

# T.O.S.

## G-Unit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You don't have very many options  
You can, get with the program or you die  
The UnitT.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
You see the muh'fuckers who get it right  
T.O.S., night or daylight  
It's Hammertime, got your nine, I got mineT.O.S., I carve you up nice  
You see my knife, see you in ya next life  
T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
Keep one in the chamber, walk with the bangerI'm on that SSK shit, shoot, stab, kill  
Think I won't get busy? Well nigga, I will  
Ain't nothin to talk 'bout, get the tape and the chalk out  
When I pull the strap out, I might go the mac routeLeave your car door and your windows all clapped out  
I turn enemies to memories, remember me?  
The Hennessy got my eyes glassy, niggaz try to blast me  
With the .38, them stray shells flew past meI'm on 'em, what I'ma do, don't ask me  
Understand I'm fin' to have yo' ass on the stand B  
Sold three to muh'fuckers tryin to jam me  
I'm caked up so niggaz in my hood can't stand meIt's fuck 50, I stay in the drama  
He love her, I fuck her, she's his baby's mama  
She a freak, she give me the na-na  
That nigga try to front, I'll give him the llama, yeahT.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
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T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
Keep one in the chamber, walk with the bangerYeah, uh  
Everythin was slow motion, but I think I got the potion  
Cause now that they overdosin all my doors are back, open  
In my Cadillac, totin, nigga play with me I'll smoke him  
Murder one one, four three-fours where I'm from, sonI don't need a gimmick, I'm the sickest nigga in it  
Get it upside-down or twist it, I could promise you a visit

You're a midget, I'm taller than that nigga playin ball and  
Meanin everybody know me when I'm walkin through the mall and I get hot in the mornin and right before I'm  
performin  
I been on it since a young'n, I'm comin and here's your warnin nigga  
Don't be snorin, bein on point is important  
Cause a coffin'll follow shortly after the white chalk and, yeah Call me what you want nigga but you can't call  
me broke  
Call me crack, call me coke, call me uncut dope  
See my oh-eight gas burnin and my eighty-somethin rope  
Time's over for you niggaz, red line on your throat, terminated T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
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You see my knife, see you in ya next life  
T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
Keep one in the chamber, walk with the banger Unit, who, who, who, who, who, who, who want it?  
Who, who, who, who, who, who, who want it?  
Which gangsta want it? What? Which rapper want it? What?  
Which trapper want it? My house is haunted And I'm gone, the Feds wanna bug me and wrap me  
I'm the Gingerbread Man, them boys can't catch me  
Two-oh-nine, M-6 stuck in the matrix  
BM got a new friend, they finally got a facelift Yeah, I treat bitches like cars, I drove 'em out  
They keep a nice trey-pound from when the wolves is out  
Horses, Cavalies with a real-life vest on  
I kick game like Pele and Beckham, c'mon I got dopehead hands, and crackhead fingertips, oh yeah  
From baggin up with my Bankhead, Atlanta bitch  
Every day is Christ', I live like Santa bitch  
I'm a scrambler bitch, the Feds can't stand this shit T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
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T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
Keep one in the chamber, walk with the banger

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