

Blood Hound (Feat. Young Buck

50 Cent

G-Unit, UTP

Ha ha

G-Unit, UTP, G-Unit, UTP

G-Unit, UTP, 50 Cent get 'em bucked50 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 gots the game

Come through here stuntin' you get popped atI 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 thoughI 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 glock
Love to bust shots but you don't hear me thoughI 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 thoughMy 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 maynBut 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
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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>