

Lloyd Banks

"Die One Day"

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[VERSE 1]

(uh huh)

I keep my hip on pound
Cause chickens hectic in my town
Drag my family with me cause that's how real niggas
get down (gea)
If it wasn't for 50 I probably wouldn't be around
(gea)
Caught up in the temptation sitting in jail or in the
ground (gea)
If for that if you snap a finger and I'll lay a nigga
down (whoop)
It's fucked up when you're only facial expression is a
frown (uh huh)
A hood rat will put a future in a fool's pants
Till she find out you can't buy furniture with food
stamps (uh huh)
A year ago I made a decision before I shut my eyelids
Better if I get shot tomorrow cause I don't like
surprises
When you hot as an oven they with open arms
When you cold as a freezer niggas treat you like they
don't need ya
Some people call it ?? me I call it amnesia
Live my life principal driven never bite that hand that
feeds you (uh)
Never mind all the haters fuck'em all let them die
slow
All I need is my niggas, money, liquor and hydro (I kno)

[CHORUS x2]

Everybody gon' die one day
Whether it's natural cause it's a gunplay
But fuckin with me you sliding down a one way
I keep it gangsta from Monday to Sunday

[VERSE 2]

Don't blame me

Blame my mom and pop for breeding this (uh huh)
The game needed this

Lloyd Banks AKA Mr. I don't feed a bitch
Don't need a bitch
I stay there when I need a bitch
You want a trick you need to switch
Cause I don't think you could beat this bitch (whoa)
This is all I gotta have to blow
So whether it's fast or slow
Platinum flow making it easy to kidnap a hoe (uh huh)
Pop the back
Pass the dro
Roll about a half an O
The git citizenship my pimp is international (yee)
You gotta agree
These motherfuckas will probably find
Bin Laden before they find a nigga hotter than me
We on top as far as I can see
And since the hood watching me
My regular trip to the mall is a shopping spree (damn)
I'm the #1 draft pick none of ya'll are topping me
(uh huh)
I move around with the plastic you ain't dropping me
(uh huh)
They show me love on my city
They fuckin with me and I'm fuckin with them
Nigga G-Unit till the end (Gea)

[CHORUS x2]

[Lloyd Banks]

Ya six inches from a coffin (coffin)
So I suggest you stop talkin (talkin)
And make me result to violence (violence)
And you'll no longer be walkin (walkin)
Ya six inches from a coffin (coffin)
So I suggest you stop talkin (talkin)
And make me result to violence (violence) Nigga..
(nigga)

Yeee..

You gotta love it!

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