

Lloyd Banks "G's Up"

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[Chorus x2: Lloyd Banks]

G's up to every hood and every crew (yeah)
Supposed to have your gun 'round you
And I.. claim G Unit 'till I die
Got it down to a tee
Ya'll ain't fuckin' with me

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[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Who ever it was that said carats is good for your sight
Must have never came across a rock this bright I've
been hot since Mike
First put on the glitter glove
And slid backwards on the stage so give a nigga love
Yeah I'm popular, but don't get it fucked up
The Uz'll have you shakin' in the club like the bruck up
Whats up? with all these wanna be Lloyd Banks
And toy gangstas
We need to make a remix cause theres some more
wankstas
My street team straps Mags on they waist
Vest under the shirt and black rags on they face
I'm a problem lord can you find a way to save me?
I can't die shit I ain't even had my baby
Fuck it its all gravy
If I go I'm cool
Death comes for everybody no exception to the rule
I'm a G Unit soldier ridin' with my eyes low
Funny rims spinnin backwards in a spiral
Ya'll know the kid got the game in a jyro
In other words just choke
Nigga I'm no joke
How the fuck you sell 4 million records and go broke
How the fuck you take a trip to Jamaica and don't
smoke
Out in L.A. I know a few dimoes and locs
My chain heavy about the weight of a soap on the rope

Leave your girl around me too long I'm pokin her throat
Soon as she open her coat
Bend her over and stroke

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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

In the town I'm from the tattle tales don't rock like Pro
Keds
the little niggas ride they mopeds
Around the dope heads
Last on the ball court, you can't even cross over
Without poppin a ball
I'm not gonna fall
One year from now I'm in the pop corn Azzure
bulletproof glass Blockin your boy
Glock in the door
I'm on tour, pocket of raw
Knockin' your whore
You back home suckin your teeth moppin' the floor
I'm gettin top dollar this ain't freebies
Been in the game a year and got two "Best Of Banks"
CDs
If they ain't mine then I don't give a fuck about 'em
Shit R. Kelly played with the kids and niggas still bought
his album
I learned patience cause it takes time
Now my delivery is sicker than McGrady's on the
bassline
None of the teckas wait around
Cause I got a roster that'll bring a record label down
I'm a monster I tear the whole track up
My closet'll bar brick on me if I hang another throwback
up
I'm flyin back to Miami just to do a feature
Cause they throwin' paper at me like a substitute
teacher
I'm far away from the leeches
They can't even reach us
I'm on the left coast gettin my dick sucked on the

beaches
Somebody hurl one up everytime that I stunt
And every other verse you hear is a rhyme of the
month yeah!

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