

Lloyd Banks

"1,2,3 Grind"

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[Lloyd Banks - Verse 1]

Wordplay in the worst way
Earthquake, niggas is shook, ash in my purp tray,
202s on Benz day, Lincoln on Thursday,
Highday, full fever leaving off the driveway,
Cheeba got my mind grey, diva bottle entree,
Cooler then a cooler, armed like a padre,
Ya baby momma dream about the God
I let her hit the button fingers startin up the car
Style when I sleep, snicker when I hit the street
Green, pillin' up body builder when I lift the beat
My weed sour my bitches sweet,
Marine style but my shit discrete,
Watch me make the flip repeat,
I don't trick or treat, but so halloween,
Michael myers with the fire trip holla scream,
I gotta lotta cream, and a solid team,
It's like I'm playin solitaire,
I don't see a challenge here, yeaah

[Chorus]

Money movin on the dime,
Ready 1... 2... 3 grind,
Niggas better give me mine,
About my funds, top down,
Ready for the shine,
Gettin to it so inline,
I'm influenced by the gold,
I do it if I tried
I'ma get 'em every time,
Ready 1... 2... 3... grind!

[Prodigy - Verse 2]

You know there's rules that you following
And tools get the hollow point
Poppin' at these fools
These dudes get their narrow ass deceased
I terminate, unleash the purly gate
Put that work in than I spin like a 38
All around the world, back around the world twice
Fucking with the internash infamous paradigm

Catch your bitch on the line at the concert
I'm gonna take advantage of this opportunity time
I'm the worst of the worst, vultures
Come on slime, you aint never in your life never life like
mine
This is grand theft audio, you just a petty crime
In my parade of hits, get confetti on my shine
You short like spaghetti, I'm harder than a whale dick
Clap a nigga real quick, falling outta line like
1 2 3 they will be dropping like Dominoes, vamonos
I show you how to die, it's career suicide must be on
that crack high
Coming at me diagonally, the fuck you on your mind
fuck be on you niggas brains
It seems you wish death,
Yo blow, these niggas playin' games ready for flesh

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks - Verse 3]

Big chain photo, still? when you see me
HFM in 3d, hood beemer bump my CD
I'ma a creep, do some foul shit every week
F-ck my shawty sister, left her lipstick all in my sheets
Stay low I'm on that shit, hittin'
Looking for a menage they looking for a sponsor
Opposite of bubblegum rap, I chew the track
All 4 of my pockets fat, Lincoln New York city rap
Brighter than my jewelery I'm in line with the stars
I'm from Mars, I'm bad stacking Domino broads
Living large, you gon need 500 bars
When we drive, make bouji bitches climb in the cars
Wheels spin the street off, Porsche feet off
The haters still hating and they hot as hell
In need of defrost, brick? shit old
Play with me in hospital with a wife widow

[Chorus]

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