

# G'D Up

## G-Unit

Ah, yeah, uh huh Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood done made me?

Feels like my emotions are froze

I stay G'd up

It's the things I done seen and the shit I been through

That make my heart turn cold

I stay G'd up I'm a gangsta you find out for sure

If you ever step on my toes

I stay G'd up

When I'm hangin' out that window with that AK

Fillin' your punk ass with holes

I stay G'd up Cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, marijuana

I'm mule on that Greyhound from N.Y. to the Carolina

Paper chase, different name, same face, don't catch a case

My road dog's on parole his baby girl's four years old

We play the block, pistol cocked, you could shoot or get shot

Kill you for your crack spot take everything your ass got

Semi-automatic spray, bust back or run away

Niggas talkin' in the hood, we'll handle this another day  
In November you make my shit list if you did you can  
cancel Christmas

I'll send you a gift niggas'll come and leave your ass twisted

Them hollow tip shells burn baby burn

See niggas get merked up, babies born and the world turns

I seen it all crystal clear so I keep my pistol near

Heart's never full of fear, homie I stay well aware

Of what's going on around me, motherfuckers want me dead

I go wit a smile on my face when it's my time kid Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood done made me?

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When I'm hangin' out that window with that AK

Fillin' your punk ass with holes Lil' niggas I done paved the way, y'all should thank 'em

But if you think otherwise bring your boy over here so I can spank 'im

I'll put an end to your career bitch

Before you speak on 50, buy a .40 and a spare clip

These niggas gassed up, gettin' to used to rap

Like I won't give 'em more bloodclots than supercat  
Niggas'll snatch ya, I'm like a bat catcher  
I'll give a sign and then throw somethin' at yaRound here niggas die off hydro  
And even when it ain't 4th of July it sound like pyro  
You smart enough to creep then lay your dumb brains down  
The pound'll spin you around like the young James Brown  
Yeah, I know I'm hot but hey, I'm icy too  
Rocks'll hit you from a block away like a beat from Dr. Dre  
We're takin over this year, K's and the soldiers is here  
Everyone knows it's a scare, yeahAin't it amazing how crazy the hood done made me?  
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When I'm hangin' out that window with that AK  
Fillin' your punk ass with holesMy Papa never bothered to show me what it was to be a man  
He'd just pop another bottle and smoke up a half a gram  
I would hop in my Impala and ride all through the night  
They gave my homeboy life so when you do it, do it right  
My fingernails still filled with cocaine residue  
I still got the heart to go and bust me a head or two  
No other solution you think we hollerin' and hootin'  
Until you wake up and then you got to hear 'bout these shootingsI take a pull from a loose one and put the clip  
in my pocket  
Before I take another bullet I'm gonna pull it and pop it  
And if it's beef my nigga, then let your guns do your talkin'  
The graveyard has got plenty room for a coffin  
They say that we responsible for boostin' the crime rate  
They say that we the reason that these young niggas buyin' weight  
But I'm gonna keep this glock on my waist 'til my dyin' days  
It's nuttin' but a G thang, G-Unit and Dr. DreAin't it amazing how crazy the hood done made me?  
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