

Casualties of War

G-Unit

[50 Cent]

Disrespectful

Anything, I let you breathe

Now you're dead[Chorus: 50 Cent]

There's no room without casualties

End up in a wake when you fuck with me

You got beef with my man you got beef with me

I got the semi on me motherfucker you'll see

Devil 'round the corner

[50 Cent]

Is that my dawg, that slap that cat?

Now how did the chicken give birth to a rat?

Now how did the rat learn to sing like a bird?

His pops is a O.G., this is absurd

My gun game right, my knife game right

Fuck around I get right, in broad daylight

Spin the barrel on a nigga, pin the tail on the donkey

It's a zoo out this bitch, I put a hole in the monkey

Got the gemstars to rip 'em, hundred shots to clip 'em

Bodybags they zip 'em, and we don't know a thang

You hit nigga you trippin, you think it's over you trippin

Reload slap the clip in, back, back, strapped[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Uhh, I drink like a uncle, smoke like a rasta

Ball like a superstar, talk like a boxer

Fuck like a rabbit, shit like a dinosaur

See like a sniper, lil' nigga aim height is raw

Ride like a Lambo', stunt like I'm out of town

Strap like Commando, B-A-N-K-dollar sign

Live everything up I won't, change like the others, nope

Switch overnight I can't, I'm outside his camp

I'm 'bout a dollar boy and dollar bills'll kill

Kill that bullshit, I'm famous but I'm ridin with the steel

Will throw it all away, I see you later today

You'll see I'm fadin away, that's all I'm able to say[Chorus][Tony Yayo]

Yeah, it's the enforcer Yayo

We could do it in broad daylight

In front of the White House for all I care I blow your heart out your body sucka

Then jump in the Aston blastin, burnin rubber

Black ski mask, the Aston tinted

Ditch the gun, burn the car cause my DNA in it

Next day it's the GT, stunt off of G.P.

Fist full of stones, fingers glowin like E.T.
Fake O.G., O.G. Bobby Jones
Do your son like J-Rock, Mausberg pumpin
I'm stuntin, focus like a digital camera
Got that P-95 with that invisible hammer
Nigga who you tryin to ride on, I'm a icon
Heart made of steel, balls made of ir-on[Chorus][50 Cent]
Devil 'round the corner, corner

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