

50 Cent, My Toy Soldier

[Intro- 50 Cent]

You ready? OK let me wind you up
Do it exactly the way i say do it
man, these niggas are pussy, you heard me?
Get up nice and close (yeah!)

[Chorus- 50 Cent]

I put that battery in his back
I'm the reason why he move like that
That's my mu'fuckin toy Soldier
I tell him pop that gat, he gon' pop that gat
You dont wanna play wit my Toy Soldier
I say it's on, then it's on
Until ya life is over, Fuckin wit my Toy Soldier
If he's a casualty in war, trust me I got more
You don't want it wit my Toy Soldier

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

This is so close, now follow instructions
Catch a nigga slippin, run up on him and buck him
I ain't got no conscience, them whores are nothin'
They ain't wit us, they against us, We supposed to touch em
Here's what to do if you see him approach me,
Pop that nigga, "I dont care if you know me.
Half the niggas hatin on me used to be homies
I don't trust em when they smile or when they frown, cause they foney
Everytime I come around they call the police on me
Thats why the D's in the precinct know me
They know 'bout my rap shit, they know bout how i clap people
I'm like I'm in a track meet, swift wit the mack , B
You could see the envy in they eyes fa sho mayne
Mad as a mothafucka that I'm holdin
See me in the back of the Phantom Rollin
Quick to make examples outta niggas fa sho man
Hold me down

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Shoot, Stab, Kill mufucka
You ain't bout it I don't want ya around, cocksucker
Every word out my mouth is felt
That uz I pop, them hollow's so hot, yo ass will melt
Barber razor in the club, stunt n I'll give you a ?? stich,
gored, ya head all taped up
niggas know how I get down, see they know when I'm around
Haha, my soldiers around in this,
some shit go down, and a nigga get laid down
Its no surprise cause niggas know how I get down
Black tint on the Testarossa,
Hammer out the holster, gat in my lap in case u gotta get clapped
You monkey niggas swing through my hood, we on that gorilla shit
You clap off and miss, we come back and start killin shit
Catch us on the corner wearin black chinchilla shit
We organize discipline, plus we militant

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Tony Yayo]

[Wierd intro by Yayo]

I'm in that coupe phantom, and the bodies kitted

Waves in my head, lookin like tsunamis hit it
niggas scheme, the infrared beam's on the mac
I put green on yo head like an Oakland A's hat
My boy was a dolja, now he a soulja
My lil' son ?? lettin off the ruger
In a whip mashed up, lookin for his enemies
Ridin and gassed up off double D batteries
Mass casualties, is hooked to them IV's
50 gimme the word, thats when I squeeze
Click clack, take that, fall back, its a contract
50 grand, and 50 man

[chorus]