

# Fuck Ya'll Niggaz Remix

Tony Yayo

Fuck y'all niggaz I murder y'all niggaz  
Body y'all niggaz, clap y'all niggaz  
Fuck y'all niggaz I cut y'all niggaz  
Buck y'all niggaz, touch y'all niggaz

I got 35 niggaz with 35 guns  
You know the weapons 357's  
35 times 6 that's 210 shots  
Now it's hot, hid from 200 cops  
45 is the weapon I'm a pimp for the jux  
Cause the chain on my neck is an excellent look  
I'm the kid on tv that's still on the corner  
A million dollar nigga with no diploma  
Yo I'm still in the p's drinking c and c soda  
Navy blue timbs match the rims on the rover  
Bentley grill, changed the nose on the 6  
In the strip, it's locked like a blue nose pit  
Everytime I move my lip it's like I'm moving a brick  
You move your weight in your car move my weight on a ship  
God damn, God dammit  
My wrist made dicaprio die in the titanic  
And these haters wanna be me, hoes wanna g me  
50 cal I'll tear the roof of your hemi  
It's t-o-n-y rap tycoon  
Knife in my pocket give your face a half moon

I'm ballin hard, my lamborghini flying through these streets  
So fast got your bitch fatty stuck to the seat  
Gotta pocket full of haze, pocket full of condoms  
Cannon on my waist, case there's any problems  
Diamonds on my wrists, them shits always start something  
Then I gotta flip and show you that you all buggin  
Pop shots, nigga when I'm holding  
Everytime I squeeze it sound like an explosion

I lay you niggaz down from long range  
Bang biggy bang watch me hit when you flipping  
With that thing dicky thing  
Me and yayo got them yayo it's on the low  
Got my mayo we in them cuios I'm at the door, hoe  
Soon as I get my money you make it to them trucks  
Send a couple of homies back in to tie em up  
This is a robbery mayne give me all your bread  
Oh he don't know where it's at then cut that boy head

You fucking with the m.o.p, marksman professional  
When nigga gotta air your ass out like clarfession  
You bettter be ready with ya metal be if you ever  
Threaten me you gon be out a whole lotta blood checkin me  
Slugs in the street, get checks care about  
Thugs in the street, bitch let's dance  
From your mug to your feet  
Murder murder mo murder pop ya motherufcking collar in  
My whole hood hollering