

# T.O.S.

## G-Unit

You don't have very many options  
You can, get with the program or you die  
The Unit T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
You see the muh'fuckers who get it right  
T.O.S., night or daylight  
It's Hammertime, got your nine, I got mine T.O.S., I carve you up nice  
You see my knife, see you in ya next life  
T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
Keep one in the chamber, walk with the banger I'm on that SSK shit, shoot, stab, kill  
Think I won't get busy? Well nigga, I will  
Ain't nothin' to talk 'bout, get the tape and the chalk out  
When I pull the strap out, I might go the mac route  
Leave your car door and your windows all clapped out  
I turn enemies to memories, remember me?  
The Hennessy got my eyes glassy, niggaz try to blast me  
With the .38, them stray shells flew past me I'm on 'em, what I'ma do, don't ask me  
Understand I'm fin' to have yo' ass on the stand B  
Sold three to muh'fuckers tryin' to jam me  
I'm caked up so niggaz in my hood can't stand me It's fuck 50, I stay in the drama  
He love her, I fuck her, she's his baby's mama  
She a freak, she give me the na-na  
That nigga try to front, I'll give him the llama, yeah T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
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Keep one in the chamber, walk with the banger Yeah, uh  
Everythin' was slow motion, but I think I got the potion  
'Cause now that they overdosin' all my doors are back, open  
In my Cadillac, totin', nigga play with me I'll smoke him  
Murder one one, four three-fours where I'm from, son I don't need a gimmick, I'm the sickest  
nigga in it  
Get it upside-down or twist it, I could promise you a visit  
You're a midget, I'm taller than that nigga playin' ball and  
Meanin' everybody know me when I'm walkin' through the mall and I get hot in the mornin' and  
right before I'm performin'  
I been on it since a young'n, I'm comin' and here's your warnin' nigga  
Don't be snorin', bein' on point is important  
'Cause a coffin'll follow shortly after the white chalk and, yeah Call me what you want nigga but  
you can't call me broke

Call me crack, call me coke, call me uncut dope  
See my oh-eight gas burnin' and my eighty-somethin' rope  
Time's over for you niggaz, red line on your throat, terminatedT.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
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T.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
Keep one in the chamber, walk with the bangerUnit, who, who, who, who, who, who, who want it?  
Who, who, who, who, who, who, who want it?  
Which gangsta want it? What? Which rapper want it? What?  
Which trapper want it? My house is hauntedAnd I'm gone, the Feds wanna bug me and wrap me  
I'm the Gingerbread Man, them boys can't catch me  
Two-oh-nine, M-6 stuck in the matrix  
BM got a new friend, they finally got a faceliftYeah, I treat bitches like cars, I drove 'em out  
They keep a nice trey-pound from when the wolves is out  
Horses, Cavalies with a real-life vest on  
I kick game like Pele and Beckham, c'monI got dopehead hands, and crackhead fingertips, oh  
yeah  
From baggin' up with my Bankhead, Atlanta bitch  
Every day is Christ', I live like Santa bitch  
I'm a scrambler bitch, the Feds can't stand this shitT.O.S., Terminate On Sight  
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