

## Shades

Tony Yayo

I wear my shades when the sun ain't shining  
The sun ain't shining  
In them louie designers draped in diamonds  
Blowing the finest  
New york city party till sun rising  
Till sun rising  
It's 1 in the morning and them bottles is poppin  
Big shit popping

Share champagne, glasses collide  
A pack of pretty girls fat asses collide  
I'm in the a, met a c.p.a  
She an independent woman no time to play  
Got the rozay, horse carriage in the park  
But ma never stoke you cause a pimp play his part  
She in that sequence boostiea  
In them bleached out j-prints her ass look fake  
Flexible like rose acosta  
A hard body shipped out I'll hold a toaster  
A move them like my name was sosa  
So them dimes and them 20's wanna give me that chocha

Those ain't rolex diamonds what the fuck you done to that  
Perfection in queens throw about 10 stacks  
I toast the mortgage money rozay spillin on me  
Michael jackson playin, p.y.t's is feelin on  
Pretty young thing, I was wondering  
If we could fly through a cloud towards london  
Fridays like a thanksgiving feast  
And saturday feel like a warm christmas eve  
Cause it's nuttin but trees lit up, my neck v'd up  
V12 model bitch, to suck my seed up  
I kick my feet up on the sun seeker  
Bad meter, blunt and a sangria

Heeeeyy, hoooooooe Yeaaaa