

# Tony Yayo, Poppin Them Thangs

(Intro/Chorus: 50 Cent)

Every hood we go through  
All the gangsters around know my whole crew (nigga WHAT?!)  
We hold it down like we 'sposed to  
Nigga you can front if you want, we be poppin them thangs  
(YEAH!) Every hood we go through  
All the gangsters around know my whole crew (nigga WHAT?!)  
We hold it down like we 'sposed to (ha ha)  
Nigga you can front if you want, we be poppin them thangs

(Verse One: 50 Cent)

After the VMA's my baby momma cussed my ass out  
I kicked her ass, we back friends like Puffy and Steve Stoute  
Cut the grass around my crib so I could see these snakes  
You see 'em back in the hood, it's cause I see they're fake  
A preacher's son about the paper like I'm Creflo Dollar  
I pop you punk niggaz like I pop my collar  
I'm confused, I like Megan, Monica and Mya  
Missy's freaky and Brandy's shot up  
Now take a look at how my lifestyle changed up  
I'm on now, God damnit, I done came up (what?)  
Now you can find me with the finest hoes  
Choosin which whip to drive by what match my clothes  
I got a fetish for the stones, I'm heavy on the ice man  
If I ain't got a pistol on me, sure I got a knife fam  
Get out of line and I'm lightin yo' ass up  
Semi-automatic's the way I tighten yo' ass up - what?

(Chorus)

(Verse Two: Lloyd Banks)

Slow down punk nigga, don't exceed your speed  
Cause I will put G's on your fitted like the Negro League  
I got connects, I don't need no weed  
I been in L.A. for a year now, so I don't see no seeds  
After I'm done, you clap in a crew  
Hell yeah I fuck fans, guess what, your favorite rapper does too  
(YEA!) In a minute I'ma have the jeweler makin my rims spin  
My crew run wild like the Jamaicans in Kingston  
Nuttin but bling bling in your face boy; that's why my neck shine  
like one of the shirts that Puffy and Mase wore (AHH)  
I done found a nympho as soon as I pop a broad  
She had my balls, head first like a soccer star  
You can only stand next to the man if you proper  
That take care of birds like an animal doctor  
I been out and buzzin, niggaz just slept on me  
So I'm out for revenge like one of Bin Laden cousins

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Young Buck)

Read the paper, look at the news, we on the front page  
Yeah we in the Bahamas with AK's on the stage  
The ice in the Jacob watch'll make a broke nigga take somethin  
So I gotta keep the fo'-fifth with no safety button  
G-Unit get that money, I know some artists is starvin  
but play the game like they rich, to me the shit funny  
I know you see me comin; cause on the front of the Maybach  
it say PAYBACK for those that hated on me  
I hate when niggaz claim they bangin or gang  
You ain't a Crip like Snoop, you ain't no Blood like Game  
See I been havin beef, I got my own bulletproof vest  
Most of my enemies dead, I got about two left  
Until my last breath, I'm sendin niggaz bulletholes

Innocent bystanders get hit tryin to be heroes  
You know how we roll, everywhere that we go  
It's fo-fo's, calicos, and desert eagles

(Chorus)