Rider Pt. 2

G-unit

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy I got no choice but to be a rida I approach you boy with the toaster boy Get to point blank range and fiva I ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head I'll have your nigga in an ambulance tellin' ya hold on The choir in your funeral singin' you so long The top shotta, that rock product the block gotta Then pop hollows then pop bottles the whole spot up The mo' paper the mo' strength, we gon' get it The fo' fifth come with the amp we ain't missin' I'm back on my bullshit, a verse is a full clip Catch you with your bitch throw a song to her Nigga this is G-Unit, fuck your click Like syphilis, bitch you stuck with this I'm a loyal nigga, die behind mine Even if 50 drop me I still wouldn't sign You done lost yo' mind, bumped yo' head Try to stop my shine but I got bread And I ain't got time to hear what they said When I catch them cowards I'ma buss their head I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy I got no choice but to be a rida I approach you boy with the toaster boy Get to point blank range and fiya I ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head I'm comin' out of Southside, you know I'm raw Big ass check, dey show our score Pull the dough out and roll out the Kreamizore Fo' Fo' out, I know 'bout the keys of war I'm hot, five hunnit degrees or more My do' block an M-16 or more I'm in the store coppin' shit you ain't seen before

Black card swipe, we galore Yeah, yeah, I said these niggas stop talkin' then start worryin' The feds keep comin', the money we buryin' I'm in the mean loft, I'm in the cream Porsche I let that thing off, I turn to T-Wolf I drive a space ship, nigga 2008 shit Hermaide kicks on I stay in some ape shit Niggas on some ape shit, they all get hit Got the Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clip I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy I got no choice but to be a rida I approach you boy with the toaster boy Get to point blank range and fiya I ain't tryin' to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head

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