

Get Down

G-Unit

Yeah, it's the Unit
Yeah, showtime Swizz
Oh, M C, woo I run the show, no ifs, ands or buts about it
Me fall off? Listen homeboy, I doubt it Me? I gets down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down I spit it how I live it, man, they love it when I talk shit
Not three, not two, I'm number one on the chart bitch, yeah
Drama get to poppin even when I don't start shit
I turn around, there's only two shells left in the cartridge, damn My homies dumb out, my homies dumb out
Find out what they 'bout, when the guns come out
I got a shitty attitude cause I come from the bullshit
Got the ammo on me now, nigga front, I'ma pull this In the hood, you rat, you die
In the hood if you rap you die
I'm out the hood getting fat and high, private jet, it's time to fly
Got the Roley with the bezzy getting head in Dubai And my wolves come out when the moon comes up
Before we take a hit, we roll that buddah
Hydro and hash take me to the moon Alice
I got bad aim but the fiends on the rats, yeah I run the show, no ifs, ands or buts about it
Me fall off? Listen homeboy, I doubt it Me? I gets down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down Baby, we'll get lotto from Murcilago
I race in my driveway, motherfuck the highway
Niggaz talk money just not around me
I get the cheddar, ask Swizz, I blow the parmesan cheese Like it really means nothin cause it really means nothin
I'm not what you used to, I'm really not frontin
Tell the shorties I ain't got time to talk, I'm trickin
I want what I want and what I want I'm getting Uh, forty thou' earlobe, 40-cal gripper
That'll make a girl out the Green Mile nigga
In the street rapper, industry bully
It's cold, tees turn to rest-in-peace hoodies, uh I gets 'em out, my tricks playin spades
I swim in dime pussy, piss Ros
Unit rider, my clique don't play
I got a pocket full of green an my wrists all gleam I run the show, no ifs, ands or buts about it
Me fall off? Listen homeboy, I doubt it Me? I gets down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down You know if God bless the child with so much swag

Now, what am I supposed to do with all this cash?
Seats less pussy, got all that ass
So, shake it and wiggle, turn a skinny bitch madAh, these niggaz ain't hot like we
They don't know how to rock the spot like me
Smell like I just got out a brand new V
My black ass fresh up out of Bentley C'sWork with me lil' mama, let's get it
Wan' take you down to the flo', shorty I'm wit it
I'm on that shit, we on that shit
I ain't on that rubber grip, nah nigga don't tripI run the show, no ifs, ands or buts about it
Me fall off? Listen homeboy, I doubt itMe? I gets down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, down
I get down, I get down, down, downWind it up, woo
Wind it up, woo
Wind it up, woo
Hit the flo', flo', woo
That flo', flo', woo

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>