

# 50 Cent, Blood Hound

(feat. Young Buck (G-Unit))

[50 Cent]

G-Unit, UTP

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

G-Unit, UTP, G-Unit, UTP

G-Unit, UTP, 50 Cent, get 'em bucked

[50 Cent]

50 Cent, that's my name

Man I ain't fuckin' playin'

I move on you wit' that Mac mayn (Mac mayn)

Come off, now watch your chain

Fo' I blow out your brains

Shells hit your chest go out your back mayn (back mayn)

See me I put in work, man I been doin' dirt

For so long when niggas get laid out (laid out)

Niggas run through my crib, to holla at the kid

That's when I start bringin' them thangs out (thangs out)

Then we go through the strip, hangin' up out the whip

Dumpin' clips off at they whole clique mayn (clique mayn)

When witnesses around, they know how we get down

So when the cops come they ain't see shit mayn (shit mayn)

My soldiers slangin' 'caine, sunny, snow, in sleet or rain

Come through the hood and you can cop that (cop that)

I'm sittin' on some change, G-Unit that's the gang

Come through here stuntin' you get popped at (popped at)

[Chorus 2x]

I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped

Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though

I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks

Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though

[Young Buck]

I came in this game knowin' niggas gon' hate me

Just for the simple fact they know that I'm a rida' (rida')

I got a hell of a aim, I keep on tellin' ya mayn

I swear ain't nobody gon' find ya (find ya)

When I get lifted I'm tempted to tear your block up

Your niggas can't run cause I'm behind ya (behind ya)

Me and Chilly in your city wit' a couple nine-milli's

You better stay in line bro' (in line bro')

Cause if I walk it I'll talk it, you know we'll walk up and pop it

I love the sound of gunfire bro' (gunfire bro')

Right now we smackin' 'em wit' platinum

And they hate it cause we made it, that's what we keep that eye for (that eye for)

I represent it cause I'm in it, UTP until I'm finished

Juvenile, they can't stop us (can't stop us)

And I admit it, I live it

I'll knock a baller off his pivot with this motherfuckin' choppa'

[Chorus 2x]

[50 Cent]

My twenty-inches spinnin', you always see me grinin'

And you hear niggas call me grimey (grimey)

They hit me wit' them bricks, and I ain't pay 'em shit

I'm outta town, they can't find me (find me)

When I come back around, man I'ma back 'em down

I run up bustin' that Tec mayn (Tec mayn)

If you ain't got a gun, and you can't fuckin' run

My advice is you hit the deck mayn (deck mayn)

But if you get away and come back another day

My soldiers'll leave you wet mayn (wet mayn)  
Cause we know where you be, and we know where you stay  
And we'll come trippin' through your set mayn (set mayn)  
Man you heard what I said, now get it in your head  
I ain't payin' no fuckin' debt mayn (debt mayn)  
Cause you're a middle man, but you don't understand  
You're a fuckin' fake ass connect' mayn (connect' mayn)

[Chorus 2x]