8 Mile Road (g-unit Remix)

50 Cent

Yeah, 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo
G-Unit
This rap shit plays a major part of my life
So if you jeapordize it I got the right
To send a mothafucka at you tonight
G-Unit, and I ain't stoppin' to my clique poppin'
Swimmin' in barrels of money
Ma could walk around wit' a head up
And challenge you dummy
It's funny, niggaz rather see you sufferin' and hungry
I'm hungry as hell, skatin' with another nigga's money
You lyin' your ass off, you know you ain't that tough
I'm pullin' your mask off as soon as you act up
You know what I came for, it isn't the game ball
Artillary that's about as long as a chainsaw
(Lloyd Banks)
I'm wide awake, but it still feels like I'm dreamin'
Forty Cal under my pillow, condom feelin' my semen
The physical presence of a female, form of a demon
That's why, I fuck 'em and leave 'em
Get my nut while I'm breathin'
'Cause they thought they'd catch me slippin'
Now I'm duckin' and trippin'
That's a thousand dollar outfit what the fuck is you rippin'?
You trippin', more records could get my ass in position
Death wish for no religion whether Catholic or Christian
Listen, I went through, mama bitchin' in and out the kitchen
With probable cause, papa was in and out of prison
You got soldiers, but you still gotta respect ours
We got more four five's and nines than a deck of cards
You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood out me
('Cause what?)
'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto
Niggaz hate when you do good
But when you broke, your friends and your enemies
They love you, they love you
"Chi Chi, get the llello"
Picture me being crack, out of town, trips on the trail
"Chi Chi, get the llello"

Picture me being crack
(Tony Yayo)
You can sift me, cut me, I'll turn you to a junkie
I'm the number one seller in the whole fuckin' country
Wallstreet niggaz, they cop me on the low
White boys don't call me coke, they call me blow
It's time to go, on the bus, the train, the plane
I'll smuggle, I'm nothin' but trouble
I'll make your money double
Cook me in baking soda
I'll turn your Hooprock into a new Range Rover
I'll pay all your bills and fill your 'frigerator
Feed your family, turn your man to a hater
Put me in your doorpanels or your stashbox
Put me in your Nik's, Timbs or Reeboks
If you cop three and a half you hustlin' backwards
Cop a hundred grams
You movin' forwards
You tryin' to move more birds
In PA all day, on the corner of Third
You can take me out the 'hood
But can't take the 'hood out me
(What?)
'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto
Picture me polishin' pistols, I'm comin' to get you
The shells hit you, you screamin'
Think I'm playin'? I mean it
Man, I done bought all these pistols
Let's get it poppin'
Start wavin' my emboies shell cases get the droppin'
(C'mon)
Like if it's down the corner, I got too much pride to hide
I'm outside, gun in my pocket just stunnin', I'm stoppin'
I'm dyin' to pop it, I'm young and I'm restless
You know my contestants
As the world turns, there's lessons to be learned
Count all my blessin's, clean up my weapons
I'm ready for war, the strong survive, the weak will parish
I told you before, hoes they compliment me now like "50 nice chain"
Belagio, twenty grand in chips at a dice game
Burn out, can't stop gotta watch MTV, BET
Nigga you see me
I wonder if you mad, 'cause I'm doin' good
Or 'cause niggaz feelin' me more than you in your own 'hood
And it hurts 'cause you love 'em and they don't love you back

'Cause they know you just rappin' and you don't bust a gat
You pussy, yeah, explain it to niggaz in your hood nigga
They know you fuckin' frontin' nigga
Talkin' like gangstas on a record, I see you nigga
Niggaz know me nigga, ask around in my 'hood nigga
Read the "Daily News" nigga
You see them talkin' about me nigga
I'm in the middle of all kinds of shit
Pussy, let's get it poppin'
G-G-Unit, G-G-Unit, G-G-G-Unit
G-G-G-Unit, G-Unit

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