

Lloyd Banks

"Can You Dig It"

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[Verse 1: Banks]

Look how far I done got, they wanna get like me
Realest motherfucker ever, dawg, I just might be
Couple ladies on my right, and on my left like three
Think Iâ€™m high as you can go, give me death by weed
Iâ€™d rather settle my success than be depressed by
greed
Iâ€™m doinâ€™ more than triple on â€™em, nothing less, top
speed
Iâ€™m doinâ€™ all the sugars on â€™em, Iâ€™m the best, buy
weed
Eight at my table and the rest Dom P
Born to be on top, I wonâ€™t stop until my respect paid
New York City love me, Iâ€™ve been rapping for a
decade
Itâ€™s spending money season, though â€“ I ball out
every check, mate
Came a long way from prayinâ€™ to God that my cassette
play
They throwinâ€™ pussy at me, I catch it with one hand
Toss it, hot potato, while I lay low with the famâ€™
Today Iâ€™m on the creep, 90K on my sedan
Countinâ€™ down the days they let my ace up out the can

[Hook: Banks]

Marksman, lay it down, I donâ€™t love her
Yeah, Iâ€™ve got a thing for victory and money by the
color
Shorty said she want to have me, she can have the
rubber
Nigga can you dig that? â€™Cause I ainâ€™t never dug her
Iâ€™m a cold motherfucker, I do it for the gutter
I canâ€™t wait to let her go, and youâ€™re the one to cuff
her
Iâ€™m stuntinâ€™ on them chumps, let them niggas suffer
Iâ€™m a cold motherfuckerâ€¦

[Verse 2: French]

I be talkinâ€™ to them bitches like Iâ€™m Pepe King
Bitch back up, money stack up like 8â€™10
Soccer boy, kick your bitch out with a scissor kick

I be stackin' green, nigga, on some lizard shit
Wrist rocked up nigga, on some blizzard shit
Tell your bitch protect her neck on some RZA shit
Hoppin' out that window, that chain out, that MAC out
They told me bring my chain out, New York City is
blacked out
I said it's blacked out, don't make me back out
Hundred rounds of clips, smiling
Don't make me bring that mask out
I've got a Banks truck in my back pocket
9, 000 watts on my chain, where's the socket?
I've got them 8 balls, nigga, where's the pocket?
(What you got?)
I've got them 8 balls, nigga, where's the pocket?
Suicide doors, think a nigga gone crazy
Dirty Sprite poured, think it got me moving lazy

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Banks]

Platinum spaceships spill out on my scene, shit
Karate kid, put a bitch out with the clean kick
Purple weed and yellow bitches make my brain tick
Royal light blue colours, peep my aura as my chain hits
He can add a '03 or just calm my ego
They think I'm cheating with the raps...
I'll give up all I've got before I starve my people
Nigga your skin thin as Hell you let the bargains reach
you
She cool as hell, I drop her off she back to snotty
I've got a chick to tap for every tattoo on my body
Pick a model, she gon' top me down
Backstreet or the lobby
Every finger rocky now, athlete when I party
Catch me rollin' out... Maserati
Pockets holding out... endo, probably
Look at how she poke it out, she wanna pop me
I sat her down an broke 'em out... ungh, sloppy...

[Hook]

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