That's What's Up

Keef Courage

G-Unit, G-Unit, G-Unit
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I blast 50 Cent nigga that's what's up
Right now my life movin' to fast to stop and pray
See every now and then I smile just not today
In my hood they let the choppers spray
Somebody probably got shot today
I named 'em pop when niggas surfboard
You ain't stoppin' me dawg
Only time you left ya hood is on Monopoly boards
You grimey as birds shittin' on the top of ya Fords
You will, die by the gun if you ain't droppin' ya sword
I got tattoos as well as lead marks
To me fucking is kinda like racin' and I always get a head start
My opinion of a sweet dream is a dead NARC
Just yesterday guns is blastin' with red darts
Beef, you a target 'cause when we come at yo ass
Aladdin won't be the only one the carpet
Man, you wanna play wit' a ringer
I ain't a people's person
I'll give my next door neighbor the finger
(Fuck you)
Even though I got the shit in the stores
I'm like a nigga that borrow clothes
Bitch, I'm tryin' to get in ya draws
Man, I'll dump a whole clip in ya mans braids
Pussies love Nelly, he made it look cool to wear band aids
I'm blowin' on damn haze
All of a sudden I'm gased, 'cause I'm on the radio and I can't wait
If you ain't up on thangs
Lloyd Banks is the name, G-Units the game

Now I know to keep low when the heat blow
I'll have niggas post up on ya block like I'm shootin' the free throw
Still get the green from P-dro, better known as Pedro
I'm ghetto like a patty ya egg roll
Yeah, they feinin' to stick me
They don't know the meanings is wit' me
Snuck in wit Christina and Brittney
You only spend time at the mall
On New Years eve a body drops around
The same time as the ball
(Yeah)
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Keep thinkin' I'm candy ain't nuttin' sweet about me
Nigaas talkin' in the pens and in the street about me
Some jake, tryin' to watch every move I make
'Cause my Deez'll make fiends do the up-town shake
I'm a pro, far from a amateur
Holdin' more keys than your fuckin' janitor
They say, "God bless the child that could hold his own"
You pay cops to hold you down, I just hold the chrome
Every breath I take, every step I take, every move I make
I got a ruger on my hip
You ain't gotta like or love me but you gone respect me
You need a fifth and 2 clips to try and check me
12 in the afternoon we can start the clappin'
Look homie I'm down for that day-time action
Keep thinkin' it's a game time in front of ya home
Get the drop on that ass and shot shadder ya bones
(Yeah)
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Listen boy, Tony be the real McCoy
When hoes see the new toy, they jump for joy
And even though the kid rappin'
I still got fiens in the hood puffin' on that Magic Dragon
My guns under my pillow, I sleep wit' my shoes on
Every single night me and my mack get our groove on
Don't get moved on
'Cause I shoot through your bicepts your triceps
Then breeze through ya projects when the coke come back
It's the China White and the D don't sweat us in a bag a rice
Let's ride O T and burn the tape
I got this bad mommy, her mouth's a sperm bank
Since Yayo be a fearless man
I donate my heart to them niggas that ran
And those niggas in the hood don't wanna see me famous
They rather see my moms make funeral arrangements
I got enough rhymes, to fill 6 notebooks
I been spittin' that shit ever since coke crushed
You can hear me on your T.V. and radio at the same time
I never ever say the same rhyme, it's Tony 2 times
Beware of my wraith, I'm gone school you niggas, prepare for class
Yo I peep where your puns at, peep where you pumped that
Money you tryin' to stack I spent it on blunt wraps
Word to my mother nigga 50 fuckin' Cent nigga, G-Unit nigga
We about to gorilla this industry man
Y'all niggas better know, y'all niggas better fear us nigga
Word to my mother nigga, fuck y'all niggas wanna do
1 2 4 nigga G-Unit, 50 Cent, Tony Yayo
Lloyd Banks nigga

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