

## The Price

Tony Yayo

Gpg

I'm baaaaacccccck

I said the price of the fame

Got a price on my head

This is for my homies doin life in the feds

I keep that dope money in the bed

I got that 4-10 by my head

2010 shit, global green mans said

Time for a change so my strap I'll make mans sick

I gotta habit for that sour and them big arms

Them fuckin rats got the tarp like pig farms

My life is too fast I wished it moved in slow motion

Haters wanna see me ashy with no perry lotion

But I'm heavy smoking, on the g4

I made enough money, but I need more

The art of war keep your enemies close

Keep your friends far away keep your strap in your coat

And my shooters run around like a massive cult

You wanna dance with the devil colt barrells on your throat

Uh

Call the coroner his body ain't corresponding

Recession jack boys eating any niggaz shining

Bin laden k make the whole street run

Let off it look like the t-shirt gun

Cocaine gangbang hoes deepthroat

You ain't got that gang then you usain bolt

Now you wonder why my heart cold

I'm cryin over dary and albert with my blunt rolled

Little homie tell me what our future look like

Can you tell me what a shooter look like

Everybody screamin obama

But every hood that I go to it's more drama

Yeaaaaa