Tony Yayo Explosion

50 Cent

[50 Cent]
Yeah, F-50[Chorus - 50 Cent]
As times go by, I twist a lot
Fuck with me and my niggas, somebody gonna die
You think I'm all poinry, cause you see me gettin' high
But my knife, I'll have yo ass seein' out one eyeAs times go by, I twist a lot
Fuck with me and my niggas, somebody gonna die
You think I'm all poinry, cause you see me gettin' high (yeah)
But my knife, I'll have yo ass seein' out one eye[Verse 1 - Tony Yayo]
740 I, with the brand new shake (uh huh)
Got me pissin' on hoes like the R. Kelly tape
If you see me in the club, nothin' but Cris poppin' (yeah)
See me in court, my lawyers plea bargainin' (woo)
Tryin' to turn a 3 to 6, to a 2 to 4 (uh huh)
Or 1 to 3, for an extra G
RIP to Etho, I miss Hevo
When I die, I hope heaven look like the ghetto (yeah)
Picture me trick, and take a loss
I'm cheap like the Chinese man with duck sauce
This Tony homey, I walk around with a big chrome
9 L's will hit ya passenger, hit ya driver
G-Unit, you don't know a fuckin' clique liver
(You heard my nigga, you don't know a fuckin' clique liver)[Chorus]
As times go by, I twist a lot
Fuck with me and my niggas, somebody gonna die (yeah)
You think I'm all poinry, cause you see me gettin' high (uh huh)
But my knife, I'll have yo ass seein' out one eye (eye)As times go by, I twist a lot
Fuck with me and my niggas, somebody gonna die
You think I'm all poinry, cause you see me gettin' high
But my knife, I'll have yo ass seein' out one eye[Verse 2 - Tony Yayo]
I never mix money and product with my friends (uh huh)
These chips, make relationships come to an end (what)
I pull the graveyard shift, gettin' money non-stop (uh huh)
And been on the block, ever since bunny tops (c'mon)
250 grizzies, scrape the plate (scrape that plate)
Got me on 750's straight from the plate (straight from the plate)
You can call on your soldiers, call your recruits (uh huh)
I do you dirty like Raheem did Dirty is "Juice" (Juice)
Allow myself, to introduce myself

This is Tony, the talk of New York, I'm holdin' the belt
I got thug in my blood (blood), game like a pimp (pimp)
And wrote my first verse, takin' baths in the sink (yeah)
And yo I fear no man son, I never heard of a fair one
Never gotta borrow a handgun
Niggas on the street, gettin' smoked like bran son
So I stay dirty like "Sanford and Son" (yeah)
Groupies gossipin' stay runnin' their lips (woo)
Cause they seen the Gucci seats in the 6 (uh huh)
And seen the Fendi grips on the four fifth (what)
Shit, I sell bricks, shit, I sell shit on a stick (stick)
Enough of the talkin', let's take it to the valance (uh huh)
The New York streets, will leave you physically challenged (challenged)
Don't be surprised, If I spit at you
Then come to your wake, and serve fiends at your funeral
Our bread is goin' towards a brick of dope
Cause I've been goin' hand and hand since "Different Strokes"
I'm a 50, an eighth, you a half a blunt
You the nigga in the mirror that practice stunts
WHAT!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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