

## 50 Cent "Banks Victory"

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(feat. Lloyd Banks)

[50 Cent]

Yo, yo we can't stay alive forever  
So if shit hit the fan then we might as well die together  
I'm high as ever, more holes and more cheddar  
G-Unit move around wit them pounds and berreta's  
Yea faggot, if I want it I'm gon' have it  
Regardless if it's handed to me or I gotta grab it  
Don't make a ass outta yaself tryin to stop me  
I'm cocky, raps rocky, nigga you sloppy  
You know that I'm, 8 levels above you nigga  
I'll club you nigga, I never heard of you nigga, its ugly  
nigga  
I'm the wrong one to provoke  
You rattin on niggas is only gon' leave you smoked  
So the only thing left now is toast for these cowards  
I got no friends, fuck most of these cowards  
They pop shit 'till we start approaching these cowards  
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

[Lloyd Banks]

I got a intergangstress who argue and steams wit  
reefer  
And who flip when I call a bitch like she Queen Latifah  
Not all the vehicle's is long enough to stash the  
streetsweeper  
This shit can get uglier than the Master P sneaker  
We slidin through the ruckus, wit prada on the chuckus  
Soon as spring break ho's home from college wanna  
fuck us  
I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckas  
I'll sick rottweiler's on you fuckas, cops followin to cuff  
us  
Top dollars to discuss this, whole lotta zeros  
When it comes to paper I blow a soul outta aero  
I'ma break before I lay in the floor buried  
Besides, every rapper ain't a star, nigga plad ain't  
?bulbary?  
You can't tame Lloyd, smokin by the big screen  
You changin the channel looks like I'm playin the game  
boy  
I know the watch botherin ya vision

But reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like its part of yo religion  
Why party wit a pigeon?  
I'm blowin a 10, cuz Bush handin flyers for a party in a prison  
I'm in the gucci vest wit the green and red straps

I'm the last rapper to scare niggas since Craig Mack  
Now every morning's a fast start  
And there aint problem gettin dressed cuz my closet got more aisles than pathmark  
Run, when we startin to spray  
or leave wit 12 shells in ya mouth like a carton of eggs  
I'm the young pimp pardon my age  
I don't got long hair but if I did she be puttin my braids  
Niggas find what club they at  
take 'em wit us, and run a train on 'em like a subway mat  
your advance is a grey Acura  
see these record labels got most artists gettin fucked like the gay rappa'  
ill go to college on a tour  
I'm goin down in history nigga, next to Wallace and Shakur  
I keep my ammo clean, tec's polished in the drawer  
Camera's by the hamper that mine into the floor  
by now, you probably heard of me  
fresh outta surgery, flashy as a fuck, you gon' have to murder me  
Burglary, I'm leavin wit cha nike's burgundy, White T, burgundy  
you match now, back down  
niggas love to hate you, but love you when you disappear  
catch me on a boat wit weed smoke and fishin' gear  
heavy when I toke, C notes from different years  
Besly in the robe, re-motes for liftin chairs  
You ain't rich, but well be glad to snatch ya  
I send cars to crib like I'm a cab dispatcha  
you better off wit ya stupid guys, lookin for a coupe to drive  
you ain't gettin nuttin but ya french fries supersized  
it's a damn shame y'all still local  
I'm in a million dollar studio layin my vocals  
Nigga

[50 Cent]

Still in the projects nigga, you ain't goin nowhere  
you gon' fuckin be there for the rest of yo muthafuckin life  
and yo momma said, I'm supposed to tell you

somethin.....  
to encourage you, somethin positive  
aight well I ain't gon' lie to you muthafucka, he ain't  
goin nowhere  
get yaself a beer, get on the fuckin curve  
fuckin dirtbag

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