

Lloyd Banks "Come Up"

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G'z up, to every hood and every crew
YOU, suppose to have ya gun 'round you
and I, claim G-Unit till die
got it down, loyalty, i aint fuckin with me

Whoever it was that said carrots was good for ya sight
Must've never came across a rock this bright
I been hot since Mike first put on a glitter glove
Slip backwards on a stage to give a nigga love
Yea im popular, but dont get it fucked up
The Uz'll have ya shakin in the club like Buck up,
wassup

With these wannabe Lloyd Bankstas, toy gangstas
We need to do a remix cuz theres some more wankstas
My street team strap Mag's on they waist
Vest under the shirt, and black rags on they face
Im a problem, Lord can you find a way to save me
I cant die shit i aint even have my baby
Fuck its all gravy if I got im cool
Death comes for everybody, no acception to the rule
Im a G-Unit soldier, ridin with my eyes low
Funny rims spinnin backwards in a spiral
Yall know the kid got the game in a gyro
in other words to choke nigga im no joke
how the fuck you sell 4 million records and go broke
how the fuck you take a trip to jamaica and dont smoke
Out in L.A., i know a couple? and Loc's
My chain heavy, 'bout the weight of soap on a rope
Leave ya girl around me to long I'll poke her in her
throat
As soon as she open the coat, bend her over and
STOKE

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In the town im from, the Tattle Tells dont rock like Pro
Keds
The lil niggas ride they mo-ped's round the dope
heads

Glass on the ballcourt, you cant even cross over
Without poppin the ball, im not gonna fall
One year from now im in the pop?
Bulletproof glass blockin ya ball, glock in the door
Im on tour, pocket the raw, knockin ya hoe
You back home suckin ya teeth moppin the floor
Im gettin top dollar the?
Been in the game a year and got 2 "Best Of Banks"
Cd's
If they aint mine then i dont give a fuck about em
shit, R. Kelly played with kids and niggas still bought
his album
I learned patience cuz it takes time
Now my delivery is sicker than McGrady on the
baseline
None of the Tec's jus wait around
Cuz i got a roster, that'll bring a record label down
Im a monster, i tear da whole track up
My powers of bars if i hand another throw back up
Im flyin back to Miami jus to do a feature
And they throwin paper at me like a substitute teacher
Im far away from the leechers, they cant even reach us
Im on the left coast gettin my dick sucked on the
bleachers
Somebody hurlin up, everytime that i stunt
And every other verse you hear is the rhyme of the
month, YEA

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