

Lloyd Banks

"Good Compagny"

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[volume rises]

[Intro:]

{DAMN! } Yeah! {Whooooooooooooooooooooo
Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }
Check my mic up! {CAN'T FORGET... NELSON! }
Yeeah! {G-UNIT! }
Shit is right! (ugh!)

[Verse:]

On the run baby - conceived thru a criminal, (why?)
A General! - So I don't operate the way the women do.
And that one's subliminal. - It don't apply let it ride
(ride...)
I know ya kind, get disrespected and let it slide! (G-
Unit!)
Naaah! - That ain't the cloth that I was ripped from (uh!)
You talk a lot of shit son. - You betta have a big gun!
(uh!)
Just add em up and pick one. - You think they got they
shit from? (huh?)
You think I got my bitch from? (huh?) - She even gave
the click some. (YEAH!)
She came from the tropics, like the Chronic in my
pocket
Cop it! Crush it! Roll it! Spark it! And mix it in with' the
chocolate!
I'm a prophet! (yeeah!) - I can see it 'fore it happen
(uh!)
Make you see it thru my rappin'. (uh!) - I'm just rappin'
what I see (see!)
See me laughin', to the V! (whooo!) - How can thee -
fuck with' me? !
I'm a G! - Sucker free! - Takin' me? - I wear the tool
make ya pee!
You fucked up! - Wakin' me, now that I'm woke, you
can't breathe
Loch ness in a vest, you gotta headshot me! Ya see?
[blast]
My money new as the news, and you're confused
So off with' ya 22, for talkin' down on ya crew. (ugh!)

I'm walkin' round with a tool! - Chinchillas and gator
feet (ugh!)
Leather seats, I don't fear nothin' bring on whatever
beef. (whatever!)
I'm on a level you will never reach! (reach!)
Every 16, my leverage peaks - I go to bed with' heats!
Sleep with' dough; teach a hoe the game, but I keep
her bro
Give her X and reefer smoke, now let's get this money!
Funny how the tables turn on ya! - Ya homeboys wanna
murder ya!
Disturbia! It don't matter the size, there's an urn for ya.
My coalition dirtier! - Down to do the dirty work
Rape ya baby mama 'til she violent, find her in the dirt.
(dirt!) {Whooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo}
Nigga cryin', don't work! - It just make ya tired!
{Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }
Try it! - You ain't about that, be quiet! (uh!)
These brick artists are wired - so what's the
conversation for? !
I taste money and chase some more - you want me to
break the law? ! (damn!)
Life's a bitch, an ungrateful whore! (whore!)
She'll let you see it make you pay for more, the
American way I'm sure!
I'm pure! - See my papa was so raw like a
Ki to a quarter, a O so ulcer to cold sore! (YEAH!)
They been hatin' as long as a world tour
And if my label gave me the push! - I woulda sold
more! (more!)
It's just me against the planet in this cold cold war
Out the store 4-4 nigga, how bout yours? ! (yours? !)
You are now in the company of greatness, (uh!)
And I only like green faces - I'm a racist, let's take it
back to the basics!
Before I got my bracelet. (uh-huh!)
My mansion or my spaceships. - And answer all ya
hatred! (YEAH!) [blast]
Louis Vuitton or naked it's the same ol' G!
"MYB! " - Mind Ya Bidness - or ya finished! It's nothin'
more than a scrimmage
My style wake the spirits (yeah!)
Which I'm - heavenly mirrored this time - they gon' hear
it!
Sometime - more than a lyricist, lyrics are just the half
(half!)
Miss it! - My heart so cold you'll catch a draft! (yeah!)
Ask the opposition 'bout him, they doubt him, the
crowds crowd him (uh-huh!)
And my mixtapes are magic, patched together like an
album! (yeah!)

I've been labeled since a child and I'm black, I'm wild
and I'm violent
Won't crack a smile and I'm silent - while the stacks
keep piling. (piling!)
And as the world keep spinnin' I keep stylin'
On a far deep island, from a concrete ground and - I'm
DROWNIN'! [gunshot] {DAMN! } [beat stops]

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