

Blood Hound (feat. Young Buck of G Unit)

50 Cent

G-Unit, UTP
Ha ha
G-Unit, UTP, G-Unit, UTP
G-Unit, UTP, 50 Cent get 'em bucked 50 Cent, that's my name, man I ain't fuckin' playin'
I move on you wit' that Mac mayn
Come off, now watch your chain
Fo' I blow out your brains
Shells hit your chest go out your back mayn
See me I put in work, man I been doin' dirt
For so long when niggas get laid out
Niggas run through my crib, to holla at the kid
That's when I start bringin' them thangs out
Then we go through the strip, hangin' up out the whip
Dumpin' clips off at they whole clique mayn
When witnesses around, they know how we get down
So when the cops come they ain't see shit mayn
My soldiers slangin' 'caine, sunny, snow, in sleet or rain
Come through the hood and you can cop that
I'm sittin' on some change, G-Unit got the game
Come through here stuntin' you get popped at I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though
I came in this game knowin' niggas gon' hate me
Just for the simple fact they know that I'm a rida'
I got a hell of a aim, I keep on tellin' ya mayn
I swear ain't nobody gon' find ya
When I get lifted I'm tempted to tear your block up
Your niggas can't run 'cause I'm behind ya
Me and Chilly in your city wit' a couple nine milli's
You better stay in line bro "Cause if I walk it I'll talk it, you know we'll walk up and pop it
I love the sound of gunfire bro'
Right now we smackin' 'em wit' platinum
And they hate it cause we made it, that's what we keep that eye for
I represent it 'cause I'm in it, UTP until I'm finished
Juvenile, they can't stop us

And I admit it, I live it
I'll knock a baller off his pivot with this motherfuckin' choppa I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though My twenty-inches spinnin', you always see me grinin'
And you hear niggas call me grimey
They hit me wit' them bricks, and I ain't pay 'em shit
I'm outta town, they can't find me
When I come back around, man I'ma back 'em down
I run up bustin' that Tec mayn
If you ain't got a gun and you can't fuckin' run
My advice is you hit the deck mayn But if you get away and come back another day
My soldiers'll leave you wet mayn
'Cause we know where you be and we know where you stay
And we'll come trippin' through your set mayn
Man you heard what I said, now get it in your head
I ain't payin' no fuckin' debt mayn
'Cause you're a middle man, but you don't understand
You're a fuckin' fake ass connect mayn
I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two glocks
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me though
I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
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