

50 Cent & Lloyd Banks "Victory"

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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 hoes 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, it's 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

I got a inter-gangstress 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 street
sweeper
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 floor berry
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 rock's botherin' ya vision
But reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like it's part of yo
religion

Why party wit a pigeon?
I'm blowin' a 10 'cause 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 ain't problem gettin' dressed
'Cause my closet got more aisles than pathmark
Run, move startin to raid and 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 partin' my braids
We just find out what club they at
Take 'em wit us and run a train on 'em like a subway
mat

Yer advance is a gray acura
These record labels got most artists
Gettin fucked like the gay rappa'
I go to college on a tour

I'm goin down in history nigga, next to Wallace and
Shakur
I keep ya 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, were leavin' wit cha nike's burgandy, White T,
burgundy
You match now, back down
Niggas love to hate you but love you when you
disappear
Catch me on the boat wit weed smoke and fishing gear

Heavy when I toke, C notes from different years
Besly in the robe, re-motes for liftin' chairs
We ain't rich but we be glad to snatch ya
I send cars to your 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

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' curb
Fuckin' dirtbag

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