

504 Boyz, Big Toys

[Krazy]

What what what what what

[Chorus]

[Krazy]

Who talkin noise?

We makin noise

504 boy

Playin with them big toys

[X4]

[Mac]

Look

Motherfuckers its mac

The one who pump slugs in your back

Lyrical attacka

Keep it ghetto like black lacqua

Camo'd assasin

To the best (?) the epitomy

Of a soulja

Bustin like I got chips up on my shoulda

Hold your horses

I come through like "whatchu wanna do?"

Murder who?

I kill that whole crew with a 2-2

These niggaz rookie

I crush em like pink cookies

Dont fuck with me

When im broke

Pissed off

And my bitch aint given me no nookie

Kinda glad P took me

Off the streets to make duckies

Now I take supermodels to hotels

And make whoopie

Pull they hair

Call em out they names

Dont you like that?

Then I give my lil sister the cash

So she strike that

Niggaz like mac

Rock mercedez benz toe bustas

And I only shop at them military

Stores cousin

Solja rag on my eyes till I die

Nigga what?

Im a Tank Dogg

These niggaz is just mutts

(ARF!)

[Chorus (X2)]

[Krazy]

My nigga Jeff just got 30 years

Fuck MC

Went in a house

Found a safe with about 3 bricks

Thats that punk bitch Deuce-A

Sweatin my niggaz

He wont rest until my whole click's

Doin some figgaz

Can we ride on my enemy's late tonite?

A young nigga

With a .45

Bustin on site
What I might
Is whether (?) bleed with passion
See this drug game to me
Is like a fatal attraction
Salvation from this life
Thats what I need
See these jealous ass niggaz
Wont let me breathe
Will I succeed in this cold world?
Pray for me please
I dont get caught up in this rap life
A dying disease
Over seas is where they come from
We know who sent them
If them bitches six-teenth
I believe ill get them
I aint fuckin with no new niggaz
Believe im ballin
If I ever go to jail
Big Boz im callin
Will my real niggaz ride for me?
Believe they will
If I get killed
Bring me back to the IvoryVille
Nigga

[Chorus (X2)]

[D.I.G.]
They say only god can judge me
My peepz say "yeah there be world war 3
Prolly in the year 2 G
But livin this street life
Im thuggin and ready to rumble
With any nigga that ready to tussle
Motherfucker
I feel as if im at the edge of my life
So I give it to them raw
In the heat of the night
I aint hard to find
Im the nigga with the two 9's
Next to the Last Don
Nigga thugged out for mine
A Made Man
The Bossalinie of the scenery
And be full of that greenery
When you peepin me
Im full of that crime family
Im on the grind and I can handle that
I aint trappin
I gotta weigh that shake
Ima hit them with these ghetto ingredients
Some ghetto dope
Go round tweekin
And get D.I.G.
Thats me im a young nigga
Fuck around with me dog
And y'all get done nigga

[Chorus (X4)]