

# 504 Boyz "Big Toys"

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*[Krazy]*

What what what what what

*[Chorus]*

*[Krazy]*

Who talkin noise?

We makin noise

504 boy

Playin with them big toys

*[X4]*

*[Mac]*

Look

Motherfuckers its mac

The one who pump slugs in your back

Lyrical attacka

Keep it ghetto like black lacqua

Camo'd assasin

To the best (?) the epitomy

Of a soulja

Bustin like I got chips up on my shoulda

Hold your horses

I come through like "whatchu wanna do?"

Murder who?

I kill that whole crew with a 2-2

These niggaz rookie

I crush em like pink cookies

Dont fuck with me

When im broke

Pissed off

And my bitch aint given me no nookie

Kinda glad P took me

Off the streets to make duckies

Now I take supermodels to hotels

And make whoopie

Pull they hair

Call em out they names

Dont you like that?

Then I give my lil sister the cash

So she strike that

Niggaz like mac

Rock mercedez benz toe bustas

And I only shop at them military  
Stores cousin  
Solja rag on my eyes till I die  
Nigga what?  
Im a Tank Dogg  
These niggaz is just mutts  
(ARF!)

*[Chorus (X2)]*

*[Krazy]*

My nigga Jeff just got 30 years  
Fuck MC  
Went in a house  
Found a safe with about 3 bricks  
Thats that punk bitch Deuce-A  
Sweatin my niggaz  
He wont rest until my whole click's  
Doin some figgaz  
Can we ride on my enemy's late tonite?  
A young nigga  
With a .45  
Bustin on site  
What I might  
Is whether (?) bleed with passion

See this drug game to me  
Is like a fatal attraction  
Salvation from this life  
Thats what I need  
See these jealous ass niggaz  
Wont let me breathe  
Will I succeed in this cold world?  
Pray for me please  
I dont get caught up in this rap life  
A dying disease  
Over seas is where they come from  
We know who sent them  
If them bitches six-teenth  
I believe ill get them  
I aint fuckin with no new niggaz  
Believe im ballin  
If I ever go to jail  
Big Boz im callin  
Will my real niggaz ride for me?  
Believe they will  
If I get killed  
Bring me back to the IvoryVille  
Nigga

*[Chorus (X2)]*

*[D.I.G.]*

They say only god can judge me  
My peepz say "yeah there be world war 3  
Prolly in the year 2 G  
But livin this street life  
Im thuggin and ready to rumble  
With any nigga that ready to tussle  
Motherfucker  
I feel as if im at the edge of my life  
So I give it to them raw  
In the heat of the night  
I aint hard to find  
Im the nigga with the two 9's  
Next to the Last Don  
Nigga thugged out for mine  
A Made Man  
The Bossalinie of the scenery  
And be full of that greenery  
When you peepin me  
Im full of that crime family  
Im on the grind and I can handle that  
I aint trappin  
I gotta weigh that shake  
Ima hit them with these ghetto ingredients  
Some ghetto dope  
Go round tweekin  
And get D.I.G.  
Thats me im a young nigga  
Fuck around with me dog  
And y'all get done nigga

*[Chorus (X4)]*

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