

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)]