

50 Cent f/ Tony Yayo**"My Toy Soldier"**

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[50 Cent]

You ready? Okay let me wind you up
Do it exactly the way I said do it man
These niggaz is pussy you heard me?
Get up nice and close

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I put that battery in his back, I'm the reason why he
move like that
That's my muh'fuckin toy soldier
I tell him pop that gat, he gon' pop that gat
You don't wanna 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 youse a casualty of war, trust me I got more
You don't want it with my toy soldiers

[Verse One: 50 Cent]

This is up close now, follow instructions
Picture a nigga slippin, run up on him and buck him
I ain't got no conscience no more there's enough to
name
When they stay against us we supposed to touch 'em
Here's what to do if you see him approach me
Pop that nigga, I don't care if you know me
Half the niggaz hatin on me used to be homies
I don't trust 'em when they smile or when they frown
cause they phony
Everytime I come around they call the police on me
That's why the D's in the precinct know me
They know about my rap sheet, they know 'bout how I
clap heat
Run like I'm in a track meet, swift what the mac be
You can see the envy in they eyes fo' sho' mayn
Mad as a motherfucker that I'm holdin
See me in the back of the Phantom, rollin
Quick to make examples out of niggaz fo' sho' man,
hold me down

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: 50 Cent]

Shoot, stab, kill muh'fucker
If you ain't 'bout it I don't want you around, cocksucker
Every word out my mouth is felt; that oo-wop pop
Them hollows so hot, yo' ass'll melt
Barber razor in the club, stunner get you an' shit
Right by your ass stitch, gored, your head all taped up
Niggaz know how I get down, see they know when I'm
around
Ha ha, my soldiers around
And if some shit goes down - and a nigga get laid
down
It's no surprise cause niggaz know how we get down
Black tints on the Testarossa, hammer out the holster
Gat in my lap in case you gotta get clapped
You phony niggaz swing through my hood, we on that
Gorilla shit
You clap off and miss, we come back, start killin shit
Catch us on the corner wearin black chinchilla shit
We organized, disciplined, plus we militant

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

Two windows to a man's soul
... fill you with holes
Listen homey.. I'm the man for the job
So if he ain't.. (Yayo, c'mon!)

[Verse Three: Tony Yayo]

I'm in that two-door Phantom and the body's kitted
Waves in my head lookin like tsunami hit it
Niggaz scheme, the infrared beam's on the mac
I put green on yo' head like a Oakland A's hat
One boy was a doja, now he a soldier
My little son Dula lettin off the Ruger
In a whip mad stuck, lookin for his enemies
Ridin gassed up, off double D batteries
Now his casualties, is hooked to them IV's
(50 gimme the word) that's when I squeeze (yeah!)
Click-clack, take that, fall back
It's a contract, 50 grand, I'm 50 man

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Yeah! This is the general speakin (yeah)
When I say move (ha ha ha) nigga you better move
Soldier, ha ha
I don't want nobody talkin to none of my niggaz
Come around here with that bullshit

Tryin to feed niggaz bad information and shit
That's how my toys malfunction

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