

# Tony Yayo, Eastside Westside

(Tony Yayo)

This that gangster shit (uh-huh)

This that rider shit (uh-huh)

This that gangster shit (uh-huh)

This that rider shit

(Chorus: Tony Yayo)

I got killers on the Eastside.. and killers on the Westside

Down South niggaz they feel me

New York niggaz wanna kill me - CAUSE I'M A GANGSTER!

I got killers on the Eastside.. and killers on the Westside

Southside niggaz they feel me

New York niggaz wanna kill me - CAUSE I'M A RIDER!

(Tony Yayo)

I'm in that black Jeep T with the earthquake tweeters

I ride through your hood and I shine like Jesus

These hoes be lovin you, pushin a vehicle

Picked her up in my BMW

760 in a Nautica color

When I'm rollin on mine ain't no room for rubber

Tryin to push 800's, they ain't made them yet

Vipers, Corvettes and the drop-top Lex

Yo I'm rich so I move in layers, hits make new careers

That's why your bitch on my dick suckin pubic hairs

My gat is ready, my mac is ready

I got a three-five blow 'em like Tackleberry

Yo I told y'all niggaz we would take it to the top

Now we gettin rich and the paper don't stop

Half a mill' deal I signed with Reebok

Goin hardbody like a nigga in Comstock

(Chorus)

(Tony Yayo)

Mr. Telephone Man, the feds is tappin my line

Everytime I dial my connects numbers, for bricks all the time

Yo I got a Motorola, Sprint and NexTel

The feds got a hit when I'm makin my next sale - I'm hot

645 drop fresh off the lot

Stash hold a mac with a fridge in the back

I'm that bad bad wolf that'll blow your house down

Three lil' piggies better hold your spots down

One house had bricks, the other had weed

And the third piggy spot, was full of that cheese

27 ki's, that's one point three-five

I'm rich nigga, but I still ride in that hoo-ride

Gold-plated AK's, stupid guns

Like Qusay and Usay \*, Saddam's sons

(Chorus)