

Eye For Eye

G-Unit

(Chorus)Nigga you shit on me, I shit on you
You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga

Survive the shots or die nigga(get 'em Banks)(Lloyd Banks)You can't hold 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
papa 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 neighbour yeah thats where i come from,
if you see a nigga with me then it's 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,
smiling 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.

(Chorus)Nigga you shit on me, I shit on you
You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga

Survive the shots or die nigga(Young Buck)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 was a 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 this niggas 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.

We want tha eye 'n' son make one wrong move and your dyyyyin',
ain't no time for coppin' heat nigga ya cryyyying,
cause my niggas ain't goin'stop riidin', so you gone(chorus)Nigga you shit on me, I shit on you

You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga(50)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 curb fast nigga,
I ain't a marksman my spark and i'll spray shit,
Enough rounds for the Hk 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 herse,
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.(Chorus X2)Nigga you shit on me, I
shit on you
You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga

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