

# Big Toys

## 504 Boyz

(Krazy)  
What what what what what  
(Chorus)  
(Krazy)  
Who talkin noise?  
We makin noise  
504 boy  
Playin with them big toys  
(X4)  
(Mac)  
Look  
Motherfuckers its mac  
The one who pump slugs in your back  
Lyrical attacka  
Keep it ghetto like black lacqua  
Camo'd assassin  
To the best (?) the epitomy  
Of a soulja  
Bustin like I got chips up on my shoulda  
Hold your horses  
I come through like "whatchu wanna do?"  
Murder who?  
I kill that whole crew with a 2-2  
These niggaz rookie  
I crush em like pink cookies  
Dont fuck with me  
When im broke  
Pissed off  
And my bitch aint given me no nookie  
Kinda glad P took me  
Off the streets to make duckies  
Now I take supermodels to hotels  
And make whoopie  
Pull they hair  
Call em out they names  
Dont you like that?  
Then I give my lil sister the cash  
So she strike that  
Niggaz like mac

Rock mercedez benz toe bustas  
And I only shop at them military  
Stores cousin  
Solja rag on my eyes till I die  
Nigga what?  
Im a Tank Dogg  
These niggaz is just mutts  
(ARF!)  
(Chorus)(X2)  
(Krazy)  
My nigga Jeff just got 30 years  
Fuck MC  
Went in a house  
Found a safe with about 3 bricks  
Thats that punk bitch Deuce-A  
Sweatin my niggaz  
He wont rest until my whole click's  
Doin some figgaz  
Can we ride on my enemy's late tonite?  
A young nigga  
With a .45  
Bustin on site  
What I might  
Is whether (?) bleed with passion  
See this drug game to me  
Is like a fatal attraction  
Salvation from this life  
Thats what I need  
See these jealous ass niggaz  
Wont let me breathe  
Will I succeed in this cold world?  
Pray for me please  
I dont get caught up in this rap life  
A dying disease  
Over seas is where they come from  
We know who sent them  
If them bitches six-teenth  
I believe ill get them  
I aint fuckin with no new niggaz  
Believe im ballin  
If I ever go to jail  
Big Boz im callin  
Will my real niggaz ride for me?  
Believe they will  
If I get killed

Bring me back to the IvoryVille  
Nigga  
(Chorus)(X2)  
(D.I.G.)  
They say only god can judge me  
My peepz say "yeah there be world war 3  
Prolly in the year 2 G  
But livin this street life  
Im thuggin and ready to rumble  
With any nigga that ready to tussle  
Motherfucker  
I feel as if im at the edge of my life  
So I give it to them raw  
In the heat of the night  
I aint hard to find  
Im the nigga with the two 9's  
Next to the Last Don  
Nigga thugged out for mine  
A Made Man  
The Bossalinie of the scenery  
And be full of that greenery  
When you peepin me  
Im full of that crime family  
Im on the grind and I can handle that  
I aint trappin  
I gotta weigh that shake  
Ima hit them with these ghetto ingredients  
Some ghetto dope  
Go round tweekin  
And get D.I.G.  
Thats me im a young nigga  
Fuck around with me dog  
And y'all get done nigga  
(Chorus) (X4)

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