Footprints

G-unit

Walk with me, ay if you hear me out there
Walk with me, I get down on my knees every night and say
Walk with me, yeah
Walk with me, I'm goin' to war, I'm goin' to war
You never know when death's comin', all you hear is gunshots
Lil' kids get to runnin', old ladies get off the block
When the poppin' the truck music comes to a stop
Niggaz get on the floor with they front doors locked
Syringes and sirens the only thing on the street
People act like they don't know who did it, but they know it's me
Every day's a death threat, but I ain't dead yet
So I go put a hole in a nigga from the next set
Don't know where I slept at, just know where my tec at
It's the first of the month, my bitch ain't got her check yet
Juvie left me in California, I don't respect that
I love him too much to beef, so I'ma accept that
But I'ma just step back, and focus on buck
Tired of ridin' in yours, I'm 'bout to buy my own truck
Got to try my own luck, "Get rich or die tryin'"
It's G Unit 'til I'm gone, Lord knows I ain't lyin' niggaz
First there was two sets of footprints in the sand
Then there was one set of footprints in the sand
When times get hard and shit hits the fan
God, don't walk with me, He carry me man
First there was two sets of footprints in the sand
Then there was one set of footprints in the sand
When times get hard and shit hits the fan
God don't walk with me, He carry me man
You don't know what I've been through to get what I done got
If you looked through a scope, you couldn't hit what I done shot
Couldn't flip what I done copped, couldn't tip what I done topped
I murder you all talk like a clip without a glock
When you holla G-Unit on some other shit
You need to do the research, and see who you fuckin' wit'
I smoke all your weed up, go run up your Visa
Your baby momma want me, I don't want that skeeza
She's scratched my beema, but I ain't seen her
When I catch the bitch, I'ma gangsta lean her
We be playin' in them videos, with them pretty hoes

Cashville Tennekey bitches and New York City hoes
They learned it from Lil' Kim to let they titties show
I'm the King of the South, this is how it really goes
Lord knows, I keep all my jewels froze, as long as the check come
Then fuck the award shows, you know me nigga
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God don't walk with me, He carry me man
Half of these kids never read the Bibles
But they can tell you how to kill a man better than I do
The reason they fucked up, they all been lied to
I know what it feels like when a nigga misguide you
My momma stay in the projects and I been havin' money
I went bought her a house, but she told me she ain't want it
Right then I understood that the hood's in my blood
So I hollered lettin' 'em know where I come from
Niggaz know I got a gun when I come to the club
And if it go down, you better tell your people to duck
Why should I slow down, I just got started targettin' artists
Wait 'til the bullets start hoppin' out the cartridge
I come to get it poppin', pray to God the news watchin'
So when they see 'em snitch, niggaz'll know who got 'em
We came from the bottom to the top, from hoopties to a drop
And kill or be killed is the attitude I got nigga
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God don't walk with me, He carry me man
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When times get hard and shit hits the fan
God don't walk with me, He carry me man
I know you prayin' I get killed nigga
He who fears death is in denial
Fifty told you niggaz, young buck showed you niggaz
Banks, free yayo
And tell the bitch ass niggaz put they vest on
I'm here now

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