

That's What's Up

50 Cent

G-Unit, G-Unitttttttt,G-Unit, G-Unitttttttt,G-Unit,G-Unit
G-Unit nigga that's what's up
I blast 50 Cent nigga that's what's up

Right now my life movin to fast to stop and pray
See every now and then I smile just not today
In my hood they let the choppers spray
Somebody probably got shot today
I named em pop when niggas surfboard
You aint stoppin me dawg
Only time you left ya hood is on Monopoly boards
You grimey as birds shittin on the top of ya fords
You will, die by the gun if you aint droppin ya sword
I got tattoos as well as lead marks
To me fucking is kinda like racin and I always get a head start
My opinion of a sweet dream is a dead NARC
Just yesterday guns is blastin with red darts
Beef, you a target
Cause when we come at yo ass, Aladdin wont be the only one the carpet
Man you wanna play wit a ringer?
I aint a peoples person
I'll give my next door neighbor the finger (fuck you)
Even though I got the shit in the stores
I'm like a nigga that borrow clothes
Bitch, I'm tryin to get in ya draws
Man I'll dump a whole clip in ya mans braids
Pussys love Nelly, he made it look cool to wear bandaids
I'm blowin on damn haze
All of a sudden I'm gased, cause I'm on the radio and I can't wait
If you aint up on thangs
Lloyd Banks is the name, G-Units the game
Now I know to keep low when the heat blow
I'll have niggas post up on ya block like I'm shootin the free throw
Still get the green from P-dro, better known as Pedro
I'm ghetto like a patty ya egg-roll
Yea they fein in to stick me, they don't know the meanings is wit me
Snuck in wit Christina and Brittney
You only spend time at the mall
On New Years eve a body drops around the same time as the ball (yea)

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G-Unit nigga that's what's up That's what's up

Keep thinkin I'm candy
Aint nuttin sweet about me
Nigaas talkin in the pens and in the street about me
Some jake, tryin to watch every move I make
Cause my Deez'll make fiends do the up-town shake
I'm a pro, far from a amateur, holdin more keys than your fuckin janitor
They say "God bless the child that could hold his own"
You pay cops to hold you down, I just hold the chrome
Every breath I take, every step I take, every move I make
I got a ruger on my hip
You aint gotta like or love me but you gone respect me
You need a fifth and 2 clips to try and check me
12 in the afternoon we can start the clappin
Look homie I'm down for that day-time action

Keep thinkin it's a game time in front of ya home
Get the drop on that ass and shot shadder ya bones (yea)

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G-Unit nigga that's what's up
Listen boy, Tony be the real McCoy
When hoes see the new toy, they jump for joy
And even though the kid rappin
I still got fiens in the hood puffin on that Magic Dragon
My guns under my pillow, I sleep wit my shoes on
Every single night me and my mack get our groove on
Don't get moved on
Cause I shoot through your biceps your triceps
Then breeze through ya projects
When the coke come back
It's the China White
And the d don't sweat us in a bag a rice
Let's ride O T
And burn the tape
I got this bad mommy, her mouth's a sperm bank
Since Yayo be a fearless man
I donate my heart to them niggas that ran
And, those niggas in the hood don't wanna see me famous
They rather see my moms make funeral arrangements
I got enough rhymes, to fill 6 notebooks
I been spittin that shit ever since coke crushed
You can hear me on your T.V. and radio at the same time
I never ever say the same rhyme, it's Tony 2 times
Beware of my wraith, I'm gone school you niggas
Prepare for class
Yo I peep where your puns at, peep where you pumped that
Money you tryin to stack I spent it on blunt wraps

Word to my mother nigga 50 fuckin Cent nigga
G-Unit nigga
We about to gorrilla this industry man
Yall niggas better know
Yall niggas better fear us nigga
Word to my mother nigga
Fuck yall niggas wanna do
1 2 4 nigga G-Unit
50 Cent
Tony Yayo
Lloyd Banks nigga
Bllllatttt