

King Of The Pyrex

Tony Yayo

S.O.D Money Gang, it's 2010, nigga!
The Unit!
Tony Yayo, what's happening?
What's good Soulja!
I see you, G-Unit, nigga!
Yeah! Remix!

I'm a superstar bitch, get your telescope! (yup!)
All eyes on me like a microscope! (yup!)
Me and Yayo doing shit that you ain't never seen (yup!)
I'm flipping through you weak bitches like a magazine.
And girl jumpin' on my dick like a trampoline (yup!)
Each instrumental it's a different murder scene. (yup!)
19 living all my motherfuckin' dreams (yup!)
I can get a hundred thousand in these Gucci jeans.
If you left the game they wouldn't miss him
I kicked in the door, fucked up the whole system!
Couldn't explain how this shit feel
I'm real important like a hundred dollar bill! (yup!)
E'rybody want me! - Yeah, they want a piece of me!
Attack all you want man there ain't no defeatin' thee.
S.O.D terror! (yup!) - Yeah, it's new era! (yup!)
Boss money?, shouts-outs to the New Era.
Nigga I'm good for ya - like a vitamin.
250 G's just to make my tire spin.
S.O.D, bitch my chain look like lightening,
Hoes at my party but we didn't invite the bitch. (Yayo: REMIX!)

Street manuscript, cocaine analyst
King of the pyrex, I whip it up and I hit a lick.
I whip the pyrex, then I hit the lick!
I whip the pyrex, then I hit a lick!
I am chef, I can show you how to split a brick!
I whip it up, then I hit a lick!

Rockerfella law (yup!) - Cut a lot a time (yup!)
I keep my head above water New York State of mind. (yup!)
I get shot for the shines like Waka Flocka (yup!)
The last bake and the fiends are flocking.
We got that Bobby and Whitney throw you a price and you hit me
I throw that bitch on a scale in a jiffy. - But don't miss me!
"More money, more power" that's the motto!
That's why the US assassinated Pablo. (assassinated Pablo)
I read palms and the Bible (Bible!)
They tell me pray for my haters but I really find it hard to.
Designers drugs, designers clothes. (uh-huh!)
My whole neck froze! (uh-huh!) - We Steve Nash hoes. (uh-huh!)
S.O.D/G-Unit we G'd up (G'd up!)
Move 10 bricks now it's time to re-up! (re-up!)
I move around with the Nina
With a bad bitch with an ass like Trina. (daaaamn!)
"New York State Of Mind" (yup!) - like Billy Joel (yup!)
I Godfather the blunt - the whole Philly swoll. (pick that up, man!)
All my cars are clean - the new and old (VRRRR!)
I'm fresh in the town connected with my Kin folk. (that's my cousin!)
Bitches talking 'bout a nigga like Miss Info
I'm in the kitchen water whipping getting more dough. (uh-huh!)

Me and Soulja ridin' round in the Lambo' (uh-huh!)
We gettin' money so we ain't cuffing no hoe! (YEAH!)

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