

Domepiece

Tony Yayo

Rule 15 question enemies till the finish
The consequence is death or a long sentence
Friend turn to foe
I shake em off like blunt ashes
On my wire cell clothes cause they male hoes
Make a move catch a mack shell
Broken wings on your back you a match well
R.I.p to michael, he died and made the world stop
80's had the parting of a white top tiger shop
Run in your studio hit your hard drive
Harlem really took a hit when big l died
The whole bedstuy cried when big poppa died
The re annowned g-unit we born to ride
Homocide don't care about that homocide
They coppin coffee and donuts a nigga died

We don't give a fuck about the police
4-10 I'll split your whole domepiece
Hit rikers and scrap over dorm tv's
New york streets leave alot of casualties

The latin kings wanna watch caliente
The bloods wanna catch the game and watch the knicks play
Now it's a day room brawl horriffic
Blood smeared all on the wall
When you was free you'd damn sure had tv
In the beacon bloods got they names on the seats
This is for them g's in mdc
Fat dalans they never gone see the streets
In the feds I met a real nigga named sassy
He had a box full of tapes the wire tap was nasty
In his cell all he did was listen to em
His right hand ratted the streets screwed him