

## Mr 12, 12, 58

Tony Yayo

I'm a murder this track and flatline the beat  
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You need forensics up in here  
Another homoicide in here, oh yeaaaa

I'm mr. 12, 12, 58, 58  
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Watch me get rich off the rocks on the dinner plate

My brain tell my body go and get the money  
My body start to move I go and get the money  
It's simple elementary my dear watch  
And I'm off probabtion ask mr. watson  
Jump in the dropin biggie what's beef so  
You the type of homie that's happy when the beefs low  
My crazy weed habit got ashes on my outfit  
2000 thousand dollars on an armani houselift  
Get my money up then I watch another house flip  
But I ain't sellin houses, I'm sellin ounces  
Outta auntie back door  
Boy I'm a cocaine cowboy, dope conaseeur  
The dope and the coke in the trunk of the azzure  
Aand the key of raw is in the challenger  
So I drive real slow, and take my time  
Cause if the feds pull me over I'm doing caveman time

We had our share of troubles  
But the crack spot has doubled  
With a little code on can't understand it  
The fiendss can flyyyyy, dead in the mountains  
Let's get that money nigga