

## Dj Envy "What Goes Around"

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f/ G-Unit (50 Cent, Lloyd Banks)

\* send corrections to the typist

[50 Cent] G-Unit haha

[Lloyd Banks]

I dont know where you from but out here we ride

So if you scared of conflict don't come outside

Get your hands on a gun

Cause ain't no one gonna respect you as a man if you  
run, dial 9-1-1

I'm hear talkin' to the street now

That's only gonna lead to bulletwounds and  
beatdown's, retreat clown

You still strugglin down to your last rock

G-Unit is gorillas and Blackchild's the mascot

You thought you wouldn't hear my voice

I'm in the hood cause I'm hood

You in the hood cause you ain't got no choice

Your top seller gettin' sticked for his shine

Either I'm blind, or Ashanti's sideburns is thicker than  
mine

I'm youngest in charge with my dick in a dime

Grippin' the nine, sippin' that lime

Becardi in a party, you sorry

I'm blowin' wet green right out the safari

That'll put you in a left lean higher than a marley

And as far as Charlie, a studio hour is a waste

She look like she took a bag of flour in the face

You want street credibility instead of I'ma sting you

C'mon Ja you put a fuckin crackhead on your single

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

What goes up must come down, what goes around  
comes back around

I suggest you run when you see the pound

Or get laid the fuck out on the ground

What goes up must come down, what goes around  
comes back around

I suggest you run when you see the pound

Or get laid the fuck out on the ground

[Lloyd Banks]

My cousin bringin' back them blueberry bags, I've been  
waiting all day

On them Shelltops that got Jam Master Jay, on 'em

I got a jeanius and kneehighs that swallows me whole

Tongue's longer than the ones on your Fila's

She's buys anything I desire, prolly cause I'm on fire

The 2003 McGwire, until I retire

My neighborhood breed ballers that slam dunk

Cross overed to crack now they can't even jump

I leave with any panties I want, the industries new face

I'm in a bitch mouth every morning like toothpaste

Place your bet, Envy pull out a few crates

I got enough 16's to battle 2 states

I'm in a spaceship, neck full of grey shit

Bigetes in the bracelet, expect nothing basic

Respect and embrace it, your sketch in the basement

I'll have them try to find where the rest of your face is

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

The hoes know I'm lazy as hell, that's why I get the bitch  
to twist

Dogg, I stay around trees like Christmas gifts

Yea, you laughing and dancing 'til they stick you

And have you holdin' your chest like I'm singing the  
National Anthem

Have you worried bout the reprecussions after the  
tantrum

I'll be alone in a mansion, and it's snowing in the  
Hamptons

Regardless of what these fools say, I'ma be around  
longer than 'Cool J

Armed with a new K

So dumb in a new way, If I don't fuck Monday, I'm gone  
hit it Tuesday

My charm get it usually

You put a lot of years into rap, these lil' starvin' chumps

Start your career from the back of a milk carton

Your gased up from whatever he must of told ya

But everything in Army fatigues ain't a soldier

In my upbringing we wore the same socks

And buckets in the living room to catch the rain drops

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Dial 9-1-1, Yeah!, young Lloyd Banks, GGgg, GGgg,  
GGgg, G-Unittttt, haha

I dare you to say something, haha, I dare you to say  
something back nigga...

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