

Eye For Eye

G-Unit

[Chorus]

Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga[Lloyd Banks]
You can't roll wit me I'm Lloyd Banks the one and only
Not your buddy, not your pal, not your homie
There ain't a government around that can control me, oh no
I'm on that doggy style shit, man I don't love a hoe
Pappa wasn't around so I had to let my brother know,
Never stay in center, play the back and let your money grow,
Most them nigga wouldn't be around if you was bummy yo,
South side Jamaica nigga yeah that's where I come from,
If you see a nigga with me then there's more than one gun,
Five straight soldier ain't that tired of being the dumb one,
Or even satisfied being another niggas dun-dun,
We all know friendships turn sour when you getting it,
Some niggas hate me in the hood but I don't owe them niggas shit,
Smilin' all up in my face like I don't know them niggas sick,
But I can care less, I'm on the album and I'm gettin' rich.[Chorus][Young Buck]
Walkin' and talkin' spit it how I live it nigga,
Came from the country, dirty south get it nigga,
Feds trying to question me, they run up in my hotel,
They said there wasn't shootin', but they found no shells,
New york city, hell they throwin' niggas under jails,
I got love for them and I ain't even from there,
Now bust a shot for them boys on the block,
I can feel your pain nigga,
I'm still in the game nigga,
There somethin' bout the sound of a trey-pound,
That make me pull up, hop out and make a nigga lay down,
See every time we round' ya hear some shots go off,
And niggas get there chains snatched when they try and show off,
Shoot outs in broad day we do it the mob way,
And come to find out these niggas is softer than Sade,
I'ma keep living my life with a pistol in my palm and a wrist full of ice,
You can call me the don. We got the Hei-ny
So make one wrong move and you're dying
Ain't no time for coppin a plea and crying

Cause my niggaz ain't gon' stop ridin'
So you gone[Chorus][50]
I got a hand gun habit, nigga front I'll let ya have it,
When the shots go off cops saying 50 back at it,
I'm allergic to the feathers on these bird ass niggas,
Front and I'll put ya brains on that curbed fence nigga,
I ain't a marksman my spark and I'll spray shit,
Enough rounds for the Hk I don't play bitch,
Move like I'm militant back on that gorilla shit,
Moody, disrespectful, I'm ruley but niggas can't move me,
I squeeze till I run outta ammo, if it's a problem it's handled,
I'll have your people pourin' out liquor and lightin' candles,
You fuck around I'll blow your brains on my new york times,
Run home turn to the sports section and read your mind,
It's crystal clear you should feel when that gat bust,
First it's crime scene tape then you end up in that black hurst,
We don't go to funerals but we'll go to your wake fam,
View your body all banged up, you made a mistake man.[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

Jackson, Curtis James / Raskin, Eugene / Brown, David Darnell / Lloyd, Christopher CharlesPublished by
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group, T.R.O. INC. Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>