

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, hooooooooo Yeaaaa