

# Dead Rappers

Tony Yayo

Desparado, problemz, d-block  
Ghost

Hustle to get a dollar bill re-up gang  
Shottie in the porsche I spray out range  
Desperado and problemz bang out gang  
Got the 9 and the shottie I lay out gangs  
Shits piled up like a jail jean  
Wanna get popped and wheeled on hopeing you don't feel wrong  
About the way we style  
Bein had crack money I'm an 80's  
Only run around with niggaz that's crzy wild  
Fuck you girl with the dick and a broomstick  
Wolf nigga holler at the moon shit  
Ya never did no goon shit  
Teflon crack in your back  
Kidnap the kid taking a nap  
Then we bringing em back  
Motherfucker we cut her your girl slack  
Right before we cut up her back  
Still the hardest nigga out now work with that

What you want nigga  
Loyalty, money, respect  
Get the power bring my niggas flyin in jets  
Have em chillin in the island get away from the stress  
But right now real talk all these rappers is dead

The game is fake and niggaz is singing  
How your hearts behind bars and you think that your winning  
Let me you bout a real man that took a real bid did it  
Nowadays pap would say that his own kid did it  
Trust me dog you not what you pretend to be  
The time that they giving is breaking you down mentally  
You not a thug you an actor, far from real  
So I'm a teach you face like cam and part your grill  
You got a mind or heart nigga you need both  
And to take me down dog you need tools  
Ask anybody they say d don't fold  
He loco, b.b.o.g gon roll shit  
We nice with the hands we all hold chrome  
We dealing with more grams than an old folks home  
So tell me what you havin to say  
I blow up half of your face  
You can tell god what happened to day

They say I'm orthodox nigga I box awkward  
Still I'm respected by the niggaz I fuck with  
Say a nigga smart cause my mental my office  
Gotta remain sharp like the tip of a swordfish  
Life is a game that I can't forfeit  
Success I'll be here soon I can't force it  
Still in the drop like water outta leaky faucets  
Still wide aware so I watch who I walk with  
Only got 1 shot nigga I am a marksman  
Flow outta thisw world yes I am a martian  
Hear dat beat on my chest it sounds like nazis marching

Fire your lives with thin guess my heart is an arson  
Gotta hustle nigga I need gwap  
3 niggaz, 3 forks, 1 chinese box  
4 wings whole lotta rice with no pork in  
Welcome to the life of the unfortunate

Yea, palm trees on the sunset  
Call the shooters up they breeze through your projects  
Uh, your nobody till somebody kill you  
I turn your corn into candle light vigiles  
Show your best friend the stash he might pull a pistol  
Cause that greed and that envy cause major issues  
I'm only mixing with the real niggaz  
I'm only mixing with them real killers  
45 a.c.p it's all pearly  
Blood on your seats you get the red foams early  
I switch cavallis, new mazarati  
G5 it up with a bad mami