

## Lloyd Banks "Homicide"

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[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

What kind of nigga run his yap with no gat (you)  
Shake his man hand and stab him in the back (you)  
Then catch a little case and turn it into a rap (you)  
Comfortable with the beefin as long as its on wax  
What kind of nigga hits the precinct bitchin (you)  
Spend all his hard earned money on a chicken (you)  
When they lookin for jooks guess who they pickin (you)  
And if you talk 'bout us guess who they stickin' (you)

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Look I could spot a fraud so don't try and bluff me  
Trust me  
We run New York longer than Puffy  
These rap niggas pretend that they like me  
Until they bent out they cycle  
My words touch the kids like Michael  
Niggas don't understand 'till we be on they vest pass  
Or we wire they jaw like the Kanye West crash  
We got the wratchets tucked  
I'm from the hood where we was cold and it was the  
winter, niggas  
Had to put the plastic up  
I'm blowin bubble gum dro  
And you a bum on the road  
The type of nigga you pay to shovel your snow  
Stop thinkin you the Man Of Steel  
Cause the cannon will  
Take your legs right from under you like bannana peel  
Look at my hand on chill  
The wheel won't stay still  
Your boys smoother than the OJ kill  
for real  
The Queens know I'm a problem  
As well as the Bronx, BK, Long, Staten Island and  
Harlem  
I blew the game open  
Came a long way from the train smokin  
A nigga switchin' in ya lane smoke him  
I keep them lames hopin'  
The dames wishin'  
My chain glisten

High as hell so I ain't got to feel the plane twistin'  
Drunk off the Louey 3  
A nigga violate me  
You get a gooey tee  
Word to Huey P.  
You can't go cop chinchilla  
With thin scrilla  
And I ain't just get hot nigga I been iller  
We ain't the same either don't try to play or push me  
Difference is I make pussy pay you pay for pussy  
Now you ain't really ready for war my side is bigger  
I'll put a patch on your eye like a pirate nigga  
I'm in a class of my own  
Got model ass on my phone  
No problem passin 'em on  
They swallow fast and I'm gone  
B-A-N-K- dollar sign click clack  
The young gorilla out the cliques back

[Bridge: Lloyd Banks]

Yeah, theres alot of foul shit going on 'round here  
Keep ya guards up cause niggas ain't playin fair  
But if you scared of a collision nigga run and hide  
Cause if the gunnas ride  
It'll be a hom-i-cide

[Lloyd Banks: talking]

Yeah I'm so sorry ha ha The Hunger For More  
May 25th The wait is over, fuck all you niggas

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