

Lloyd Banks

"City Of Sin"

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Ft. Young Chris

(Verse)

Hater close your eyes now, picture me realer
My paper thick, my pitch is swollen
Now pull a hitter ,I'm Mitch Holleman
Hit 'em with this explosion
Lethal sleeve my arm Hulk Hogan
Even with all of these hittings
We the million I be proffing
Wanted in ,you be cooking
A beetle and they can open
We been that might be hungry
Don't feed a rat for this scum
You dumb chicks don't understand
Fuck you laughing at sun
Your name is Bahama Coat
Been lifting up every tree
Thank heavens for my results
This is for heavy D
This is my brighter side, rocks get of from LAD
Come on load it and why came, big boobs in the LAC
You niggers fishing fool, you start no pitch in the rule
Tell your mama you ain't shit, put the crop on you's who
Pull that laverish move, a pile of karat sick jewels
I've been 6 and 16 ,keep a London fuse

(Hook)

You see don't we say
We sellin' , we pay
And know this shit be ok
I get that dough everyday
Grab 'em don't be like betray
Smoking troubles away
Smoking troubles away
I'm here,we got every day
It feels like violence two ways
You niggers nosey as hell
And got they eye on the pay
I never meant what they say
I'm just drinking rozay

And keep my troubles away
Keep my troubles away
(Keep my troubles away)

(Verse)

I talk that shit yes I do,
You know my wrists got blue
Married to blocks, said I do
Tell us all the bait with my crew
Seventy sort of cannon
It's gotta take a part too
Yellow kush can't fly
Make sure tape 'em out too
Any dealers we making my niggers waiting out too
No ain't no need for no rushing,
Let's get that paper out too
You down in Miami ,bitches fuck while they yap
You niggers talk on my s neck, go pick yourself from
the block
Mad as fuck I can tell,greenest stuff on some shelf
But if I hit 'em them pussies, I know the suckers would
tell
I'm a menace out here, I'm a product of blocks
And the hate throwing out,I kiss alot of that glock
Nice and short on the hills, call it milf of the will
You keep on holla at choppers you better get you some
shell
I'm a problem I promise ,taking down in the Thomas
Smoking down in the eile my money growing ,empower

(Hook)

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(Verse)

I used to dream of this prophecy
Some time they feed on they coppin'

My presence big as a building
I put your team in my pocket
I'ma bong your wife
She takes my semen and swap it
Them vixens come with a vick on em
Like a queen on a topic
I do the semi way hemmy
The time we be at the tropic
We leave a mess and go
Drop it and it green when I pop it
I stick my chest out to the roof
Soon as you catch up and spit it
Two mean men gon' rebel
I'ma grind up your sis
Fuck you hatin ass niggers
And you hatin ass hoes
We ain't in the same bracket
Too good to be in our flows
'Cause I'm so motherfucking high
I can touch the sky
You have just been outshined
By someone that doesn't try
I'm getting red I ain't got to look for led
Lift a tone , 20 kil one' nigga struck as vague
Fly, I have to go last ,let us see all you niggers dead
Torn is for the lessons ,got my blessings or wine up
dead

(Hook)

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