

# 50 Cent, My Toy Soldier

[Intro- 50 Cent]

You ready? OK let me wind you up  
Do it exactly the way i say do it  
man, these niggas are pussy, you heard me?  
Get up nice and close (yeah!)

[Chorus- 50 Cent]

I put that battery in his back  
I'm the reason why he move like that  
That's my mu'fuckin toy Soldier  
I tell him pop that gat, he gon' pop that gat  
You dont wanna play wit my Toy Soldier  
I say it's on, then it's on  
Until ya life is over, Fuckin wit my Toy Soldier  
If he's a casualty in war, trust me I got more  
You don't want it wit my Toy Soldier

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

This is so close, now follow instructions  
Catch a nigga slippin, run up on him and buck him  
I ain't got no conscience, them whores are nothin'  
They ain't wit us, they against us, We supposed to touch em  
Here's what to do if you see him approach me,  
Pop that nigga, "I dont care if you know me.  
Half the niggas hatin on me used to be homies  
I don't trust em when they smile or when they frown, cause they foney  
Everytime I come around they call the police on me  
Thats why the D's in the precinct know me  
They know 'bout my rap shit, they know bout how i clap people  
I'm like I'm in a track meet, swift wit the mack , B  
You could see the envy in they eyes fa sho mayne  
Mad as a mothafucka that I'm holdin  
See me in the back of the Phantom Rollin  
Quick to make examples outta niggas fa sho man  
Hold me down

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Shoot, Stab, Kill mufucka  
You ain't bout it I don't want ya around, cocksucker  
Every word out my mouth is felt  
That uz I pop, them hollow's so hot, yo ass will melt  
Barber razor in the club, stunt n I'll give you a ?? stich,  
gored, ya head all taped up  
niggas know how I get down, see they know when I'm around  
Haha, my soldiers around in this,  
some shit go down, and a nigga get laid down  
Its no surprise cause niggas know how I get down  
Black tint on the Testarossa,  
Hammer out the holster, gat in my lap in case u gotta get clapped  
You monkey niggas swing through my hood, we on that gorilla shit  
You clap off and miss, we come back and start killin shit  
Catch us on the corner wearin black chinchilla shit  
We organize discipline, plus we militant

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Tony Yayo]

[Wierd intro by Yayo]

I'm in that coupe phantom, and the bodies kitted

Waves in my head, lookin like tsunamis hit it  
niggas scheme, the infrared beam's on the mac  
I put green on yo head like an Oakland A's hat  
My boy was a dolja, now he a soulja  
My lil' son ?? lettin off the ruger  
In a whip mashed up, lookin for his enemies  
Ridin and gassed up off double D batteries  
Mass casualties, is hooked to them IV's  
50 gimme the word, thats when I squeeze  
Click clack, take that, fall back, its a contract  
50 grand, and 50 man

[chorus]