

No Days Off

G-Unit

I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin
Child of the hood, I was put here for stuntin
Strap like it's legal, ridin around bumpin
If you can't beat 'em don't join 'em, jump 'em, fuck 'em I never liked these niggaz anyway
They could drop dead, fall off a buildin today
Hey, nobody gon' miss you anyway
No days off, keep the pistol e'ry day I got the burner burner, I come to burn and burn ya
Revolver turn ya, call it murder murder
I ain't smilin I ain't smirkin, I ain't muh'fuckin jokin
See if you think somethin sweet when your head open Cross me, force me, go 'head, line me up
I found where you rest at, you grimy fuck
I be out front your raggedy ass crib on a stake out
With a pound, two clips and Chinese take-out You make it rain, I make it lead shower
You say your prayers, you in your last hour
I have you pushin up daisies, the coke dump crazy
You chumps amaze me, the wolves they raised me
You don't like me then spray me I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin
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Nobody gon' miss you anyway
No days off, keep the pistol e'ry day This is that face down on the floor, ski mask shit
If I fall off I rebound quick
Like Greg Odin, Tony Yay' I be holdin
German mouths on my hip cause my wrist be frozen How these rappers claim blood and the books is closed?
How these rappers claim cars and they gun don't smoke?
I catch a nigga on his deathbed
And rip the IV out his arm then jump in the Optimus Prime Dust the yellow Enzo with the Dalvins on
In my bulletproof Ac', who you stylin on
When the sun is gone, and the wolves come out
You coward ass niggaz bring your jewelry out I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin
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Nobody gon' miss you anyway
No days off, keep the pistol e'ry day You may have to bring that, ain't nobody trippin
Shit, niggaz is hungry, I ain't nobody chicken

I think a screw is missin, I'm pimpin, I'm livin
Nice with the dice, deuce-deuce six'n Look how the game change, bad for the system
Niggaz on game shows, two dudes kissin
Listen, we're not the same, we're not for fame
The industry's punked out, we're not to blame These niggaz been perpetratin so long
If they can make it rain, I can make it storm
He's makin a scene but I can make him calm
I just got a N.B. that'll break a arm I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin
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