

Gunz For Sale

G-unit

Woo woo, haha, G unit
We got those semi automatics
And we got them revolvers
We those niggaz that you should get at
If you got a problem
When those hollow tips hit 'em
Man, that should solve 'em
We got the Luger with Rugers
And M1s and they all for sale
Got that 9mm, got that 10mm
Got that little deuce deuce and they all for sale
Got that old trey pound, got that new fore pound
Nigga use once or twice and they all for sale
I'm the reason those things in my hood go bang
I got that trey deuce I call that, my nigga behave
16 gage in case these niggaz wanna get crazy
When a sawed off, hit your body parts they fall off
You get hit in the leg, man, you can't even crawl off
When that AK switch that automatic to spray
Everybody out this bitch could get hit with a stray
I got silencers and scoops
Military Issue pistols holla at me
Whatever you need homie I can get you
Nickname, rubber grips, hollow tips, extra clips
You don't want your shit to jam, better buy a cleaning kit
Teflon, Kevlar, need to wrap it 'round your chest
You pop off, they pop back and you get left a bloody mess
Mac 11 mac ten time for some action
Dump a clip out this bitch and see how niggaz act then
Got guns and ammo, they all for sale
Clips included you're responsible for your bail
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Nigga use once or twice and they all for sale
 G stand for Gangster
 UNIT stand for U, Niggaz in trouble
 Better lock and load on the double
 G Unit
 Fresh out the box 40 Cali glock, Calico 20 shot
 Street sweepers clear the block
 I'm that nigga, niggaz call when those shots pop
 Take 'em to my grandmoms basement
 Show 'em what I got, look
 I got three 380s a tech and two M1's
 Ice came through on some shit and bought him one
 Them young boys from the projects crazy
 He was kissing on the toast and saying that's my baby
 Buck came through saying "50 show me some love"
 Sold him a dub dub something he can sneak in the club
 Gave him some shells for that trey 8 snub
 He gave me some bud, I gave him a pound, gave me a hug
 Love, it's love, I take it back to the NWA days
 Fuck Jay my CD's raise the crime rate in the Troy state
 Got some rugers, some sigs, some colts
 My nigga for real. Holla at the kid for real
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 And we got those revolvers
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