

Ja Rule "21 Gunz"

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[Chorus:]

We got M-1's, 32s, 45's, streetsweepers
throw your guns up 21 gunz solute,
niggas is soldiers, ready to die recruits,
We got 40 cal's, 44s, dilingers, 22s
throw your guns up 21 gunz solute
cos your nobody 'till somebody kills you

[Ja Rule:]

Nigga you walk around like you got an S on your chest,
but wear a vest like a condom in the city of sex and
violence
problems, get me aroused niggas is foregone,
why lloyd banks got gay lovers like star jones?
why young buck got stuck for all them fake stones?
and why the hood is screamin G-units homos?
now i aint sayin yall no gay niggas, but shit -
yall aint actin like no straight niggas!
cos now this bitch fifty snitchin again,
im throwin shots to the wind - cos me and gotti, see we
dippin again
cos never have two men, owe so much to so many
and im so glad, im so patient, with enemies
if revenge is the sweetest joy next to gettin pussy,
then killin a pussy nigga is sweeter than bustin in ya -
and bustin out more shots i'll do, cos your nobody,
'till i find you and kill you!

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[Young Merc:]

Word on the streets, these niggas ridin around wth the
FEDS,
like i dont still ride with one in the hand,
like i wont have one of my young'ns hop out broad day
with the spread,

that 'K hit - banks fuck around and lose a leg,
and yayo slumped in the hospital bed, eatin through
IVs,
with a machine helpin him breath, its I-N-C
and i dont hate, niggas hate on me
more money more problems like B-I-G (Baby Baby)
im in the hood homie, thats where you can find me
where we got O's for sale not to mention a D
got fiends on lard, nigga i go hard -
14 i was movin that white on my front yard
see im far from a nigga thats just in the booth spittin it
nigga im still livin it, try me ill empty it
Im still dirty nigga, low in the rover, no hoster -
Rule give me the word, its over.

[Chorus]

[Caddillac Tah:]

I got a 'massacre' in the cut waitin to happen,
4 bitch niggas a bitch, put em in a ditch, dirt nap em,
then purse snatch em, chain thief, turn killer, the zoo
keeper
with tranquilizers for the gorillas, nigga, get your
banana peeled quick
when them hammers spit, slip, get hit and watch the
blood drip
and soak your g-unit skee coat, and we on the speed
boat,
with bottles and smooth models that deep throat,
weed smoke in the air, literally in the lair, jet - we
blowin down
O-G cush by the pound, now, got a 'K with a clear clip
that hold 100 rounds, and its nothing for me trunk it -
and come visit your town

[Ja Rule:]

Cos on legal grounds, the incs been aquited,
but you know the hood is screamin we got away with it
cos 50 is see-through, and nigga i see you
lookin like a homo on the cover of GQ,
Ascot in the air, literally in the air
who dat Tyson Beckford was hittin from the rear?
your moms was queer/lesbian/gay
so it makes sense 50 got gay ten-den-cies

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