

Toys

Mac Dre

Toys, Toys
Girls, Boys
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When I step in the room
They put they coat on
So much ice on they say "Hold on"
But I can't hold on
You can't stop me
I rapping but I'd rather be shopping
Rather be copping something to play with
He Mac Dre with
Wiggle through the Bay with
From the AM to the PM
Slide in the Benz or the BM
BMW I'm lovin' you baby
We doin' 80 on the 880
Blocka, Blocka you hear the noise
It's me and my boys playin' with our toys
We glockin' Heckler and Koch'n
Dumpin' on fools when the boys ain't watchin'
Loose my composure, my poise
I start squeezing on one of my toys

Toys, Toys
Girls, Boys
(You hear the noise, We playin' with our toys)

Money burns a hole in me pocket
Everything I see and want I got to cop it
Flip it, whip it, swang it, dip it
Whip's new or old as Mr. Lipid
Candy paint job lookin' surpy
Canvas top on my Cougar Mercury
In me nut me like to swing eight's
Two more whip's is European V8's
I buys T-O-Y's
4.6's, 745's
Excursion's, Navigator's
Put slump in 'em and wake up the neighbors
Shake up the neighbors everytime they see me
I make toys appear like a genie
Any time I see the boys
I dose, get ghost in one of my toys