Betta Ask Somebody

G-unit

I know, you know
I'm, on, fire
If, 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 nigga
If, 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 boy
I 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 up
I 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 gone
From 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 now
Blunt 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 nigga
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Uhh, 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 Baby
G-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 this
Got 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 jungle
I 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!
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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 derrty
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
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