

**Tony Yayo f/ Spider Loc****"It is What it Is"**

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[Intro: Tony Yayo]

Yeah it's the talk of New York (yeah yeah yeah nigga!)  
Mixed with that N.W.A. shit (whattup - real talk of New  
York nigga)  
I mean that G-Unit shit (G-Unit nigga)  
You know how we do now nigga (it's that gangsta shit  
stupid)  
Let me tell you how to school y'all young niggaz man  
(HERE WE GO NOW!) Yo, yo

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

22's on a Porsche truck, Henny in the fridge  
That's how we live, it is what it is  
We run up in your crib snatch your kids and your wif  
We know where you live, it is what it is  
If we can't eat then your team can't live  
That's how it is, it is what it is  
Nigga that's how it is, it is what it is  
Nigga that's how it is, it is what it is (here we go!)

[Tony Yayo]

I'm Crip'n, heaven gates open meet your maker  
My pistol get it poppin like the Pistons and the Pacers  
I'm the messenger of misery, I move discreet  
You kiddin me? My victory is in the jaws of defeat  
And these haters wanna kill me cause my dreams is  
reality  
The cig' with the beam will cause a fatality  
Just caught a case but it's a minor technicality  
With shooters on the street, prosecutors keep houndin  
me (break it down now!)  
Whatchu know about, Grammy speeches, sandy  
beaches  
Pounds of seedless, pounds and sweepers  
Movie features, groupie divas, deal with sneakers  
Secluded in the woods from them snakes and leeches  
(yeah!)  
I'm makin money on the road homie autographin ass  
While you on the silver horse witch a Metro pass (what  
nigga)  
For every dollar you make nigga I make a G

Damn it feels good to live life like me, c'mon!

[Chorus]

[Spider Loc]

When it's Spider and big Yay', we doin it which way?  
Real big cause he stay where the rich stay (nigga)  
We get it crackin like a high school ditch day  
Ghetto mack in this how I do the itch-bay  
A Escalade and a two-shade six-tre'  
With his life is the price that the snitch pay  
But it's political, my paper sproutin  
My girl get upset I don't take her out and  
My choice of occupation make her doubtin  
I'll be out the front do', I can't take the poutin  
I'm about anythang, that'll make a mountain  
of this moolah; ooh all the cake I'm countin  
See the game too deep, I can't shake I'm scoutin  
the clout; our fans loud like the Lakers shoutin  
Tryna have me a flat with some acres  
Out in the boondocks, so I move without them fakers  
G-Unit!

[Chorus]

[Tony Yayo]

I'm filthy so stop hatin, the milli's what I'm wavin  
You guilty by association, you payin for operations  
Your kids be orphans, coughin up organs  
You sprayin up your Benz, you layin in coffins  
It's G-Unit clique NIGGA, you love how we spit NIGGA  
My wrists glist' in glitter cause we sittin on six NIGGA  
Yo it's all about the Benjamins, feel the adrenaline  
Yo we killin 'em, with beats from, Dre and Eminem  
Your bitch keep grillin me, I know she feelin me (yeah!)  
My last cap and gown was, in elementary (uh-huh)  
The kid is back, the kid is strapped, I'm hot hot  
The way we rap, we blazin tracks, you not not  
And Em's on the beat, I had to hire Marshall (what!)  
So we keep the club packed, for the fire marshals (one  
more time!)  
Nigga Em on the beat I had to, hire Marshall  
So we keep the club packed, for the fire marshals,  
yeah! (HERE WE GO!)

[Chorus]

[Tony Yayo - repeat 2X]

You don't want no drama, we run up on your momma  
And cock back the llama; now that's beef nigga  
You don't wanna start it, so don't get it started

Cause my Gorillas is insane and retarded

[Yay] Yeah nigga you know what time it is

[Loc] It is what it is nigga

[Yay] Real talk of New York

[Loc] You know how we do

[Yay] My nigga Spider Loc

[Loc] Fuckin with young Yay'

[Yay] Uh-huh

[Loc] Ay, you better watch your way

[Yay] Brooklyn Queens

[Loc] To all the way to Los Angeles

[Yay] Manhattan, Harlem

[Loc] I think, C.C. Riders, you know how I do

[Yay] Yeah nigga

[Loc] We rip ride but I fuck with it all

[Yay] Yeah what you fuckin with

[Loc] All riders fuck with me man, red rags, bodies on the swines

[Yay] Oh alright

[Loc] Drag new parks

[Yay] Alright

[Loc] Eastside, East Coast riders, the whole city

[Yay] So I'm good when I'm on the Westside, huh?

[Loc] Man, ay the city got your back Yayo

[Yay] Aight that's what's up nigga, it is what it is

[Loc] From Long Beach niggaz we in this, it is what it is nigga

[Tony Yayo]

G-G, G-G, G-G-Unit!

G-G, G-G, G-G-Unit!

G-G, G-G, G-G-Unit!

G-G, G-G, G, G-G, G-G, G

G-G, G-G, G-G-Unit! {\*echoes\*}

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