

Cutmaster C Shit

G-Unit

New York City
(New York City)
You are now rackin' with 50 Cent
(With 50 Cent)Are you ready?
(Are you ready?)
I said are you ready?
(Are you ready?)See you with me nigga?
(With me nigga)
Drop that
(Drop that)
Paid for a hooptie but I wanted a dropG-Unit, somethin' new, somethin' new
I'm not that nigga, in your video
I'm not a trick, I don't love the hoes
And niggas know I be on the lowBut I miss my dough and I twist my dro
I'm not that nigga that you think you know
I walk around with a big four four
You front on me, I'm gonna get at you dog
I be right at your crib, waitin' at your door
(What up, bitches?)Comin' up I ain't had much, I wanted a lot
I had paper for a hooptie but I wanted a drop
So you know, I had to make somethin' out of nothin'
(Yeah)Like turn an empty spot into a crack spot pumpin'
Also hard at 19, I bought a Benz I did
The older niggas really wasn't feelin' the kid
Tried to find out where I lived so they could run in my cribBut you can't hustle a hustler, I peeped in a sled
Back then niggas yousta call me boo
In 6 months, I sold a million gold tops on got brew
Country came around, ease it and clappin' thenCountry left, strange shit started happenin'
Like C shot Ra for some ends, Ra shot Dro for some chins
Cory shot Drew and we was friends, money turns boys into men
The cycle never changes, shit just starts againNah nigga, ain't nothin' change, nigga
Yeah, I've been gone for a minute but I'm back
Damn 50 good to see you back in the hood
You see my cherry red SL, nigga I'm doin' goodSometime I can't find the words to say how I feel
So I take a quote from Menace, 'Look at the wheels'
I'm addicted to stuntin', now that I'm holdin' somethin'
I got a trunk full of guns from VA today
(Oh yeah, let me hold somethin')Nigga, you high or somethin', I don't play games
I'm about my money, nigga buy somethin'

I got a few fifths, I got a few nines
Here nigga, take one, catch it took and bring me mine Yeah, don't ever say I don't do nothin' for you, nigga
You know, uh, don't say I don't look out for ya
Ya, know what I mean but make sure you nigga
You go catch some jokes And you come back, nigga have 'em
And have my paper for that thang thang
You know what I'm sayin'?
Say I don't want it back, nigga don't try to use it And don't get it back for me, nigga and no shit like that
In fact, I can see y'all niggas now
Run around sayin', 50 gettin' all this rap money
And he won't help us, sit tight nigga I'm comin' You know, new shit
All this shit I put out on the mixtapes
Is for the mixtapes, I got a million, oh, my God
My shit is so hot right now, I'm in a zone

Songwriters

Curtis Jackson Published by

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