

Lloyd Banks

"Burn Freestyle"

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(feat. 50 Cent)

[50 Cent:] GGGGGGG G Unit

[Verse 1: Tony Yayo]

In New York you get stalked like a snake's prey
Yo the streets is a battle field you die any day
Some cry on they knees when they pray
All you hear is he said she said around the way
I'm in the no fly zone private hide away
Tryin' to proolly with my sons like its Father's Day
When my revolver spray
You better andalay
I take ya moms away
Writin' rhymes 'till my arms decay
On mics I'm dynamite like Jay Jay
Listen hombre
I glisten in broad day
The feds got me framed in a picture
Cause I got my chick trained to hit ya
Like Amy Fisher
Let a slugs fly at a bug eyed judicier
Play Fat Cat and I'll strip you for your whiskers
We move Fishscale you messin' with Fish Yay
Make cars fish tail when we shoot at them brakes
We pop Mo's and puff ounces
In the club we pay off them bouncers
To lay off the Tray Pounders
When the cops raid the crib they want the houses
Fed times head lines read about us
Follow my fathers footsteps why bother?
Charter a few leer jets we got the Ganja
Never had a seed but I please your baby mama
Lick her on her knees but shes on Gabbanna
Put her on a track too ten niggas want her
Flaunt her
Get my cheese back on the corner
Nigga get a glance, hit the free lance performer
Heaven and hell will prevail when I'm a goner

[50 Cent:]

One time

Thats Tony Yayo
Lloyd Banks come on come on

[Tony Yayo:]
50 you can retire whenever you ready

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]
I'm in the mountains with the trees are palm
In a New York State Of Mind tryin' to freeze my arm up
Got the Balm
Blowin' on sticky with a slut
It went from "Hi how you doin?" to a quicky in the truck
I'm tryin' to find where the party is at
I'm bringin' me, Jesse, Ferrari and Black
My hood is all fucked up it ain't no goals
The little boys turn to convicts and girls turn to hos
I'm ridin' through the Valley where you might hear
turns like "Ese homes"
Mama ain't raised no fool I'm talented and gifted
I practice in boats so I could balance it
I'm fresh out the dirt nigga you washed up
Thirty something and never seen a fan star struck

[50 Cent:]
Yeah ya lame
Ya wanksta

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