

G-Shit

Tony Yayo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, yeah, these rich sluts love me like I'm Morris Chestnutt
They hit me on the 2-way, beggin' to link up
My wrist is blinged up, canary and blue
For them project chicks that be actin' new I got 3 trucks, 2 Coupes, all in a month
Blowin' hundreds in Northern Light, stuffin' the blunt
Catch a stunt in the drop Lambo
My P.O. think he Rambo but I'm still holdin' on that ammo Everybody rat, now, spittin' on the beat tapes
Dirtball, niggaz, can't even pee straight
Mansion shit, moved in the West wing
You broke-ass niggaz couldn't buy a chicken wing Stop it, money, I'm out for the profit money
And that advance that you got, be my pocket money
Yeah, my transporter's cute but got a real flat chest
Put a brick in her bra, she a 36 FYou got diesel on your strip, that's that G shit
G-G-G Unit
You got your bitch movin' bricks, that's that G shit
G-G-G Unit You takin' out of town trips, that's that G shit
G-G-G Unit
You catchin' fish scale flips, that's that G shit
G-G-G Unit I was slingin' on the corner
Seen this fiend, I ran up on her
She was lookin' kinda hungry
So I gave her five 20's When she handed me the money
Man, the money was marked
Here come the NARC's, do doo doo Duckin' the D's, runnin' the P's
Tossin' my cheese, man, I got these hoes on they knees
Yo, my Coke is Snow White and my workers, the 7 Dwarves
I got what you need, homey, hard or soft Man, I drop bombs like Hiroshima
I got the heroin cut with the bomb Bonita
Task force got me hemmed up facin' the wall 'Cause I'm up in the mornin' slingin' wakeup calls
Dimes and 20's, don't you know time is money?
I done slept in spots straight supplyin' junkies You got diesel on your strip, that's that G shit
G-G-G Unit

You got your bitch movin' bricks, that's that G shit
G-G-G Unit You takin' out of town trips, that's that G shit
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You catchin' fish scale flips, that's that G shit
G-G-G Unit What'chu know about measuring spoons, bags and scales?

My hood's a goldmine but it's hot as hell

There's money to make, I scuff my Timbs runnin' from Jake
And got knocked with my ratchet, jumpin' the gate Listen, I been had the fish scale and the white butter
Since Heavy D was known as the 'Overweight Lover', believe me

Sling that D, sling that Coke

Sling that Meth, 'til your spot is hot death Yo, D's kicked my door for the search and seizure

My moms dropped to the floor and she caught a seizure

I got 4 workers and one lookout for the jux'ers A mac in the garbage and a mac in the bushes

This is drug dealer rap, a mean 16

I'm Tony Yayo, I'm a hustler's dream You got diesel on your strip, that's that G shit

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