50 Cent, Gangsta'd Up

G-Unit (What)
We in here (What)
We can get the drama popping
We don't care (What, what, what)
It's going down (What)
'Cause I'm around (What)
50 Cent, you know how I gets down (Down)

[Chorus: repeat 2X] What up, Blood? (What) What up, 'cause? (What) What up, Blood? (What) What up, Gangstaaa?

[Verse 1]

They say I walk around like got an "S" on my chest Naw, that's a semi-auto, and a vest on my chest I try not to say nothing, the DA might want to play in court But I'll hunt or duck a nigga down like it's sport Front on me, I'll cut ya, gun-butt ya or bump ya You getting money? I can't none with ya then f**k ya I'm not the type to get knocked for D.W.I. I'm the type that'll kill your connect when the coke price rise Gangstas, they bump my shit then they know me I grew up around some niggas that's not my homies Hundred G's I stash it (what), the mack I blast it (yeah) D's come we dump the diesel and battery acid This flow's been mastered, the ice I flash it Chokes me, I'll have your mama picking out your casket, bastard

I'm on the next level, right lane forget bezzle Benz pedal to the metal, hotter than a tea kettle, god (what)

[Chorus (1st time w/o first "What up, Blood?") (2x)]

[Bridge]
We don't play that
We don't play that
We don't play that (G-Unit)
We don't play around

[Verse 2]

I sit back, twist the best bud, burn and wonder
When gangstas bump my shit, can they hear my hunger?
When the 5th kick, duck quick, it sounds like thunder
In December I'll make your block feel like summer
The rap critics say I can rhyme, the fiends say my dope is a nine
Every chick I f**k with is a dime
I'm like Patty LaBelle, homie, I'm on my own
Where I lay my hat is my home, I'm a rolling stone
Cross my path I'll crush ya, thinking I won't touch ya
I'll have your ass using a wheelchair, cane, or crutches
Industry hoe f**kers, in the hood they love us
Stomp a bone out your ass with some brand new chuckas

[Chorus (2x)]

[Bridge (4x)]