

# 50 Cent, G-Unit/U.T.P.

(feat. Bun B (U.G.K.), Young Buck (G-Unit))

[Male voice talking]

Right now with the situation gettin' better  
So I'm doin' you things, holla

[50 Cent]

Yeah, 50 Cent, uh huh, check me out

Now piece by piece we put it all together  
Time to get this dough nigga, it's now or never  
I'm wild as ever, foul as ever  
Reap whatever, whatever, whatever  
They say I'm a slick talker, shit talker  
Grimy ass New Yorker  
Come gutcha, gum futcher, lay your ass out  
If you ever catch beef nigga, call on me  
If you fucked up in school nigga, it's all on me  
I get a left foot to drop a nigga, pistol to pop a nigga  
Break you off proper nigga, the cops ain't gonna stop a nigga (yeah)  
Let's get this money man, them hos come with the paper  
I'm done to go wherever this game takes us  
Look homey, you see my 22's, sittin' on low bros  
That simple mathematics, that equal more hoes  
I smoke a lot of dro, I got a lot of flows  
Shit I didn't have to say that, y'all already know

[Chorus - 2X]

From New York to New Orleans  
A problem, holla at me  
My niggas comin' to see  
If everythin' is alright

Ya'll niggas can blow some trees  
Have coke and some Hennessey  
My niggas from U.T.P.  
Everythin' is alright

[Young Buck]

For those who couldn't figure me out, what this nigga be bout  
Cookin' it, and cuttin' it, and flippin' it, in 24 hours  
Cause I keep a dyke, on the back of the bike  
In the summertime the white  
Air Force One's, Louie Baton, Nike style (woo)  
Don't really talk much (uh huh), I let my money speak  
I know you saw us, shit we a 100 deep  
I'm sippin' Don, with Juan, Bird, and smokin' weed  
Shakin' them haters off, bouncin' to this jukin' beat  
Fuckin' with 50, cause he strictly about head bustin'  
Lettin' New York know these Unica niggas ain't stuntin'  
Nigga we ain't runnin', I guarantee you that  
After these messages we'll be right back  
Take off that necklace a, because this tech will hit a  
Innocent bystander who don't respect a nigga  
After you finish your collard greens and cornbread  
Get you a glock, and come around here where my mom stayin'

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

From South I 95, 85, 65 right at the I 10, get your money widened  
I got the Columbian, and I'm gonna hold 'em down  
When you get close, call nigga I'm gonna guide you down  
You got it now, (got it), well then what time you leavin'

In a couple of hours, some time close to this evenin'  
What us speed with V8, them cops then heated  
They locked my partner Gus up for smokin' weed and speedin'  
But he'll be home though, probably about the same time you get ya  
Shit yeah, seems like we paid his bond like last year  
But anyway, you know that thing we thought that was, but wasn't?  
Well come to find out, my homey found somethin'  
But he had to choke a bitch, and fo' pound somethin'  
Cause I told him, what you told me about the chump and he chumped 'em  
Put the barrel bottle pump, and pumped 'em  
And pumped 'em and pumped 'em, and pumped 'em and pumped 'em

[Chorus]

[Male voice talking]  
We over here, E, shots of, sippin' on Courvoisier  
Yeah Rockin' exclusive, haha, haha