

Lloyd Banks "Cake"

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Money, money, money, money
Cake
I need the cake nigga

The Unit don't play, we rap but we strapped
Buck got the shotgun, 50 got the mack
Spida got the sweeper and you bound to hear it clap
You won't have another birthday cake afta that
'Cause Yayo got a temper and he don't know how to act
I've been gone all winter but now a nigga back

To get the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake

And you mutha fuckas lookin' like steak
Food on the plate for the wolves, follow wolves
Don't get moved by the tools
Blood will ooze on ya shoes wait, control ya hate

You ain't ridin' in dem 6s
'Cause you spendin' all ya cake on dem bitches
I need the bread lil' niggas need Christmas
Banks don't rap wit a back pack

I'm in it for the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake

You heard Banks said so I know I got the mack
I pull up, pull out spray hollows at your back
I don't give a fuck, it's goin' down like that
I done been through every hood, dead niggas gone
rap

In the heart of a victim murda is monumental
I don't complicate shit, yeah I keep it simple
My bullet wounds will tell you a story 'bout wut I been
through
Southside trama drama wit' gallamas

I conversate wit' killas, it's usually about life
Politicate wit' lawness, it's usually 'bout white
I'm da poster child of violence, I'm the boy on the

poster
When the shots start to rang out I'm the boy wit' the
toaster

Yeah, listen up clicko, I hustle I get though
You fuckin' wit a sicko, I spazz let a clip go
Cannon out da rental, beam to ya temple
I squeeze blow your mental, all ova ya friends

Me I'm from the street, where nothin' sweet
The home of the hommies, there's a body every week
Now I don't hear the sirens but they prolly gonna creep
Plottin' to pull me ova, put the cake in my jeep

So I'll be skippin' cities seven states in aweek
Can't a mutha fuckin' breathin' tell me I can't eat
Show me the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake
Niggas slow down, pump ya breaks

No mistakes cause the jakes, run the plates
Then you headed up state for rollin' 'round wit' a steak
Niggas start up the beef and run straight to the cops
You a bitch ass nigga, the cupcake of the block
Any nigga disrespect the click gettin' shot
'Round here niggas get found upside down

Ova the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake

Cake
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Cake

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