

# Beg For Mercy

## G-Unit

G G G, G G G-Unit  
No peace talks, no white flags  
No mercy, I'm getting yo ass[50 Cent]  
Niggas done heard about my click how we stay wit the toasters  
Blood in, blood out, la kostra nostra  
You don't want to bang wit the best  
I'll have Doc removing fragments from your chest  
They say God's a forgivin' man, I hope he forgive  
Thirty shells I let off don't curse my kid  
They say Fifty done blew up, Fifty you changed  
Nigga you stunt, I pull out  
And you see I'm that same nigga that when he start to roar  
I think he's flying  
Eight outta eight on moving targets  
You run? You still dying  
Check my resume, I am oh so loco  
Mama ain't raise no chump, I don't talk no pocco[Chorus: x2 50 Cent & Lloyd Banks]  
Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me  
But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy  
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's looking for it too  
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks[Young Buck]  
There once was some niggas that tried to murder me  
I hit em up, put em in plastic surgery  
This 4-5 has made a lot of guys apologize  
The truth come out, 'stead of hearin' a lot of lies  
Some niggas catch a case and then claim they hard  
A couple chest wounds will make a nigga change his heart  
I just play my part, and while you shooting up cars  
I'm smokin' niggas like a Cuban cigar  
Let's get it poppin'[Chorus][Lloyd Banks]  
I'm tired of you niggas with your maybe beef  
We gonna be here forever, you're temporary like baby teeth  
I'm in and out the night clubs, A-D-D  
Dark blue Benz, navy seats, eighty sneaks  
These niggas tellin' out the blue  
So you hang em off the bridge  
At least they'll have to helicopter you  
The Jimmy lived in the bags, the Bell or Hop will do  
I rap for the neighborhood niggas that failed in high school

You can tell I came a long way in my sense, home grown  
That's why them little niggas in the projects love me  
You provide the beat downs for free, I paid my dues  
I don't even freestyle for free  
I gave em a break, flew over seas  
But it's kinda hard to get homie-sick when there's blue in the trees  
Sit back and try to play your role wit the copies  
I put more staples in yo ass than a telephone pole, Yea[Chorus]

Songwriters

Jackson, Curtis James / Brown, David Darnell / Smith, Robert / Lloyd, Christopher Charles  
Published by  
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group, DOWNTOWN MUSIC  
PUBLISHING LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>