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50 Cent "My Toy Soldiers"

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You ready? Okay 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, ya

I put that battery in his back I'm the reason why he moves like that That's my motherfucking toy soldier I tell him pop that gat, he gonna 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 Fucking 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

Now listen up close and follow instructions Catch a nigga slippin' run up on them buck 'em I ain't got no conscience, no morals or nothing They ain't with us they against us we supposed to touch them

Here's 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 playing 'cuz they phoney

Every time I come around they call the police on me That's why the D's and the prisents know me They know about my rap shit, they know how I'll clap you

Run like I'm in a track meet, swift with the Mac B

Can see the envy in there eyes for sure man Mad as a motherfucker that I'm holdin' See me in the back of the phantom Quick to make examples out of niggas for sure man Hold me down

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Shoot, stab, kill motherfucker You ain't 'bout it, I don't want you around cocksucker Every word out my mouth is felt That Uz I pop, them hollows so hot your ass will melt

Barber razor in the club, stunt, ill give ya a shape up Have your ass stitch, gauged, your head all taped up Niggas know how I get down See they know when I'm around, my soldiers around

And if some shit goes down and a nigga get laid down It's no surprise cause niggas know how we get down Black tints on the tested Rosta, hammer out the hosta Gat in my lap in case you gotta get clapped

You monkey niggas went to my hood We on that guerrilla 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

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Through the window into a mans soul Fill you with holes listen homes I'm the man for the job, we ain't playing Yayo, come on

I'm in the coupe or phantom and the body kitted Waves in my hair looking like Tsunami hit it Niggas scheme the infrared beam 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 and gassed up off double D batteries

Tonights casualties is hooked to them Iv's That's when I squeeze, click clack take that Fall back, it's a contract 50 grand I'm 50's Man

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You don't want to play with my toy soldier I say it's on then it's on until your life is over Fucking 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

Ya, this is the general speaking When I say move, nigga you better move Soldier, I want nobody talking to none of my niggas Come around with here with their bullshit Trying to feed niggas bad information and shit That's how my toys malfunction

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