

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)