

## Lloyd Banks "Banks Victory"

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[50 Cent]

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, its 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 cowrads  
I got no friends, f\*\*k most of these cowards  
They pop shit 'till we start approaching these cowards  
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

[Lloyd Banks]

I got a intergangstress 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  
streetsweeper  
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  
f\*\*k us  
I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckas  
I'll sick rottweiler's on you f\*\*kas, 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 rocks botherin ya vision  
But reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like its 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 aint 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 grey acura

these record labels got most artists gettin f\*\*ked 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 f\*\*k, you gon' have to  
murder me

Burglary, were leavin wit cha nike's burgandy, White T,  
burgandy

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

[50 Cent]

Still in the projects nigga, you ain't goin nowhere

you gon' f\*\*kin be there for the rest of yo muthaf\*\*kin  
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 muthaf\*\*ka, he ain't  
goin nowhere  
get yaself a beer, get on the f\*\*kin curb  
f\*\*kin dirtbag

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