

Mac Dre, Toys

Toys, Toys

Girls, Boys

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[Mac Dre]

When I step in the room

They put they coat on

So much ice on they say "Hold on"

But I can't hold on

You can't stop me

I rapping but I'd rather be shopping

Rather be copping something to play with

He Mac Dre wit

Wiggle through the Bay wit

From the AM to the PM

Slide in the Benz or the BM

BMW I'm lovin' you baby

We doin' 80 on the 880

Blocka, Blocka you hear the noise

It's me and my boys playin' wit our toys

We glockin' Heckler and Koch'n

Dumpin' on fools when the boys ain't watchin'

Loose my composure, my poise

I start squeezing on one of my toys

Chorus: [Mac Dre]

Toys, Toys

Girls, Boys

[You hear the noise, We playin' wit our toys]

Money burns a hole in me pocket

Everything I see and want I got to cop it

Flip it, whip it, swang it, dip it

Whip's new or old as Mr. Lipid

Candy paint job lookin' surpy

Canvas top on my Cougar Mercury

In me nut me like to swing eight's

Two more whip's is European V8's

I buys T-O-Y's

4.6's, 745's

Excursion's, Navigator's

Put slump in 'em and wake up the neighbors

Shake up the neighbors everytime they see me

I make toys appear like a genie

Any time I see the boys

I dose, get ghost in one of my toys

[Chorus]