

# 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 homicide  
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