

Lloyd Banks

"Bad Luck"

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(feat. 50 Cent)

[50 Cent:]

G Unit

If it wasn't for bad luck

I wouldn't have luck

If it wasn't for doing bad I wouldn't know about doing
good

It ain't safe down here in my hood

It could be a beautiful day

And you'll get hit by strays

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

This is what you do

If a nigga stealing money out the crew

Cut eight of his fingers off and leave a nigga with two

Destinys beef its always escalate in the future

You ain't tough cause ten probably aiming to shoot ya

Puss enough to make a neighborhood bum pick up a
pistol

Fill the clip up and hit you

In the face or use the pistol

Alls it takes is aim a nigga really tried to diss you

Its 'gon be an issue

If you don't fry his tissue

Whats a crack head thinkin' 'bout right before he takes
a hit

Hell if I know probably a whole lot of mistakes and shit

What the fuck makes a nigga want to have a
relationship

When I could have a Caucasian, Spanish, or Asian chick

Nigga you could run but the lights'll beat ya

Put red dots on you like a slice of pizza

Got a groupie on my lap nigga sun roof top nigga

Chillin' on the scene

With the gangsta lean

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

This shit is real drama in the hood boy you better stay
strapped

You need to wear a vest shit its on like that

Niggas you think is cool'll stab you in the back

I know for a fact

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

I got a Gem Star that'll open ya face
The Mac'll make you open the safe
I'm walkin' around with a open case
Ya'll been on my dick a long time thanks
Now i'm a introduce you to my man get 'em Banks

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

You might catch Banks in the city with that blue and
gray shit
Ropes as thick as the ones they hung slaves with
Shorty ain't ya wife dog i'm blazin' after ya
Got rocks on my neck from a cave in Africa
Just bought a new bitch got beige and black in her
Police watchin' us like a Asian Trafficer
Go ahead front i'm dyin' to poke ya hater
And put a patch on your eye like a Oakland Raider
I ain't got a silencer just a Solt Potater
I seen ya wife you had to be on coke to date her
Its a problem when I get in
So if its hate in ya blood you better find a way to hold
that shit in

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

This shit is real drama in the hood boy you better stay
strapped
You need to wear a vest shit its on like that
Niggas you think is cool'll stab you in the back
I know for a fact

[Verse 4: Lloyd Banks]

I'm lyin' to these hos
So if you bust in my room you'd probably catch a bitch
tryin' to propose
From a block bang out I caught iron in my clothes
Stuck without my wratchet
Buck in my bread basket
Ear drums soft from lead to
Bounce off the floor injured my leg in traffic
Headed towards the Mackland
But its hard as hell to walk a straight line when ya
eyeballs doin' back flips
Duck from the SK Special
Or i'm a leave ya fuckin' shirt lookin' like the ese's
dressed you
It'll be a case when I catch you
I'm puttin' holes in ya face like a pretzel
Make jakes have to sketch you
Arm and legs'll break the same time your neck do

Throw you off a projects
For fuckin' with my set
I know you hate me and would like to jump me
Cause I play around acres like Michael's lunky
You ain't hurtin' me in Air Force
Cause my Nikes is comfy
Catch me out in the country
With lights and company
She can't be thirsty because all night she drunk me
See I made it convince me
Shes better than Lewinski
Whats the sense of holdin' on the metal if its empty?
You need shells in 'em
To leave swells in 'em
Catch Banks at the top of the globe
Pocket of dough
Rocks in the low
Lockin' and load
Cock and explode
I grew up pops and a O
Mix match socks on my sole
Cops on a stroll
Spendin' knots on my gold
I got Ns in my jeans
For Benzes and screens
Cause I take money like vending machines
I used to stick pens in my jeans
Now I got beams
That'll leave you bending with screams
Pressure turns men to Marines
King pins to pussys
And hard rocks into milk and cookies

[50 Cent:]
Motherfuckers
Ha ha
Lloyd Banks
This shit is hot Banks
Shit
Who recruits talent just as good as 50?
Ha ha

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