

Southside To Far Rock

Tony Yayo

Yea from southside to far rock
Rest in peace to Stack Bundles
It's the unit

Nigga from far rock to southside
Hit em in his face so in nother words snuff died
I'm nice with a knife like a latin king
Carve a nigga ass up nice then I'm in the bing
I got my war paint on dog who want beef
I move with guerillas and wolves ya niggaz all sheep
These hollowtips I'll pop lock on a nigga
And for ya fake ass chain I'll go pawn it

Lil man's let em know it's jeezy
Big enough I'll give em a little pain like teenie
You know were far rock movers
Yo yayo hit fif we got far rock shooters
The rap game quiet, diet drama dark season
Now it's a reason for the riot
S s s s squad up nigga ya heard that
Now put your teeth and mouth where the curb at

Bad wolves move in silence
Respect 2 things that's money and violence
G-unit riot gang go head and run up trust me nigga they do bang
They won't get 1 up on me
Best believe I got something on me
So if you run up on me
That's the end of the story

Ask dem niggaz in them projects if yayo's on that killer shit
Dat hollow gram grey glock tucked in that chinchilla shit
My lil niggaz hungry like yay let me book sumthin
Fuck books I need work let me cook sumthin
Kelly pushing hennessy wash away the pain
I'll leave a nigga washed up if he run up on my range
I got that aim, the glock gotta beam
My swag make haters wanna see me in a bing
I get that strap tight, homie I get right
Aim for your chest cavity and your windpipe
You niggaz marked bitches the 60 with the automatic
Start make the pussy fart on small bitches
And denny ones, I got mini guns
Baby glocks and beef brocks boy I got many guns
I use and abuse em, then I throw em to the wolves
And I cause mass confusion

Listen it's 2 guns, 3 parolles we all guilty
I get knocked my clean record is filthy
Go against the rich slangin wool on the tapes
For the shit that's on your wrist that resemble a jake
If it's once and they fake so I don't see crystal
I bet you everythings coming out this pistol
Pull the thing out, one wing out
Give you something to sing bout
New york know how I mob em
Come to the club so a rapper can get robbed

I'm in deep in avalon (dipset byrdgang)
G-unit dumbouts riding like the saddles on
Call the jakes I'm the nigga to taddle one
They heard I hand balls like there pat alongs
And my young boys all got there pedal on
We can hold court in the street with no settle on