

## Lloyd Banks "Can She Live"

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Damn man, can she live?  
, can she do the thing with the kid  
You tryna turn a ho to a housewife and she wanna go  
back to the crib  
Damn man, is you mad?  
tryna send that ass home in a cab  
That pussy worth your whole damn world, that must be  
the best one you ever had  
You looking for a trick then you don't want me  
She tryna get paid and I fuck for free  
You a bird nigga you paying the bills  
Fucking with me, she lucky she chills  
Hold, hold up, stop, stop the press  
Cut it back to them, drop hoes for less  
You gonna stay in your line I won't play with your  
mind  
I'm all day on the grind, I won't stress  
Stressed out cause I'm fucking all night  
Screwing all day, I'm ma try these new moves on Shay  
Tell her call her friend Chante  
She can bring Kesha and we all gonna party my way  
She lost her mind, she on to click, we bond and shit  
You know wine and shit, cause if I knew the things you  
know  
You can bet my roll I'm gonna fire quick  
And that was for every nigga I know gâ€™s don't  
follow me  
Make her ass feel real good today and then leave her  
tomorrow  
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Fucking with me, she lucky she chills  
Boy what's up with that hate

Hating can't fuck us up it's too late  
You working that nerves dog you won't break  
You can take all the time you want, she gon wait  
You know anything goes when I get them in the game  
I don't know, prolly make a tape  
Tape her ass up, make it shake  
Put her pretty ass in the doggy bag make her play  
4 bad red bones in a row  
Bout my dog, I don't love no ho  
Pretty girls wanna be around my show  
Nigga no means no cut it out let her go  
Living fast, suck my dick slow  
That head be the honor roll  
Spending whole damn day watching me  
That's why she never got time no more  
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