

Tony Yayo

"The Price"

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Gpg
I'm baaaccck

[Chorus: x2]
I said the price of the fame
Got a price on my head
This is for my homies doin life in the feds
I keep that dope money in the bed
I got that 4-10 by my head

[Verse 1:]
2010 shit, global green mans said
Time for a change so my strap I'll make mans sick
I gotta habit for that sour and them big arms
Them fuckin rats got the tarp like pig farms
My life is too fast I wished it moved in slow motion
Haters wanna see me ashy with no perry lotion
But I'm heavy smoking, on the g4
I made enough money, but I need more
The art of war keep your enemies close
Keep your friends far away keep your strap in your coat
And my shooters run around like a massive cult

You wanna dance with the devil colt barrells on your
throat

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]
Uh
Call the coroner his body ain't corresponding
Recession jack boys eating any niggaz shining
Bin laden k make the whole street run
Let off it look like the t-shirt gun
Cocaine gangbang hoes deepthroat
You ain't got that gang then you usain bolt
Now you wonder why my heart cold
I'm cryin over dary and albert with my blunt rolled
Little homie tell me what our future look like
Can you tell me what a shooter look like
Everybody screamin obama

But every hood that I go to it's more drama
Yeaaa

[Chorus x2]

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