

Bonus Tony Yayo Classic

Tony Yayo

We sling Weed - Crack! - And Dope mixed with Opium
While the Feds sweep the block like custodions
44 loons got my birds and dames holdin' 'em
Rock mink longs made with Teflon soles in 'em
I'm as big as King Kong - with the mind of Napoleon
Cook up blow in straight AC-WOL Sodium
I'm trying to sell records like Vanilla Ice
And hang MC's up from balconies like Suge Knight
In every event my team catch crazy stunts
Rollin' eight deep like the Brady Bunch
I keep 80s cause niggas tried to blaze me once
And ride in big trucks so
I ride for my drug lords and OG hustlers
Imagine my face placed on Billboards and buses
And record covers - even The Source magazine
I used to be the one to extort the fiends
Remember back then - when I slinged on the corner
I had the sheep skin my girl had the leather balmer
Around the time Mike was moonwalkin'
Now I write the shit that'll have the whole hood talkin
Hit ya shit up! - I'll make ya body spit back
So don't fall victim to my gangsta rap
I stay - strapped down like Crazus in CreeMore
Got Macks, Trey Pounds, 3-80s and C-4
Niggaz on the dick whisper hiatus
Cause they hear are shoes click gators slip bob gators

Before you see me on the island doing 3 and a quarter
I be at the mexican border extorting your daughter
All my hoes wear thongs, smoke weed outta bongs
Run around chest naked, singing all my shit
My raps weigh tonnes, niggaz can't escape um
Fuck around with ray guns with the force of 8 guns
Storm the type of nigga that could be at a party
Pull my dick out at the bar and take a pee on your shorty
Y'all niggaz make crumbs just to feed the birds
I stay iceberged down in anisya furs
I could shoot 10 bullets that travel through time
And give 3 to the nigga that convinced you to rhyme
And if y'all niggaz wanna know where the other 7 went
To your mothers womb during the fetal development
I inject needles that infect your cerebral
Make you shrink a couple feet until your danny devito
Make your dick so small you could fuck mosquito
I'm bout to charge this nigga 95 thousand a verse
And an extra 5 g's if they don't want me to curse
I'm the storm to the p y'all a rhyme writing champ
I think I'm bout to start my own rhyme writing camp
Rappers are all ages younger than ally vegas
Older than daddy kane is storm is the strangest
I'm the greatest, I'm storm to the capital p
And it's a privelage for these niggaz to be rapping with me
Yo all y'all feel if your not your joking
Niggaz can't be serious they even sniffing the smoke in

It's all fucked up now what I'm a do now push your shit back
Clap 1 in your gut fuck up your 6 pack

You heard the rumor last year nigga 50 got back
You heard the rumor this year nigga 50 got stabbed
What's the rumor next year huh 50 was real mad
Tore that nigga ja head off with the 4 4 mag
I ain't gon till nigga you pussy irv
I ain't gon say bj bitch
I ain't gon tell niggaz they start in your click
You just another broke nigga fronting like you rich
Your secrets safe with me I won't say shit
Niggaz running round stunting sayin they cut me up
Well mother fucking 4 stitches ain't gon shut me up
This is who I am nigga this here ain't no act
My baby moms I'l wild out and stab me worse than that
It's gangsta