

50 Cent, Funk Flex

Funk Flex

Yeah, G-Unit

You understand whats about to happen?

huh .. huh? (do you understand?)

Nigga guess who's bizzack

It's not Beanie Sieg' or Jay-Hov'

50 Cent y'all niggas should know

Don't make me relapse

Run up on your ass with the fo'

You punk nigga I done told you before

Fuck being in a cage, man that shits for the birds

I do my dirt in the hood, but I live in the burbs

When you talk be careful how you choose your words

Cause I send niggas to put ya fuckin brains on the curb

Am I my brother's keeper? Yes I am

Nigga you know they gettin low you see that gun in my hand

G-Unit - don't go fuckin with my soldiers, boy

Get laid out, im'a say I told you boy

See you rollin with 20 niggas, we rolling with 20 guns

16 hollows is loaded in every one

I know you slow, so

I do the math thats 320 shells flyin at your ass (ha)

You spend a lot of time talkin about how you ball out

When u get hit you gonna run and bleed till u fall down

I guess you didnt think we was down to go all out

One second, you was wrong

You ain't on the shit we on

My money getting long

Now my team getting strong

I'm gone

Gone

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... 50 cent

And I'm back to act up so strap up

Funk Flex

Kingpin style

Ya heard me

C'mon, c'mon

Make me cut something

Make me bust something

C'mon, c'mon

I want you to

C'mon