

Shot Down

Lee Fields and Sugarman & Co.

Move on over, I done told ya boy
I'm a G unit motherfuckin' soldier boy
And when you gon' get it in your brain
The gate's wide open and the dog's off the chain
I be that yung'n with that gun ness, tellin' ya stop frontin'
I be that yung'n on the run, after I pop some'n
In the Bible I read, death is of the tongue
And if you talk about death enough death is gon' come
Dave taught me how to flow, they shot him in the head
Randy ass was there, now he runnin' scared
Some say, I'm gangsta, some say I'm crazy
If you ask me, I'll say, "I'm what the hood made me"
Now I can stunt 'til my ass dead broke like JD
Or put a hundred grand on e'ry nigga head that play me
See I'm cool with them Haitian mob niggaz
They say sak passes nap boule and rob niggaz
The media be tryin' to make a nigga look bad
Whatsup with that?
See my flick, next to bring papi and cat
And Montana, I kill 'em with the grammar
I enhanced in the slammer after bangin' them hammers
X whatsup?
You don't live that, you shouldn't say that
'Cause what come out your mouth'll get you shot, down
Throwin' your money around and we don't play that
Get in our line'll get you shot, down
We know where you hang, we know where you stay at
That bullshit you on'll get you shot, down
Here's a few clips that you shouldn't play with
G Unit, Ruff Ryders'll get you shot, down
Aiiyyo, fuck y'all niggaz talkin' 'bout, think you playin' wit?
Double R, G unit, the same ol' shit
Put the faggots in the ring, watch 'em all quit
All y'all niggaz is pussy, suck my dick
Ain't nuttin' but a handful of man still standin'
I remember fifty in a cypher when onyx was slammin'
Now we meet again, it's all good my nigga
Back to the street again, it's all hood my nigga

Knock on wood my nigga, we both walk the dog

We ain't get to where we at by luck, shit was hard
But once we got through the trials it's all smiles
'Til a big type nigga all of a sudden get wild
Now why you gotta go and take me back to where I came from?
I'ma make you remember, where you know my name from
45th Street, and blaow blaow ave
I done ran through your crew and only let off half, nigga
You don't live that, you shouldn't say that
'Cause what come out your mouth'll get you shot, down
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G Unit, Ruff Ryders'll get you shot, down
Yeah, word, yeah
If your head ain't offa your shoulders
You ain't get shot, you got nicked nigga
'Cause if my chrome hit a piece of your bone
It's gon' do more than chip, nigga
Yea, what the fuck is the problem?
The Porsche is red, the buckets is army
Thirty shot handguns the gutter is starvin'
Niggaz like me might rush your apartment
Bloodstains'll fuck up your carpet, brain on the window
I smell murder every time that the wind blow
Tie him to the chair and then knock out his chin bone
I don't want the throne or the crown, I ain't sellin' up
You can have the jail or the ground, you ain't in hell enough
I'm the one that flood the gutters
Better tap your man, and let him know I'll love to cut his
And niggaz is gettin' shot down, two guns up
Double R, S.P. holdin' D block down
You don't live that, you shouldn't say that
'Cause what come out your mouth'll get you shot, down
Throwin' your money around and we don't play that
Get in our line'll get you shot, down
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