

Lloyd Banks "Finish Line"

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[Lloyd banks]

Under dog is cool, I'm used to being overlooked
look at me now I'm filled with style, my blunt is rolled
with Kush
look bitch I'm ballin, ballin'
chasin' K's like Reggie Bush
my haters hatin' don't know how inside the Bentley look
five in the mornin' recording
you think I slept all day
but I really aint slept at all
I got bills that's due, need cheques today
southside don't play play around
if you want me, another black body dumped
duck down when you hear the sound,
I got peace but not the kind you want
n-gga R.I.P, march throught the club with no I.D
make sure they put the pretty b-tches round me
tables of Bub' and it's all on me
hoes show love in the V.I.P
think about bread when you think about P
what I done did and how I OD
check a muthaf-cking thing here free
touch nothing you see
I ex'ing off the hoes quick as they come
drinking heavy rollin' up like i got an extra lung
singing Bentley, sippin' harley pardon what I've
become
leakin' bezey, reaper fetti, product of mama slum
these n-ggas never did sh-t for me when I was starvin'
son
just me against them, you remember that
thought you'd be glad but you parting along when I'm
ending at
I don't see no kind of friend in that
f-ck em all go spend a stack
yapping like a bitch don't get more friend than that
this that no pretending rap
y'all know how my engine at
nine in front two ten's in back
running with that stack in his back
one in yo ad

I know I'm watched by an angel
still feel her hugs and her kisses
on the phone with my grandma
don't give a f-ck bout these bitches
dont give a f-ck bout their trophy's
or anything that they might owe me
I do this for you (you, you)
the only ones that really know me
only ones that aint disown me
I remember everything they said
said I was dead, deaded all that
sledgehammer right on your head
live for the now, su woo to gone
sucka n-gga's left red
no time for waiting rather get mine instead
Lloyd Banks Finish Line Lyrics on
I gettin' money on a dime
girl it's my time
go get that Love sh-t out your mind
you living blind
can't go for that will fall behind
I'm on the grind
Im hittin 'em two at a time
why would I decline

see you at the finish line
line, line,line,line,line,line
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