

50 Cent "Banks Workout Part II"

Visit "[Banks Workout Part II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I Been problem since the old days pimps and gold caps
now im in oj simpson throwbacks
ya'll was wonderin where my ass been
probally vacationin on south beach gettin head like ass
breathin through gas i can let the tech pound ur ego
lock you in the closet with the westnile mosquito
the press crowd the people espicially celebritys im
heavily shittin on any tom dick or gregory
nigga you better be strappin
they want you dead if you rappin
im tryin to cave your head and your back in
im gettin bread and relaxin
and attractin a fan base of females wit emails and
letters to fax in
in vegas with a toaster n a blunt
and the hotel i checked in got a roller coaster in the
front
hollerin poster when i stunt the sammy sosa of the
month
better yet the hoe teas and nigga im still breathin even
though my dollars are green
i rap for the kids thats to poor to waste eggs on
halloween
im gettin swallow clean
my habits are good collectin all the carrots i could
slidin from the stash box to conceal extortion
and a good silencer to make it sound like the wheel of
fortune
all this careless talkin cause im travelin and flossin
havin a good time and u havin a abortion
you sucker for love gettin married and divorced than
you cant even afford the batteries for ur walkman
man im out the hood burnin cali weed on slauson when
set trip can turn to tragedys and coffins, look
i mean what im sayin you schemin im sprayin ur team
isnt playin

on the sofa screamin and and prayin sayin
gunit niggas be rollin crazy holdin 80s older ladies
starin cause they starin in that gold mercedes
since 50 hooked up with shady
now they tryin to brook up to pay me

if u think im sugar u crazy baby
the boy strapped two ninas
smokin out a bag big enough to fit in vacuum cleaners
i wear a glove when i blaze a fatty,
i aint ur baby daddy, u flippin
now he tryin to grab me out that navy caddie, i aint ur
avy,
poppa was a rollin stone,
stockin up the hona home,
pocket full of loaded chrome,
drop n get a hold a dome,
i know ur motive homes,
u mad cause im fuckin half ur motorolla phone,
im swift with the wemon im good wit my words, alota,
niggas is hatin on what i deserve im hotta,
front if u want end up on the curb in ur prada,
and ur mans runnin ambulance come,
another day another dollar on the low from the impala
i can have a six some in my shower, mother fucka!

Visit [50 Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.