

Tony Yayo

"Love My Style"

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These hoes don't love me, they love my Benz
Love my rims, love my style
These fiends don't love me, they love my coke
Love my dope, love my ink

These haters don't love me, it don't matter to me
I stay hater free 'cos I'mma down ass G
'Cos if I don't make dollars, then it don't make cents
If it don't make dollars, it don't make cents

I'm in town dog, Mexican brown dog
I'm signed to interscope, I'm grims a C-note
500 cokily add to a kilo
ID rather be rich, than snitch nigga out cold

My crack in sinthostat, drummers with hunny hats
My bitch from D.R., switch 'em with bigger stash
Movin' my work, jus' for some boots 'n' a skirt
I was loose but she complainin' it hurt

Ice skatin' on ice, I got these crack heads, scrapin' the mic
Late at night, bitch be shakin' her dice
Runnin' from feds, like I had Jerry rice legs
'Cos the dope and the rice come from pac and them plant eggs

It's the top shotter that rocked prada
That rhymed proper
In high school I had ex in my gym locker
Locker, locker, locker

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I'm a sneaker addict, drug fanatic
I live lavish, got more carrots, than bunny rabbits
I plant 'Marry I', courtyard groupie's lurkin'
An them niggas wit no pussy is always jerkin'

An niggas handcuff hoes like female cops
I got ma wrists all froze, so the COs drop
Ayo 'em drink Malibu, dre drink henny
Banks drink Baileys and buck drink remi

I'm on the 7 a glock like, I'm still smellin' musty
Leavin' Barcelona for some Argentina pussy
Ye man G-Unit stunts it ain't nothin'
Million dollar deals 'cos our fans dare hustle

I stay stuntin', my glock stay pumpin'
58-58, I got my cell phone jumpin'
T O N Y the talk of New York
Blowin' dro in the 6, on the way to court

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You in the CBA, I'm in the NBA
It's the rap T-Mac, I stay with a gat
Click clack, I sit back 'n' watch my soldiers attack
Ya rhymes a snitches, homie I'm dealin' with fact

Keep my car out the sun so the paint wont fade
'N' if my jewels don't shine it's time to upgrade
I'mma ball till I fall, niggas can't ruin me
From platinum plaques, wall to wall jewelery

I love my style, hoes scream my name
It's Tony Yayo, a cats scowl in the game
See niggas wanna kill me like sindy in scream
But I pack the Mac-Nilly wit a inferred beam

Ayo I'm on daily like Freddy in the dream
'N' my chains so heavy, it spotted to my spleen
You front on my team, ma niggas will finish you
Automatic tray pound will fuckin' diminish you

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