

Lloyd Banks

"Hip-Hop Drunkies Freestyle"

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Round 1

What don't y'all get off of my dick, I got an album to do
I spit a punch line now you wont get til 2002
I know your type, get wild with a crew
And get found powdery blue, you cant be proud to be
you
I get love like a child with a flu, you don't want to battle
me
The response from the crowd'll be Ouuu
Don't matter if you my age or old as my pops
I got something for new beef that come straight out the
box
Its nothing to bag your bitch, have her holding my cock
Doing laundry half naked folding my socks
I know niggaz that I grew up with, that roll with the cops
And got found beat the fuck up, swollen with knots
Brother fucking up in school so I told him to stop
Cause if the coach see your grades he aint holding
your spot
I got plans to leave my neck and hands frozen with
rocks
So every bitch watch when I pose on the block
When my flow hit the top, it's the rose or the drop
Bring the weed and speeding on the road with the wop
Play hot boy and get a cold winter chop
Come back quarter roll hole in your top
The hoe love the way I put her toes in a knot
Blows in her spot, middle finger rows your block
They say I'm to smart to rhyme
So niggaz want me in that newest spring wear
Called ?chalk design?
I love vanilla to the chocolate kinds
So I don't show up at parades, unless its for the march
of dimes

Round 2

If words could kill, I'd probably average a body a bar
Beef I put air holes in the side of your car
Dro come with smiley faces on the side of jar
Blades put smiley faces on the side of your jaw

I'm sick of the law, gamble throw trips on the floor

Fuck a tour, I send you on a trip to the floor
I'm like friends that borrow clothes,
Quicker to draw, dipped in velour
Since a kid shoplift in the store
You should've listened before, something hot slipped
in the door
Name Banks, hard dicking your whore
I'm too much for one borough, y'all can all get a piece
of Lloyd
Beef'll show up on your porch like pizza boys
Teachers gave me F's so I gave the teachers noise
Who ever thought a drop out'd be on the beach with
toys
I got four arms, two for fighting
One for fucking, my other one'll have you ducking

Round 3

I know why you mad, somebody told I was hot didn't
they
Well cover your nose I got a whole lot of shit to say
You sound like me, spit it in a different way
You ain't write no hits, nigga put your wrist away
Every time you see me, I'm looking like it's picture day
I'm athletic, I dip dive, shit for the spray
I'm the best no surprise, but, if, or mays
I put DNA all up in your bitches braids
How you eating when you skinny like you sick with AIDS
Beating me will never happen like nick parades
While you inhaling nickel bags, I'm blowing out a fifth
of haze
I'm a be around when the forget the Jays
No free-bes, now you gotta pay me bucks
I turn niggaz like you, into baby butts
And I ain't DJ, but I give you eighty cuts
Nigga I'm a grown ass man go battle lady luck

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