## Rider Pt. 2

## **G-Unit**

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy

I got no choice but to be a rida

I approach you boy with the toaster boy

Get to point blank range and fiyaI ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich

Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread

Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit

Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' headI'll have your nigga in an ambulance tellin' ya hold on

The choir in your funeral singin' you so long

The top shotta, that rock product the block gotta

Then pop hollows then pop bottles the whole spot upThe mo' paper the mo' strength, we gon' get it

The fo' fifth come with the amp we ain't missin'

I'm back on my bullshit, a verse is a full clip

Catch you with your bitch throw a song to herNigga this is G-Unit, fuck your click

Like syphilis, bitch you stuck with this

I'm a loyal nigga, die behind mine

Even if 50 drop me I still wouldn't signYou done lost yo' mind, bumped yo' head

Try to stop my shine but I got bread

And I ain't got time to hear what they said

When I catch them cowards I'ma buss their headI done told you boy I'm a soldier boy

I got no choice but to be a rida

I approach you boy with the toaster boy

Get to point blank range and fival ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich

Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread

Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit

Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' headI'm comin' out of Southside, you know I'm raw

Big ass check, dey show our score

Pull the dough out and roll out the Kreamizore

Fo' Fo' out, I know 'bout the keys of warI'm hot, five hunnit degrees or more

My do' block an M-16 or more

I'm in the store coppin' shit you ain't seen before

Black card swipe, we galore Yeah, yeah, I said these niggas stop talkin' then start worryin'

The feds keep comin', the money we buryin'

I'm in the mean loft, I'm in the cream Porsche

I let that thing off, I turn to T-WolfI drive a space ship, nigga 2008 shit

Hermaide kicks on I stay in some ape shit

Niggas on some ape shit, they all get hit

Got the Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clipI done told you boy I'm a soldier boy

I got no choice but to be a rida

I approach you boy with the toaster boy

Get to point blank range and fiyal ain't tryin' to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread
Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit
Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head

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