

# 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 (VRRRM!)  
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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I whip the pyrex, then I hit a lick! (G-Mix!)