

## L.A. Style

### "Toys"

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Yeah, Holiday, Gary  
I don't want y'all to compare me to niggas no more  
Unless they got a case pending  
Unless they poke somethin up  
Unless they keepin it real gutter, y'know

[Verse 1]

SP I'm the closest thing to poison it is  
you think you hot, I'ma boil your kid  
you think you cool, I'ma throw you in the river wit some  
cement shoes  
you could sleep with the fishes  
Niggas actin funny so I gotta keep it movin I dont speak  
to the bitches  
We could handle this like gangstas  
Dog, I'll kidnap your little man and send you to the  
banker  
That money get dropped off, so do he  
Right off the booth of his mama' building  
Feel the drama building  
Told y'all niggas don't fuck wit P  
I said fuck rap and a verse  
I get down like the bishops, wit the way you clap at the  
hearse  
I get it crunk wit a blunt and a package of verc  
I'm in the shottie of the Cadillac  
wit niggas that'll take twenty a body, the shottie will  
handle that

[HOOK: Styles and Jadakiss]

Styles  
Paniro the most, you hearin the Ghost  
Styles  
Holiday shit, it's robbery shit  
Nigga talkin funny then body the kid, let's go  
Styles  
Mafia boss, rockin the corpse  
Styles  
Pullin the three, cockin the four  
Styles  
We're closin the windows and lockin the doors

You could die today  
Or you could die tomorrow, baby boy the option is  
yours, c'mon

[Verse 2]

I smoke weed cuz the future is grim  
I'm knockin this ash off the dutch on the roof of your  
Benz  
my lil man been runnin since the shootin begin  
y'all niggas talk about cases of Crist'  
I talk about cases where niggas get life of the shit  
and your girl visit two years, mom come forever  
but near one of your mans aint right wit his shit  
but like corn I'ma flip, smokin weed influenced by the  
fix  
and old timers with the toolies by the hips  
So come and creep wit me  
and I aint lyin when I tell these motherfuckers  
that I got the streets in me  
one felony, wit two cases beat  
so be about your business when you come and beef wit  
me  
I got coke for sale and I got dope for sale  
if you wanna cop some work you oughta come and  
speak wit me

[HOOK]

[Verse 3]

Y'all niggas know my name, but you don't know my  
style  
What make it all ironic is the shit is the same  
Keep a milli in the coat, puffin on the chronic  
in the hood wit my niggas that's distributin 'caine  
If your man get bodied, number one rule is you body  
somethin back  
then live with the pain  
young guns of this shit, so when I get hit  
I'ma yell Sheek and 'Kiss let's finish the game  
I got discipline and dedication  
I'm the boss of the S N F, that's the Shootin Niggas  
Federation  
Light a blunt and get cloudy wit me  
Go get your gun and get rowdy wit me  
It's a Holiday dog, mouth big, you could swallow the  
four  
Don't you ask me what I'm robbing you for, what  
cuz you was talkin big money  
and I'm a little broke and I'm a firm believer in equality  
dog, what

[HOOK] - 2X

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