

Dead Rappers

Tony Yayo

Desparado, problemz, d-block
Ghost

Hustle to get a dollar bill re-up gang
Shottie in the porsche I spray out range
Desperado and problemz bang out gang
Got the 9 and the shottie I lay out gangs
Shits piled up like a jail jean
Wanna get popped and wheeled on hoping you don't feel wrong
About the way we style
Bein had crack money I'm an 80's
Only run around with niggaz that's crzy wild
Fuck you girl with the dick and a broomstick
Wolf nigga holler at the moon shit
Ya never did no goon shit
Teflon crack in your back
Kidnap the kid taking a nap
Then we bringing em back
Motherfucker we cut her your girl slack
Right before we cut up her back
Still the hardest nigga out now work with that

What you want nigga
Loyalty, money, respect
Get the power bring my niggas flyin in jets
Have em chillin in the island get away from the stress
But right now real talk all these rappers is dead

The game is fake and niggaz is singing
How your hearts behind bars and you think that your winning
Let me you bout a real man that took a real bid did it
Nowadays pap would say that his own kid did it
Trust me dog you not what you pretend to be
The time that they giving is breaking you down mentally
You not a thug you an actor, far from real
So I'm a teach you face like cam and part your grill
You got a mind or heart nigga you need both
And to take me down dog you need tools
Ask anybody they say d don't fold
He loco, b.b.o.g gon roll shit
We nice with the hands we all hold chrome
We dealing with more grams than an old folks home
So tell me what you havin to say
I blow up half of your face
You can tell god what happened to day

They say I'm orthadox nigga I box awkward
Still I'm respected by the niggaz I fuck with
Say a nigga smart cause my mental my office
Gotta remain sharp like the tip of a swordfish
Life is a game that I can't forfeit
Success I'll be here soon I can't force it
Still in the drop like water outta leaky faucets
Still wide aware so I watch who I walk with
Only got 1 shot nigga I am a marksman
Flow outta thisw world yes I am a martian
Hear dat beat on my chest it sounds like nazis marching

Fire your lives with thin guess my heart is an arson
Gotta hustle nigga I need gwap
3 niggaz, 3 forks, 1 chinese box
4 wings whole lotta rice with no pork in
Welcome to the life of the unfortunate

Yea, palm trees on the sunset
Call the shooters up they breeze through your projects
Uh, your nobody till somebody kill you
I turn your corn into candle light vigiles
Show your best friend the stash he might pull a pistol
Cause that greed and that envy cause major issues
I'm only mixing with the real niggaz
I'm only mixing with them real killers
45 a.c.p it's all pearly
Blood on your seats you get the red foams early
I switch cavallis, new mazarati
G5 it up with a bad mami