

## Lloyd Banks f/ 50 Cent

### "Cake"

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[Intro: Lloyd Banks] (R&B Sample)  
(Money, money, money, money, Cake!) I need the cake  
nigga!

Verse 1: Lloyd Banks] (\*R&B Sample)  
The unit don't play (Uh Uh!) we rap but we strapped  
(Yep!)  
Buck got the shotgun 50 got the mack (brrrapp!!!)  
Spider got the sweeper and you dyin to hear it clap (Uh  
huh)  
You won't have another birthday (\*Cake!) after that  
(WOO!)  
Cause Yayo got a temper and he don't know how to act  
(Fuck!)  
And I been gone all Winter, but now a nigga back to get  
the.  
(\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the  
(\*Money) Uh the (\*Cake!)  
And you motherfuckers lookin like steak (WOO!)  
Food on the plate for the wolves follow rules  
Don't get moved by the two's blood'll ooze on your  
shoes  
Wait (uh huh) Control your hate, you ain't ridin' in them  
sixes (Why/)  
Cause you spendin all your (\*Cake!) on them bitches  
(Uh)  
I need the bread lil' niggas need Christmas (uh huh)  
Banks don't rap with a backpack i'm in it for the  
(\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the  
(\*Money) Uh the (\*Cake!)

[Verse 2: 50 Cent] (\*R&B Sample) (Lloyd Banks)  
Ha Ha!!! You heard Banks say it so you know I got the  
mack  
I pull or pull out spray hollows at your back  
I don't give a fuck It's goin down like that  
I done been through every hood dead niggas don't rat  
In the heart of a victim murder is monumental  
I don't complicate shit kid I keep it simple  
My bullet wounds will tell you a story 'bout what I been  
through

Southside trauma, drama with the llamas  
I conversate with killers It's usually about life  
Politic with bonders It's usually about white  
I'm the poster child for violence i'm the boy in the  
poster  
When them shots start to ring out i'm the boy with the  
toaster  
Yeah listen up kicko, I hustle, I get dough  
You fuckin with a sicko, I spaz let a clip go  
Cannon out the rental, beam to 'yo temple (\*Money,  
money, money, money, cake!)  
I squeeze blow your mental, all over your friends  
(WOO!)

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

Me I'm from the street (Street) Where ain't nothin sweet  
(Sweet)  
The home for the homi's there's a body every week  
(Week)  
Now I don't hear the sirens but they probably on the  
creep (creep)  
Plottin to pull me over plant the (\*Cake!) in my jeep  
(WOO!)  
So I be skippin cities seven states in a week (Yeah)  
Can't a motherfucker breathe and tell me I can't eat  
Show me the (\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the  
(\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the (\*Cake!)  
Nigga slow down, pump ya brakes (Yeah!)  
No mistakes cause the jakes run the plates  
Then your headed upstate for rollin 'round with a steak  
(Uh Huh)  
Niggas start up the beef and run straight to the cops  
(Uh Huh!)  
You a bitch ass nigga, the cup (\*Cake!) of the block  
(WOO!)  
Any nigga disrespect the click gettin shot  
'Round here niggas get found upside down over the  
(\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the (\*Money) Uh the  
(\*Money) Uh the (\*Cake!)  
WOO! OOOH!

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