

# Whoo Kid Kayslay shit

## G-Unit

[Intro - 50 Cent - talking, breathing noises in background]  
Hey pass that nigga, we gettin' high  
Yo, yo this is some bomb shit right here man  
50 can't even smoke this motherfucker (ah haha, haha)[Verse 1]  
I can't smoke weed, cause my PO make me piss in a cup  
Nigga go ahead, disrespect me, I'll fuck you up  
I ain't talkin' about a fist fight, I'll cut you up  
Yo don't want stitches in yo grill motherfucker, then chill  
As a young buck, niggas always knew I puff  
Yousta see me go to school, on a smoiler bus (woo)  
I'm a sped ed kid, I'm gettin' all this paper (uh huh)  
You should sit, scibble lines and see where it take ya  
Had violent tendencies, so they thought I was dumb  
Why the so called smart kids was poppin' guns  
I think about poppin' a gun, and then get the lump sum  
Grampa my role model, yousta suck on a bottle  
A pint a Crown Royal, make your insides boil  
Been smell like Ben Gay, cause his back go out  
He the one that taught me, what bein' black's about  
Now peep the roach on the walls, that fall and crawl on my friend's  
Wrist, Sittin' up in them Benz, to be in the pen  
In the hood we hit the number, but never the lotto  
Life in the fast lane, one wheel hit the pothole  
Let's go, let's flow nigga[Chorus - Singing] - 2X  
War, what is it good for absolutely nothin'  
But niggas keep frontin'  
Fuck a nigga, live like a soldier  
Die like a soldier[Outro - Talking]  
War, state of mercy nigga  
You see me pop off nigga  
Ain't no peace talk, bitch ass nigga  
Fake gangsta nigga, you want to seem nigga (yeah)  
You don't seem nigga, yeah nigga  
Right? Kayslay, Whoo Kid  
50 Cent, new shit  
My nigga Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo, G-Unit  
Niggas, niggas, "Rotten Apple"  
And nigga shy money, ain't fail nigga

Uh huh, ya heard

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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