

Mr 12, 12, 58

Tony Yayo

I'm a murder this track and flatline the beat
I'm a murder this track and flatline the beat
You need forensics up in here
Another homoicide in here, oh yeaaaa

I'm mr. 12, 12, 58, 58
I'm mr. 12, 12, 58, 58
I'm mr. 12, 12, 58, 58
Watch me get rich off the rocks on the dinner plate

My brain tell my body go and get the money
My body start to move I go and get the money
It's simple elementary my dear watch
And I'm off probabtion ask mr. watson
Jump in the dropin biggie what's beef so
You the type of homie that's happy when the beefs low
My crazy weed habit got ashes on my outfit
2000 thousand dollars on an armani houselift
Get my money up then I watch another house flip
But I ain't sellin houses, I'm sellin ounces
Outta auntie back door
Boy I'm a cocaine cowboy, dope conaseeur
The dope and the coke in the trunk of the azzure
Aand the key of raw is in the challenger
So I drive real slow, and take my time
Cause if the feds pull me over I'm doing caveman time

We had our share of troubles
But the crack spot has doubled
With a little code on can't understand it
The fiendss can flyyyyy, dead in the mountains
Let's get that money nigga