

G'd Up

Tony Yayo

Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood done made me
Feels like my emotions are froze
(I stay G'd up)
It's the things I done seen and the shit I been through
That make my heart turn cold
(I stay G'd up)
I'm a gangsta you find out for sure if you ever step on my toes
(I stay G'd up)
When I'm hangin out that window with that AK fillin your punk ass with holes
(I stay G'd up)

Cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, marijuana
I'm mule on that Greyhound from NY to the Carolina
Paper chase, different name, same face, don't catch a case
My road dog's on parole his baby girl's four years old
We play the block, pistol cocked, you could shoot or get shot
Kill you for your crack spot take everything your ass got
Semi-automatic spray, bust back or run away
Niggas talkin in the hood we'll handle this another day
In November you make my shitlist if you did you can cancel Christmas
I'll send you a gift niggas'll come and leave your ass twisted
Them hollow tip shells burn baby burn
See niggas get merked up, babies born and the world turns
I seen it all crystal clear so I keep my pistol near
Heart's never full of fear, homie I stay well aware
Of what's going on around me, motherfuckers want me dead
I go wit a smile on my face when it's my time kid

Lil niggas I done paved the way, y'all should thank em
But if you think otherwise bring your boy over here so I can spank em
I'll put an end to your career BITCH
Before you speak on 50; buy a .40 and a spare clip
These niggas gassed up, gettin to used to rap
Like I won't give em more bloodclots than Supercat
Niggas'll SNATCH YA, I'm like a bat catcher
I'll give a sign and then throw somethin at cha
Round here niggas die off hydro
And even when it ain't 4th of July it sound like pyro
You smart enough to creep then lay your dumb brains down
The pound'll spin you around like the young James Brown
I know I'm hot but hey, I'm icy too
Rocks'll ll hit you from a block away like a beat from Dr. Dre
We're takin over this year, K's and the soldiers is here
Everyone knows it's a scare, YEAH

My papa never bothered to show me what it was to be a man
He'd just pop another bottle and smoke up a half a gram
I would hop in my Impala and ride all through the night
They gave my homeboy life so when you do it do it right
My fingernails still filled with cocaine residue
I still got the heart to go and bust me a head or two
No other solution you think we hollerin & hootin
Until you wake up and then you got ta hear bout these shootings
I take a pull from a ? and put the clip in my pocket
Before I take another bullet I'm gonna pull it and pop it
And if it's beef my nigga, then let your guns do your talkin
The graveyard has got plenty room for a coffin

They say that we responsible for boostin the crime rate
They say that we the reason that these young niggas buyin weight
But I'm gonna keep this glock on my waist til my dayin days
It's +Nuttin But a G Thang+ G-Unit & +Dr. Dre+