

## Lloyd Banks "G'z Up"

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[Chorus x2]

G'Z UP!, to every hood and every crew  
U (you), supposed to have ya gun 'round you  
N-I (and I), claim G-Unit till die  
got it down to a T (tee), Ya'll aint fuckin with me

[Verse]

Whoever it was that said carrots (karots) 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 and  
Slipped backwards on the stage, so give a nigga love  
Yeah, I'm popular, but dont get it fucked up  
The Uz'll have ya shakin in the club like the bruck up,  
What's Up  
With these wannabe Lloyd Banks's, toy gangstas  
We need to do a remix 'cause 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 go, Im cool  
Death comes for everybody, no acception 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 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 Damu's and Loc's  
My chain heavy, 'bout the weight of soap on a rope  
Leave ya girl around me to long, I'm pokin' her throat  
Soon as she open her coat, bend her over and STROKE

[Chorus x2]

[Verse]

In the town Im from, the tattle-tells dont rock like Pro-  
Keds  
The lil niggas ride they mopeds round the dope heads  
Glass on the ballcourt, you cant even cross-over

Without poppin the ball, I'm not gonna fall  
One year from now im in the pop ??  
Bulletproof glass blockin ya boy, glock in the door  
(jea!)  
Im on tour, pocket of raw, knockin ya whore (jea!)  
You back home suckin' ya teeth, moppin the floor  
(laughs)  
Im gettin top dollar, these ain't freebies  
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 'cause it takes time  
Now my delivery is sicker than McGrady on the  
baseline  
None of the Tec's jus wait around  
'cause i got a roster, that'll bring a record label down  
Im a monster, i tear da whole track up  
My closet bar'll break on me if I throw another  
throwback up  
Im flyin back to Miami, just to do a feature  
'cause 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  
beaches  
Somebody hurlin up, everytime that i stunt  
And every other verse you hear is the rhyme of the  
month, YEA

[Chorus x2]

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