

My Toy Soldier

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 motherfucking toy Soldier
I tell him pop that gat, he goin' pop that gat
You don't want to play wit my Toy Soldier
I say it's on, then it's on
Until ya life is over, fucking 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

This is so close, now follow instructions
Catch a nigga slipping, 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 don't care if you know me.
Half the niggas hating on me used to be homies
I don't trust em when they smile or when they frown, cause they foney
Every time I come around they call the police on me
That's 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 , be
You could see the envy in they eyes for sure man
Mad as a motherfucker that I'm holding
See me in the back of the Phantom Rollin
Quick to make examples outta niggas fa sho man
Hold me down

[Chorus]

Shoot, Stab, Kill mufucka
You ain't bout it I don't want ya around, cocksucker
Every word out my mouth is felt
That ? I pop, the hollows 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 you 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 killing shit
Catch us on the corner wearing black chinchilla shit
We organize discipline, plus we militant

[Chorus]

I'm in that coupe phantom, and the bodies kitted
Waves in my head, looking 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 ? letting off the rugger
In a whip mashed up, looking for his enemies
Riding and gassed up off double D batteries
Mass casualties, is hooked to them IV's
50 gimme the word, that's when I squeeze
Click clack, take that, fall back, its a contract
50 grand, and 50 man

[Chorus]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by MATHERS, MARSHALL B. III / JACKSON, CURTIS JAMES / BERNARD, MARVIN / RESTO,
LUIS EDGARDO / KING, STEVEN LEE
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>