

Lloyd Banks

"Hard Days"

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You wonder why my days hard?
I spent my morning at the graveyard
Ya crawl into this world, don't walk away scarred
Tattoos of my past views, I was told cash rules
Get yours, go if ya last move, mash thru
I wasn't taught, I'ma natural
Bred from a Puerto Rican lady and a black dude
And that dude, is why I'm me
Responsible for every smile I see
He who told me since a child I'd be, more than a
regular boy
And boy was he...right as ever, I'm smart, I'm clever
He's good, I'm better, I'm hood forever
A treasure, value beyond measure
I stand out, ain't gotta be all extra
Banks, the one ya look small next to
Just like Webster, run...I'll catch ya
If ya ain't have the money, I'd ass bet ya
Fuck it, this'll let all the water out ya bucket
Furs and specs when I flex, my swag and my steps
extremely complex
And yall just pets, you can't be the don next
The weight of that torch feels like arm reps
And I done heard it all now I'm gon' bomb next
Fuck all you niggas and don't take it out of context
You gotta love a nigga loyal
When shits fucked up, he there for you
Now its time to turn the heat up to a boil in oil
A g from the sack to the soil

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