

Lloyd Banks

"Chosen Few"

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Ft. Jadakiss

(Hook)

I've got to live life to the fullest
Put it all on the hands on the knife and these bullets
They ain't got the pullers, got the prey, got the push
I drink til I hurl, got the haze ,got the kush
It's me against the world
When I get to where I'm going
I'ma show 'em where I'm from
I am who the world gave me
I'ma get this money son ,yeah
Chosen few I feel like I'm one that's all or none
More than every nigger born in the slum

(Verse : Lloyd Banks)

You know death's around
I corner but you still broke
Life is a kick in the ass
With a spear toe, when you chasing that real dough
And I'm down to get mine wherever will's go
Wings on the ones I love but the finner things so
With all that being said I let it ring whole
Chill through the winter , spend summer for a screen
slow
Check out my ring gold ,jamaican terminology
Follow me,then swallow me ,it's no apology
That's a part of me,probably why they honour me
I gotta be, top lottery ,high commodity
Although it's like a job to me
It's highway robbery
Ride with me,where to?
Should've chopped, obviously
I lost my pops in October, it made me colder
No one to be able to stain shoulder to shoulder
You know where you're sober,
No rewind, no control ,no degree,no diploma
Just a harder way to live

(Hook)

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(Verse : Jadakiss)

They ain't given to me so I took it chopped bad and
cooked it
Then take it for granted never overlooked it,
Now the bullshit came in,it went out of the oven air
Coming from the laundry, lucky to see another year
Dip another bodybag up, shed another tear
When I'm all willin' then we gone up the upper tear
It ain't nothing like opening the frigde, and it ain't
nothing there
Everybody talking at the same time, nothing clear
Yeah,what's a father supposed to tell his kids
When the revolver become their relatives
And they goin' harder than they ever did
We all die but do we ever live

(Hook)

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(Verse : Lloyd Banks)

Sound same as all automatic ,cowards at it again
Tackle my chin at me or my kin,thought I was limb
Brought up my kid to Devil's stadium
Red rights if you play with him
But this gift, I'm flaming them lost and they half demon
I sun up with my shady style,
Young and dumb to weavy ride
Chaos every day we see, cripple own the way we lie
You know I'm one hundred you ever gave me five
Son got about this, still grieving the way he died

I rather take an army with me,
'Til then I'm living, fucking bitches, poppin' down and
pussy
You piss me off and they picking
I'm way to hard to listen
I'm way to red, I put my future on my doctor history

(Hook)

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