

Lloyd Banks

"Big Voice Bigger City"

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[first verse]

I pray to him, jealous coz he watchin over them,
i dont pretend, wishin they lose hoping i win,
took my fitted coz im driving with no top,
hotter than a mother fucker riding with my glocc,
knock-knock who is it? my hollow tip vist,
you talk it if you live it, if not get delivered
niggas hearts going frigid, theres no remorse, nigga,
i be the last one to give it, hit your ass off you pivot,
then i pass on the syrup, and welcome the chronic,
they wondering where the real rap, well im helpin em
find it,
blinded, criminal minded, impoverty binded honey,
just to be where i come from, rewind it your dumb son,
stuck on slow, sit they'll you to sleep,
these mother fuckers know the walls is playin for
keeps,
the wounded lay on the street, the goons is playin for
keeps,
be rude to say it at least, we wanna piece nigga

[chorus]

you aint gotta like me but you feel me if you ridin with
that millie - big voice bigger city,
you silly if you looking round for pittty, but we grimey
and gritty - big voice bigger city,
stuntin so these niggas wann' kill me aint a damn thing
pretty - big voice bigger city,
you aint gotta like me but you hear me dead broke or
big willie - big voice bigger city

{second verse}

money dont make it easy, money make it hard,
get smart you can get it, but it dont make you smarter,
the music stop movin, ima make them love a car,
on contrary to whatever you heard i am hard,
lyrically vulvar, metaphoric father,
headin for the dust so im an incredible rider,
an a bit of lasange, meet britney and tanya,

no breakfast in bed, just the ganja,
i knda miss the days when we honoured honour,
loyalty coz karma can be a baby mama,
i been a g since i needed maybe longer,
aint no pictures of me i bring you the drama-lama
on your bottom dollar no pain no holla,
leave the scene no cops no collar, im a beast
the sickest shit spittin on the east,
how i know? walk around listen to the street nigga

[chorus]

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