

# Lloyd Banks

## "Change"

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Yeaaaa..uhhh  
I like the way that sounds  
uh uh N-N-N-N-N-N-Nooowww  
Check Check

*[Verse 1]*

Nigga you feelin like a frog when you jump  
One leap will bring ya from the bar to the trunk  
From the trunk to the dump  
Ima rain on em, put the chump on a slump  
Like a rib shot, thats what the customers want  
Dont ya?, This aint ya typical story  
Thefore i dont fall in the category  
Im cool, calm and collective, Yukon or the Lexis  
Blue chronic for breakfast, to match with the necklace  
Dimes all way down till the rats wanna check this  
Reckless, born treacherous, sworn specialist  
Especially, if ya rest next to me  
Nigga come testin me youll get the gun recipe  
These old niggas want the new born sound  
Actin like they dont know who hold New York down  
Yea i use to buy knicks, ten years later  
Now im super fly slick without a roof on my whip, shit  
I slip 100 proof till im ripped  
And wave at the haters, got em root canal sick  
Tell me you niggas like to make a scene so the lamas  
close  
That kind of shit dont fly like Mama jokes  
We got em long, short, all kind of toast  
Boy i done left shit trails all around the coast  
To places you gettin 'round by boat  
I get a pound, i smoke, i put it down, im dope  
Im on scope when i pass the block, i make traffic stop  
A product of everything that made the apple rott  
This apple jacks, way long before the platnium plaques  
The pro-tools and the wax  
Take a step back before ya catch a contact  
The flow's like a M-16 wit the arm strapped  
Ima bomb on these niggas till they cant bomb back  
The hiroshima demeanor, microphone crack

*[Chorus]*

Alot of shit has changed since i came  
Yall done came around here fuckin up the game  
Therefore i aint servin nuttin but the pain  
You playin, im hungier than a mothafucka man  
Rob a store before you walk around poor  
Cause you aint gettin from me you grown boy  
You fuelin up my fire when you hate  
So Ima lean on you till you make a mistake  
I cant wait

*[Verse 2]*

And to the curtains close  
its just me, the tooly, and them purple O's,  
Endo overload, drive like i own the roads  
these niggas is puss, thats why my shoulders cold  
Mac by the toilet bowl  
Im ridin filthy in the Beamer  
Cause i can have lima and a colina bring it to a  
misdemeanor  
You drown in deep water  
Every nigga around come from the street corner  
Where you need your heat on ya  
Im on recline while my next CD climb  
South Side greedy dine, red wine, DB 9  
NYPD grind, why?, it aint a easy grind  
A nigga try to get mine ima feed him nine  
And its graffiti time, niggas sprayin your mural  
For tryin to be a muthafuckin hero  
Im fresh, fly and flashy, best guy if you ask me  
Jet by on em nasty, nigga you in a taxi  
I cant wait

*[Chorus]*

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So Ima lean on you till you make a mistake  
I cant wait

Ha Ha haaaaaaaaaaaaa  
Yeaaa, ugh, GGGGG-Unit  
Boyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

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