

## Lloyd Banks "Cake Ft. 50 Cent"

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[Lloyd Banks]

I need the cake nigga!

The Unit don't play, we rap but we strapped

Buck got the shotgun, 50 got the Mac

Spider got the sweeper and he dyin to hear it clap

You wont have another birthday (cake) after that

Cuz Yayo got a temper and he don't know how to act

And Ive been gone a winter, but now a nigga back

To get the (money)all the (money)all the(money)all

the(money)all the (cake!)

[Verse- LLOYD Banks]

And you mutherfuckas looking like steak

Food on the plate, for the wolves, follow moves,

Don't get moved by the tools, blood'll ooze on ya shoes

Wait!, control ya hate, you aint ridin in them sixes

(Why?), cuz you spendin all ya (cake) on them bitches

I need the bread, lil niggas need christmas

Banks don't rap with a backpack, im in it for the

(money)all the (money)all the(money)all the(money)all

the (cake!)

[Verse-50 Cent]

Haha, you heard Banks say it so you know i got the Mac

I'll pull up pull out spray hollows at ya back

I don't give a fuck it's goin down like that

I dun been thru everyhood that niggas gonna rat

In the heart of a victim, murder is monumental

I don't complicate shit kid, i keep it simple

My bullet wounds will tell you a story bout what i been  
through

Southside trauma, drama with the llamas

I converstate with killers it's usually bout life

Politic with lawness it's usually bout white

Im da posterchild of violence im the boy on the poster

When the shots start to ring out im the boy with the  
toaster

Yea listen up clicko, i hustle i get dough

You fuckin with a sicko, i spaz let a clip go

Cannon out the rental, beam to ya temple

I squeez blow ya mental, all over ya friends

[Verse-Lloyd Banks]

Me im from the street, we aint nothin sweet  
The home of the homi's, there's a body everyweek  
Now i don't hear the sirens but they probably on a  
creep  
Plottin to pull me over, plant the (cake) in my jeep  
So i'll be skippin cities, 7 states in a week  
Cant a mutherfucka breathin and tell me i can't eat  
Show me the (money)of the (money)of the(money)of  
the(money)of the (cake!)  
Nigga slowdown pump ya brakes  
No mistakes cuz them jakes run the plates  
Then ya headed upstate for rollin round with a steak  
Nigga start up a beef, and run straight to the cops  
You a bitch ass nigga the cup(cake) of the block  
Any nigga disrespect the clique gettin shot  
Round here niggas get found upside down over the  
(money)all the (money)all the(money)all the(money)all  
the (cake!)

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