

410 Revolver

Tony Yayo

Still in the beats you can see a seed soda
Navy blue lavins match the rims on the rover
Too much traffic in rap, I ride the shoulder
Rap likes to blow man colder
Still waiting on that f800 benz
Keep it 100 f havin friends, I'm bout making ends
Chinchilla in storage I keep it cool
It's cold like my bitch, she make em drool
A million deaths to a pigeons stool
My shoes gas like hesh when a nigga move, fool
Casket sharp, fresh to death
Filth rich give me the loot, big and meth
Slip her outta lapearla hit it to the mornin
All the clicko got a nigga hurling
She gotta fat ass, with some nice extensions
A gold digger tryna mass her intentions

Tryna mass them intentions baby
Kill or be killed
Gpg 4
Got nuttin to prove to y'all niggaz man
Knewimsayin
I email for 3 thosuand dollars for madonna paper
Ya feel me