

Eye for Eye

G-Unit

Yea, I like the way this feel

This makes me wanna just

(G G G G G G-Unit)

Bucks up! haha haha

(Female voice "G-Unit")

Yea.

Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you

You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you

A eye for an eye nigga

Survive the shots or die nigga

You can't roll wit me I'm LLoyd Banks the one and only

Not your buddy, not your pal, not your homie

There ain't a government around that can control me, ohhh no

I'm on that doggy style shit, man I don't love a hoe

Apple wasn't around so I had to let my brother know

Never stay in center, play the back and let your money grow

Most them niggas wouldn't be around if you was bummy yo

South side Jamaica nigga yeah thats where I come from

If you see a nigga with me then theres more than one gun

Five straight soldier ain't that tired of being the dumb one

Or even satisfied being another niggas dun-dun

We all know friendships turn sour when you gettin' it

Some niggas hate me in the hood but I don't owe them niggas shit

Smellin' all up in my face like I don't know them niggas sick

But I can care less, I'm on the album and I'm gettin' rich

Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you

You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you

A eye for an eye nigga

Survive the shots or die nigga

(Die nigga)

Walkin' and talkin' spit it how I live it nigga

Came from the country, dirty south get it nigga

Feds tryin to question me, they run up in my hotel

They said there wasn't shootin', but they found no shells

New York City, Hell they throwin' niggas under jails

I got love for them and I ain't even from there

Now bust a shot for them boys on the block

I can feel your pain nigga, I'm still in the game nigga

There somethin' bout the sound of a Trey-Pound

That make me pull up, hop out and make a nigga lay down
See every time we round' ya hear some shots go off
And niggas get there chains snatched when they try and show off
Shoot outs in broad day we do it the mob way
And come to find out these niggas is softer than Shawty
I'mma keep livin' my life with a pistol in my palm
And a wrist full of ice
You can call me the Don motherfucker
We want the eye 'n' son make one wrong move and your dyin'
Ain't no time for coppin' heat nigga ya cryin'
'Cause my niggas ain't goin'stop ridin', so you gone
Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga
I got a hand gun habit, nigga front I'll let ya have it
When the shots go off cops sayin 50 back at it
I'm allergic to the feathers on these bird ass niggas
Front and I'll put ya brains on that curbed fence nigga
I ain't a marksman my spark and I'll spray shit
Enough rounds for the H K I don't play bitch
Move like I'm militant back on that gorilla shit
Moody, disrespectful, I'm ruley but niggas can't move me
I squeeze till I run outta ammo, if it's a problem it's handled
I'll have your people pourin' out liquor and lightin' candles
You fuck around I'll blow your brains on my New York Times
Run home turn to the sports section and read your mind
It's crystal clear you should feel when that gat bust
First it's crime scene tape then you end up in that Black Hurst
We don't go to funerals but we'll go to your wake fam
View your body all banged up, you made a mistake man
Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga
(Die nigga)
Nigga you shit on me, I'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, I'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga
(Die nigga)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>