

# Betta Ask Somebody

## G-Unit

I know, you know  
I'm, on, fireIf, you don't know, who I be  
You betta ask somebody about me  
Oh you wanna be tough nigga, a look is enough  
I put that snub nose to ya and bust niggaf, you don't know, who I be  
You betta ask somebody about me  
And they'll tell ya I'm a soldier boy  
And I done told ya, over and over boyI come from a big city, the streets corrupt  
Now I'm rollin' with snub-noses to heat you up  
Out here niggaz'll do anything to reach a buck  
'Cause when you broke you can't afford to fuck ya sneakers upI take my time, keep my mind on my bank funds  
Learn how to separate the real from the fake ones  
And on my heater Nina Rep what could I carry on  
My nigga just lost his momma, and his daddy goneFrom now on I can provide 'cause my paper's straight  
Family losin' his legs, but I can take the weight  
Some niggaz hate but I'll be damned if they hold me down  
Front niggaz didn't know me then, bet they know me nowBlunt and a smile, eventually it'll be a frown  
'Cause every time I turn around a nigga locked down  
While I'm in the world, tryin' to bring my loot through  
Hopin' one day we can kick it like we used to, my niggaf, you don't know, who I be  
You betta ask somebody about me  
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And they'll tell ya I'm a soldier boy  
And I done told ya, over and over boyUhh, they never seen 26's on a Hummer  
My goal is to try to fuck Trina by the summer  
Some niggaz hate me, but they only made me  
Go and put mo' ice in my mouth than BabyG-Unit and Shady, them dudes is crazy  
Next time, we only usin' Dr. Dre's beats  
Fuck you, pay me, take your magazine flicks  
This ain't no Nelly Hurr, take a good look at thisGot the wrists of a chemist and the heart of a hustler  
Plus I probably done robbed mo' artists than Russell  
Always in trouble, you can blame my mother  
Gave birth to a gorilla and raised him in the jungleI ain't crawled, I stumbled across the Mexican with birds  
Papi had coke and new plates and pounds of herb  
Keep my hand on my glock and my ear to the streets  
I'm a country boi, you can hear it when I speak, G-Unit!If, you don't know, who I be  
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And they'll tell ya I'm a soldier boy  
And I done told ya, over and over boy Bentley is all dreams, G-5 is understood  
I made a nigga heart colder than December  
Don't take much to make my gun go off  
One shot'll make a hard rock look oh so soft If you don't know you betta ask who I be  
Or end up in ICU gettin' fed through a IV  
Down in the Lou', they say they feelin' me derry  
In New Orleans they say I'm that nigga, ya heard me? From them South side blocks to Watts, West side don't  
front  
You know about them Grape street Gangstas, G'd up rollin' that weed up  
Nigga get outta line, get shot stabbed jacked  
Hit with a bat or beat up Fuck that, we're on that same bullshit  
Same forty-Cally glock, same full clip  
Pussy claat bwoy, ya nah wanna tak wif me  
I'm a real rude bwoy, ya nah wanna ruf wif me, see If, you don't know, who I be  
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