Toys, Toys
Girls, Boys
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Girls, Boys

When I step in the room They put they coat on So much ice on they say "Hold on" But I can't hold on You can't stop me I rapping but I'd rather be shopping Rather be copping something to play with He Mac Dre with Wiggle through the Bay with From the AM to the PM Slide in the Benz or the BM BMW I'm lovin' you baby We doin' 80 on the 880 Blocka, Blocka you hear the noise It's me and my boys playin' with our toys We glockin' Heckler and Koch'n Dumpin' on fools when the boys ain't watchin' Loose my composure, my poise I start squeezing on one of my toys

Toys, Toys
Girls, Boys
(You hear the noise, We playin' with our toys)

Money burns a hole in me pocket Everything I see and want I got to cop it Flip it, whip it, swang it, dip it Whip's new or old as Mr. Lipid Candy paint job lookin' surpy Canvas top on my Cougar Mercury In me nut me like to swing eight's Two more whip's is European V8's I buys T-O-Y's 4.6's, 745's Excursion's, Navigator's Put slump in 'em and wake up the neighbors Shake up the neighbors everytime they see me I make toys appear like a genie Any time I see the boys I dose, get ghost in one of my toys