

# No Days Off (feat. Young Buck)

## G-Unit

I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin

Child of the hood, I was put here for stuntin

Strap like it's legal, ridin around bumpin

If you can't beat 'em don't join 'em, jump 'em, fuck 'emI never liked these niggaz anyway

They could drop dead, fall off a buildin today

Hey, nobody gon' miss you anyway

No days off, keep the pistol e'ry dayI got the burner burner, I come to burn and burn ya

Revolver turn ya, call it murder murder

I ain't smilin I ain't smirkin, I ain't muh'fuckin jokin

See if you think somethin sweet when your head openCross me, force me, go 'head, line me up

I found where you rest at, you grimy fuck

I be out front your raggedy ass crib on a stake out

With a pound, two clips and Chinese take-outYou make it rain, I make it lead shower

You say your prayers, you in your last hour

I have you pushin up daisies, the coke dump crazy

You chumps amaze me, the wolves they raised me

You don't like me then spray meI came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin

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No days off, keep the pistol e'ry dayThis is that face down on the floor, ski mask shit

If I fall off I rebound quick

Like Greg Odin, Tony Yay' I be holdin

German mouths on my hip cause my wrist be frozenHow these rappers claim blood and the books is closed?

How these rappers claim cars and they gun don't smoke?

I catch a nigga on his deathbed

And rip the IV out his arm then jump in the Optimus PrimeDust the yellow Enzo with the Dalvins on

In my bulletproof Ac', who you stylin on

When the sun is gone, and the wolves come out

You coward ass niggaz bring your jewelry outI came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin

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No days off, keep the pistol e'ry dayYou may have to bring that, ain't nobody trippin

Shit, niggaz is hungry, I ain't nobody chicken

I think a screw is missin, I'm pimpin, I'm livin  
Nice with the dice, deuce-deuce six'nLook how the game change, bad for the system  
Niggaz on game shows, two dudes kissin  
Listen, we're not the same, we're not for fame  
The industry's punked out, we're not to blameThese niggaz been perpetratin so long  
If they can make it rain, I can make it storm  
He's makin a scene but I can make him calm  
I just got a N.B. that'll break a armI came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin  
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Songwriters

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