

Ayo

San Quinn

ok.. (sniff snuff), got some for me?

(San Quinn)

Yeah, yeah, listen to the story I'm about to tell

Another tale about that yayo

Little girl once in a city suite

14 introduced to the streets

Started from weed, big smoke outs

before you could exhale, blunt in your mouth

Sham, Nay, blew you blew

now you need something else to do

A new high to try, a new place to go

introduced to the yayo to the yo

House full of girls, old and young

playin it the table takin one on ones

Use dollar bills just to snort the lines

you see the big girls do it so of

course it's fine

Cocaine enforced on your mind

Now blow, then they blow in ya time

(Chorus 2X)

(Dre Dog)

Let's go-

Ayo for yayo

Walk around with yayo, all in my naso

I must have been crazo

(San Quinn)

Chompin and compin kicks some blind people with they fits

Where you fit?

Fillmore Street is where you sit

Don't go in the house till you move a zip

Worked a day and night shift

To stay awake, a nigga might sniff

not too much 'cause you might slip

Instead of 28, you cookin 26

Keep a gat in the pack in the sock

take a couple of tubes, then its back to the block

Back to the service out the sack

experimentin with that salt, what about that crack, huh?

One try, another try without a doubt
papered out, always at the Potter house
Day time, night time, nigga part it out
couldn't been a papered up power house

(Chorus 2X)

(Nickatina)

Ayo for yayo

Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal

I must have been craze yo

(San Quinn)

Like you and I, super high, like superfly
one more line, one more rhyme like groovy and fine

I can keep you down, and get you high

You like to blow? like boston george, you want some more, for you and your whores

I kick off wars, and get behind walls
and corporate doors, executive nose sore

Rich man, high, eight balls and quarters

they call me, placin they orders

Bring me across the border, buyin the cake

before I'm sold, they take the taste

Snortin, have it, not with affordin

some use me, strictly out of boredom

I hooked people before man, I warned them

I took many people out before them

Doin my job, connected wit the mob

got President Bush, Whitney, and Bob

Many others all walks of life have one on ones with me every night

(Chorus 4X)

(Nicky T)

Ayo for yayo

Walk around with yayo, all in my nasal

I must have been craze yo

(big sniff) That's some good coke

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