

# G-Unit

## G-Unit

[50 Cent]

Yeah! 50 Cent.. Lloyd Banks.. Young Buck...  
G G G G G-Unit! Haha!

[Young Buc]

Vacate your home I come to brake your bones  
Americas nightmare we at it again  
A desert eagle and a black mack 10  
And neva know what happend  
When we come through them cowards dont want none  
They screamin at they murderas but walkin' with no guns  
Come with me but dont run and die where your standin'  
See im holdin' on this cannon and your life i'm demandin'  
Put the pipe to your melon and your brains on the pavement  
These niggaz is talkin' think that security gon save them  
Nobody gon speak when homicide pay a visit  
Look you right in the eyes and yell ya "we don't know who did it"  
Corrupted by street corner by shootin' at the police  
The feins up all night and the neighbours gettin' no sleep  
You betta get used to it you know how we do it  
Shady Aftermath Interscope and G-Unit.

[Chorus]

We got action when you don't  
Show are places when you won't  
G-Unit, [50 Cent] G-G-G-G, G-Unit

[50 Cent]

Now I told ya'll on my first Dre joint I am Loco  
Betta than soso the games in the choke hold  
Disney's is a nono I perfected the slow flow  
In D.C. they dance the gogo  
In L.A. they ride on lolo's  
G-Unit in the house, oh no  
You ain't ready it's heavy  
65 chevy  
Old school rollin' im holdin'  
20 inches spinnin' from the beginnin' we winnin'

Gain's his masculinity pimpin' we not pretendin'  
Drop top glock cock ready for the drama  
Pistol's pop cop shot i'm heavy with them laama's  
Non-sop make it hot we the top regardless  
You can be the hardest  
We'll just be the smartest  
I warn you not to start us  
We're not you average artist's  
My bitch is like a goddess  
When paparazzi spot us  
Cause flick after flick same ol' shit that I kick, haha!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Guess who's back mothafucker gun in the clip  
Ready to smack up on these suckas that's runnin' they lip  
You can try any one of my shoes on none of em fit  
Your hundreds are shorter I'll your pops his son is a daughter  
All I need is some cigars and quarter a couple cars and a lawyer  
Kinda packin' a bitch and i'll be back with a hit  
I'm that sick, Who the hell you thought it was  
I got expensive habits I can't afford it cause  
G-Unit is poppin' and we performin' all the clubs  
Niggas be shovin' and pushin' as someone is gooshin' surprise  
She's givin' up the buns on her cushion  
Sweatin' and screamin' suckin' me off the rest of the evenin'  
And i'm leavin', on to the next city  
Stashbox in the bus to I can bring the tex with me  
I gotta go cause i'm gettin' over you niggas ain't over  
G-U-NIT

[Chorus]

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