

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 assasin

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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