

## Southside To Bedstuy

Tony Yayo

These rappers talkin bout fast cars and kilos  
That caviar prosche 911 down with kilos  
Let's talk money homie pillows of that brain dead  
When I was broke I had no pillow for my damn head  
Damn rich I got a little money on my head  
That's chump change og, I'm not dead  
My angels turn my tears to a bright smile  
I binged out doin time on rikers isle  
I'm in a challenger, high with my honey bunch  
Flip flop colour, the dodge is hawaiian punch  
Them fiends want lunch, I give em dog food  
Run up on my whip, you be the lords food

I ain't out here chasing my dick I'm chasing paper  
And when you make too much these niggaz they learn to hate ya  
You are a hater I'm a hermeez draper  
A jimmy tabinni and a new lamborghini  
These haterz wanna be me, your bitch I'm a scrape her  
Mad at me cause I'm all about paper  
Paper, paper  
Mad at me cause I'm all about paper  
Paper, paper  
Mad at me cause I'm all about paper

I could see it in your eyes that you niggaz really hateful  
It hurt you too see me and I ain't in that shell suit  
I ain't in that big yard, I ain't in that mess hall  
I ain't even think that, I would make it this far  
Ain't life strange though, look at how it changed though  
You don't even like me the bitch love maino  
She love how my chain glow, love when my shirt off  
Sl drop no top baby shirt off  
Runnin through the city pants half down half up  
We get money pussy niggaz get they eyes shut  
Black bandana on my right wrist tied up  
You still chasing pussy while pussy tryna find us