Rider, Pt. 2

G-Unit

I done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy I got no choice but to be a rider I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy Get to point blank range & firrreee I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich Mother fucker get in way of my bread Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit Nigga Trip i'll come for your headI'll have ya nigga in the ambulance tellin' ya 'Hold on' The choir at your funeral singin' for so long The top shotter that rock product, the block gotta That pop hollows & pop bottles the whole spots The more paper the more strength we gone get it The four fifth come with a Inf we ain't missin' Im back on my bullshit a verse is a full clip Catch you with ya bitch throw a song in ya new whip Nigga its G-Unit Fuck ya clique, like syphilis bitch, you stuck with this Im a loyal nigga, die behind mine Even If 50 dropped me, I still wouldn't sign Either lost 'yo mind, or pumped 'yo head Tryna stop my shine, but I got bread And I ain't got time, to hear what they said When I catch them cowards, Im'a bust they headI done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy I got no choice but to be a rider I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy Get to point blank range & firrreee I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich Mother fucker get in way of my bread Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit Nigga trip i'll come for your head Im comin' outta Southside, you know Im raw Big ass check, they show I score Pull the dough out and roll out the cream Azure Fo' fo' out I know 'bout the Keys of war Im hot, five hundred degrees or more My door'll block an M16 or more Im in the store coppin' shit you ain't seen before Black card swiping, green galoreYeah yeah. I said these niggas stop talkin' then start worryin' The feds keep comin', the money we buryin' Im in a loft, Im in a green Porsche

I let that thing off, I turn T-Wolf

I drive a spaceship nigga 2008 shit
Her made kicks on, I stay in Ape shit
Niggas on some hate shit, they all get hit
Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clipI done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rider
I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range & firrreee
I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich
Mother fucker get in way of my bread
Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit
Nigga Trip i'll come for your head

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