
That click clack mean get back or get hit  
Them niggas tried to rob me but they ain't get shit  
I'm quick with the 45 nigga take that  
Then call Game tell him scoot me in the Maybach G  
Unit!

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas ain't fuckin with us (nah)  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us homie  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us (nah)  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us G Unit!

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

It's two thousand and four  
New pound in the draw  
Blue powder Azzure  
With jewels out of the store  
The flashy playboy fools try to ignore  
Ya'll gon' make me build a pool out of the floor  
Before you come back and 'wild

Ask Saddam for advice cause you gon' be in the  
ground for a while  
Now my weed is exotic fuck all the basics  
Purple haze got my ass stuck in the matrix

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas ain't fuckin with us (nah)  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us homie  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us (nah)  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us G Unit!

[Verse 4: The Game]

When I'm in M.I.A. I'm with my haitian crew  
Any beef with G Unit niggas'll eat you like Jamaican  
food  
A year ago I was making moves  
The closet I ever been to NY was Crush Groove  
Now I walk through Manhattan  
Pants saggin  
Me and Sha Money tryin to get 50 to put on a pair of  
khakis  
We fuckin niggas up from Compton to Queens  
Write what you want you still can't sell your magazine  
bitch

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ya'll niggas ain't fuckin with us (nah)  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us homie  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us (nah)  
Ya'll ain't fuckin with us G Unit!

[The Game: talking]

Theres a price on ya head motherfucka

[Young Buck: talking]

Nigga I'm here to.. goddamit take the hit  
50 what you want me to do nigga lets ride

[The Game: talking]

Nigga I'll only work for Buck anyway I'll kill him for a  
dollar

[Young Buck: talking]

Its all hood Game you in the game  
here come the riches then the bitches then the fame  
my nigga

[The Game : talking]

I see you in the streets I'll knock your bitch ass out

[Young Buck: talking]

G Unit nigga and Yayo home bitch

[The Game: talking]  
GGGG GG GGG Unit

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