

50 Cent "My Toy Soldier"

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50 Cent
My Toy Soldiers

You Ready? Ok let me wind you up
Do it exactly the way I said do it man
These Niggas is pussy you heard me?
Get up nice and close
Yea!!

(Chorus)

I put that battery in his back
Im the reason why he moves like that
That's my ma'motha fuckin' toy soldier
I tell him pop that gat
He gon pop that gat
You don't want to play with my toy soldier
I say it's on then it's on until your life is over
Fuckin' with my toy soldier
If he's a casualty of war
Trust me I got more
You don't want it with my Toy Soldier

[50 Cent]

Now listen up close and follow instructions
Catch a nigga slippin run up on them buck 'em
I aint got no conscience, no morals or nothing
They aint with us they against us we suppost to touch
them
Heres what to do if you see them approach me
Pop that nigga I don't care if he know me
Half the niggas hating on me use to be homies
I don't trust them when they smile or when they frown
cuz they phoney
Everytime I come around they call the police on me
That's why the D's in the precincts know me
They know about my rap sheet, they know how I'll clap
heat
Run like im in a track meet, swift with the mac B
U can see the envy in thier eyes for sure man(mann)
Mad as a muthafucka that im holdin(holdinnn)
See me in the back of the phantom(rollinnn)
Quick to make examples out of niggas for sure man
Hold me down...

(Chorus)

[50 Cent]

Shoot, stab, kill muthafucka
You aint bout it, I don't want you around cocksucka
Every word out my mouth is felt
That Uz I pop, dem hollows so hot your ass will melt
Barber razor in the club, stunt, I'll give ya a shape up
Have your ass stitch, gored , your head all taped up
Niggas know how I get down
See they know when im around (ha ha)
My soldiers around
And if some shit goes down
And a nigga get laid down
Its no surprise cause niggas know how we get down
Black tints on the Testa Rosta
Hammer out the holsta
Gat in my lap incase you gotta get clapped
You monkey niggas went to my hood
We on that guerilla shit
You clap off and miss
We come back and start killing shit
Catch us on the corner wearing black chinchilla shit
We organized, disciplined plus we militant

(Chorus)

(Bridge - Yayo Screwed & Chopped)

Through the window
Into a mans soul
...
Fill you with holes
Listen homes.... im the man for the job
...we aint playing
(50 Cent) : Yayo!

(Tony Yayo) - Come on!

[Tony Yayo]

Im in the coupe or phantom and the body kitted
Waves in my hair looking like Tsunami hit it
Niggas scheme.. the infared beam's on the mac
I put green on your head like a Oakland A's Hat
My boy was a douljah, now he's a soldier
My little son Dula, Lettin off the Ruger
In the whip mashed up looking for his enemies
Riding gased up off double d batteries
Now his casualties is hooked to them Iv's
(50 Give me the word)

That's when I Squeeze (Yea!)
Clik Clack take that
Fall Back
Its a contract 50 grand
Im 50's Man

(Chorus)

Yea!
This is the general speaking (yeaaa..)
When I say move(ha.ha.hahahaa)
Nigga you better move (wooooh!)
Soldier (haha)
I don't want nobody talking to none of my niggas
Come around with here with that bullshit
Trying to feed niggas bad infomation and shit..
That's how my toys malfunction

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