

# G'd Up (Produced by Dr.Dre & Scott Storch)

## G-Unit

[Chorus]

I'm amazing,

I'm crazy the hood dun made me feel like my emotions are froze I stay "G'd Up",

Its the things the I dun seen and the shit

I've been through that made my heart turn cold I stay "G'd Up",

I'm a gangsta ya find out for sure if you ever step on my toes I stay "G'd Up",

When I'm hangin' out the window wit that AK filling ya punk ass wit holes[50 Cent]

Cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, marijuana,

I'm new on that greyhound fucking wit NY to Carolina,

Paper chase different name,same face don't catch a case,

My road dogs on parole his baby girls 4 years old,

We play the block pistol cop,

You could shoot or get shot kill you for you're crack spot take everything your ass got,

Semi-automatics spary, bust back up on the way,

Niggas talking in the hood we'll handle his another day,

In November you make my shit, you should be dead,

If you can catch a Christmas, I'll send you a gift,niggaz will come

And leave yo ass twisted,them hollow tips shells burn baby burn,

See niggas get merked up, N babies born make the world turn,

I seen it all crispy clear so I keep my pistol near,

Hearts never full of fear homie I stay well aware of what's going

Around me motherfuckers want me dead I go wit a smile on my face,

Witness my time kid[Chorus][Lloyd Banks]

Lil nigga I dun paid ya way, y'all should thank 'em,

But if you think otherwise bring ya boy over here so I could spank 'em,

Ill put a end to your career bitch (bitch), before you speak on 50,

Buy forty in a spare clip, these niggas getting gassed up

Getting to used to rap like I won't give them more blood clots than super cat,

Niggas will snatch ya I'm like a bat catcher ill give em

Signs and they'll post up match ya,

Round here niggas die off hydro and even when it ain't the 4th of July it sound like pyro,

You smart enough to creep n lay you're dumb brains down the pound will

Spin you down like the young James Brown (yeah)

I know I'm hot but hey (hey)

I'm icy to rocks will hit you from a block away like a beat from Dr.Dre

We takin' over this year case the soldiers is

Here everyone knows its a scare (yeah)! [Chorus][Young Buck]

My poppa never bothered to show me what it was to be a man

He just pop another bottle and smoke up a half a gram,

I would hop in my Impala and ride all thought the night  
That gave my homeboy light so when you do it do it right,  
My fingernails still filled with cocaine residue,  
I still got the heart to go bust me ahead or 2  
(fo sho) no other solution you think we hollerin and hooptin'  
Until you wake up and you gotta here about these shootings,  
I take a bullet from my vooz and put the clip in my pocket  
Before I take another bullet I'm gonna pull it and pop it  
And if its beef my nigga then let your guns do the talkin'  
The graveyard has got plenty room for a coffin  
They say we responsible for boosting the crime rate  
They say we the reason these young niggas is buying weight  
But I'm gonna keep this glock on my waist till my dyin' days its  
"Nothin' But A G Thang" G-Unit And Dr.Dre[Chorus]

Songwriters

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