

G-Unit, Poppin' Them Thangs

[Hook X2]

[50 Cent]

Every hood we go through

All the gangstas around know my whole crew (Nigga what)

We hold it down like we supposed to

Nigga you can front if you want, we be poppin them thangs

[50 Cent]

After the VMAs my baby momma cuss my ass out.

I kicked her ass we back friends like Puffy and Steve Stout

Cut the grass around my clique so I could see these sneaks

You see back in the hood its cuz I see they fake

I preach a sermon about the paper like Im creflo dollar

Ill pop you punk niggaz like I pop my collar

Im confused; I like Megan, Monica, and Mya.

Missys freaky and Brandys shy, uh

Now take a look at how my lifestyle changed up.

Im on now, god damn it I done came up.

Now you could find me with the finest hoes.

Choosin which whip to drive by what match my clothes.

I got a fetish for the stones, heavy on the ice man

If I aint gotta pistol on me, sure I gotta knife man

Get outta line and Im lightin your ass up.

Semi-automatic spray, Ill tighten your ass up (What)

[Hooks X2]

[Lloyd Banks]

Slow down little nigga

Dont exceed your speed

Cuz I will put g's on they fitted like the Negro league

I got connects so I dont need no weed

Ive been in LA for a year now

So I dont see no seeds

After Im done you clappin the crew

Hell yeah, I fuck fans

Guess what your favorite rapper does too

In a minute Ima have the jeweler makin my rims spin

My crew run wild at the Jamaicas at Kingston

Nothin but bling bling in ya face boy

Thats why my neck shine like one of them shirts Puffy and Mase wore

I done find a nympho as soon as I pop a bra

She had my balls head first just like a soccer star

You can only stand next to the man if you proper

Ya'll take care of birds like a animal doctor

Been out and Im buzzin niggas just slept on me

So Im out for revenge like one of bin laden's cousins

[Young Buck]

Read the paper, look at the news

We one the front page

Yeah we in the Bahamas with AK's on the stage

The ice and the Jacob watch make a broke nigga take somethin

So I gotta keep the four fifth with no safety button

G-Unit getting money

I know some artists is starvin

But play the game like they rich to me this shit funny

I know you see me comin

Cuz on the front of the Maybach

It say payback for those who hated on me

I hate when niggas claim they bangin a gang

You ain't no crip like snoop

You ain't no blood like game

See Ive been having beef

I have my own bullet proof vest
Most of my enemies dead I got about two left
Until my last breath Im sendin niggas bullet holes
Innocent bystanders get hit tryin to be heroes
You know how we roll
Every where that we go
Its fo fos, calicos, and desert eagles (yeah)

[Hook X2]