

Game, The "Poison Bananas"

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P-p-p-p Unit
You pussy ass nigga!
P-p-p-p Unit
You pussy ass nigga!
P-p-p-p Unit
You pussy ass nigga!

Who the snitch?
You the snitch
Who the bitch?
You the bitch (x4)

Look, get ya mask took off
When I blast four off
Pump the shotty
Throw your body
Where the grass grow tall
Jeah, I'm like tango for the cash
Orange Jag
Looking like a mango when it pass
With the tato on the mack
I ain't talking 'bout bagging up work when I put Yayo in
the bag
Fuck is you rhyming about?
You 30, just getting in the game, you should be trying
to get out
You it's drama when the llama get out
Pull and spit the lead
Bullets hit your head
Then your mind'll sit out
By the time they find this shit out
I'm in a different state
In a different zip, different whip, different plates
Wait! I put the heater to your head
You G Unit Ninja Turtles cause your leader is rat
Scrat!
It's simple as 1,2,3
You lames
Wanna get at Game
You gotta come through me

Tony Yayo
Get out the way ho
Lloyd Banks just got shot
Technique pass the mack
And aim it at Curtis Jack
You ain't right
Trying to be Frank White
You getting smacked
Little accident murderer
I just now heard of ya
And the next time you disrespect the west, E serving ya
Yayo
You better lay low
Cause the M.O.B. got some killers on the payroll
I put a million dollar hit on you snitches
Show you why we call ourselves Money Over Bitches

(Chorus)

I got a clip full of poison bananas
And some cold hard killers from Compton (here
monkey, monkey)
I got a clip full of poison bananas
And a cold hard killer from Philly (here monkey,
monkey)
I got a clip full of poison bananas
And a cold hard killer from Long Beach (here monkey,
monkey)
I got a clip full of poison bananas
And a cold hard killer from L.A. (here monkey, monkey)

Olivia, get back in the car
'Fore I smack you like 50 did Fredo Starr
And he picking on lil niggas
Is it me or is it every video, Curtis Jackson get a lil
bigger?
Nigga using that muscle enhancement
All I need is a couple dumbbells and a sandwich
Fuck holding a conference
I'll run to Violator, hold Chris Lighty for hostage
Cause Banks doing gay porn, come out the closet!
Either that or I'mma knock Chris Lighty
unconsciencious
Cut all the non-sense
You was PC'd up
Hit the bricks, rapping 'bout the corner like you
Common
Talk of New York? You Jorge Pasada
I throw 'em, you catch 'em, that's not a threat, that's a
promise
You did 6 months, now you a convict?
I accepted your phones calls now you got me on some

wild shit
Judge said, "Time spent"
Now you can get it from the same gun homicide
dropped five dimes with
And next time you try to kiss me on the cheek
You won't be alive long enough to put out my heat

(Chorus)

Welcome to the west, let me show you what hood like
My niggas down to sit on death row and ain't fucking
with Suge Knight
Tag your left toes, wish you niggas a good night
Rock-a-by baby
Chrome .380
Screaming, "Ready to die"
Them niggas ain't crazy
On the black wall on the mini street that they can't be
A pine box plenty of leg room
Game, hit me, we're watching X's rented in Cancun
I'm look at the two like, "The nerve of this damn dude"
Pointing a beam at him, locating his next wound
Talk to my heat
Chi-Chi get the Yayo
Replace that G Unit bandana with a halo

(Chorus)

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