

G-unit / U.t.p

50 Cent

[Male voice talking]Right now with the situation gettin' better
So I'm doin' you things, holla
[50 Cent]Yeah, 50 Cent, uh huh, check me out
Now piece by piece we put it all together
Time to get this dough nigga, it's now or never
I'm wild as ever, foul as ever
Reap whatever, whatever, whatever
They say I'm a slick talker, shit talker
Grimy ass New Yorker
Come gutcha, gum futcher, lay your ass out
If you ever catch beef nigga, call on me
If you fucked up in school nigga, it's all on me
I get a left foot to drop a nigga, pistol to pop a nigga
Break you off proper nigga, the cops ain't gonna stop a nigga (yeah)
Let's get this money man, them hos come with the paper
I'm done to go wherever this game takes us
Look homey, you see my 22's, sittin' on low bros
That simple mathematics, that equal more hoes
I smoke a lot of dro, I got a lot of flows

Shit I didn't have to say that, y'all already know
[Chorus - 2X]From New York to New Orleans
A problem, holla at me
My niggas comin' to see
If everythin' is alright
Ya'll niggas can blow some trees
Have coke and some Hennessey
My niggas from U.T.P.
Everythin' is alright

[Young Buck]For those who couldn't figure me out, what this nigga be bout
Cookin' it, and cuttin' it, and flippin' it, in 24 hours
Cause I keep a dyke, on the back of the bike
In the summertime the white
Air Force One's, Louie Baton, Nike style (woo)
Don't really talk much (uh huh), I let my money speak
I know you saw us, shit we a 100 deep
I'm sippin' Don, with Juan, Bird, and smokin' weed
Shakin' them h

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