

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]