

Beg For Mercy

G-unit

Yeah
G-G, G-G, G-Unit
No peace talks, no white flags
No mercy, I'm gettin' yo ass
Niggas done heard about my click how we stay wit the toastas
Blood in, blood out, la kostra nostra
You don't wanna bang wit the best
I'll have doc removin' fragments from your chest
They say, "God's a forgivin' man", I hope He forgives
Thirty shells I let off don't curse my kid
They say fifty done blew up, fifty you changed
Nigga you stunt, I pull out
And you see I'm that same nigga that when he start to roar
I think he's flyin' eight outta eight on movin' targets
You run, you still dyin' check my resume, I am oh so loco
Mama ain't raise no chump, I don't talk no pocco
Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me
But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin' for it too
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks
Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me
But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin' for it too
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks
There once was some niggas that tried to murda me
I hit 'em up, put 'em in' plastic surgery
This four five has made a lot of guys apologize
(Yeah)
The truth come out, 'stead of hearin' a lot of lies
Some niggas catch a case and then claim they hard
A couple chest wounds will make a nigga change his heart
I just play my part, and while you shootin' up cars
I'm smokin' niggas like a Cuban cigar
Let's get it poppin"
Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me
But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin' for it too
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks
Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me

But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin' for it too
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks
I'm tired of you niggas with your may be beef
We gonna be here forever, you're temporary like baby teeth

(Ah huh)

I'm in and out the night clubs, A D D

(Right)

Dark blue Benz, navy seats, eighty sneaks

(Right)

(Yeah)

These niggas tellin' out the blue

So you hang 'em off the bridge

At least they'll have to helicopter you

The Jimmy lived in the bags, the bell or hop will do

I rap for the neighborhood niggas that failed in high school

(Ah)

You can tell I came a long way in' my sense, home grown

(Ah huh)

That's why them little niggas in the projects love me

You provide the beat downs for free, I paid my dues

I don't even freestyle for free

I gave 'em a break, flew over seas

(Right)

But it's kinda hard to get homie sick when there's blue in the trees

Sit back and try to play your role wit the copies

I put more staples in yo ass than a telephone pole

(Yeah)

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