

Lloyd Banks

"I Am Legend"

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Back With a vengeance, minus the big pendants
So they think my head big - but i got the same co-
defendants
Rap is like tennis, Why? I'll punch you back and forth;
My ratchet's my racket - that'll back em off

Off with hater head, bury em still breathing;
6 feet in his own borough for no reason
Now thats it freezing, I figure I'll put the coups up;
Get two trucks, wit smokey grey and blue guts, a few
bucks, will get you bucked, betta juice up;
Or ride around wit the roof, up cause if not,
We'll snatch you right outta there - get outta of here

Marks on your outer layer;
I'll lay ya down, plus im bout it player - I get where im
going without a favor
Without poltics; tricks a free pass, i need cash, in the
seats fast
But me, I got to eat - I am a don - wipe my feet;

I don't know what song it is, but i have always liked the
beat,
So therefore - it's mine to eat, eat my lambo dust,
niggas is grimey so only in hammers we can trust, till
its a slammer in them cuffs
I Am Legend;
I make mixtape heaven - ya peasent, you dont wanna
be the 187, ya done

I break bread in the slums, summer to winter I come;
The switch siders wont work - I tell em get it from them
The nemisis of this;
Your belated christmas gift, they hatin' dont get the
Crys;
Paper wont get you this
Fake niggas slit ya wrist, My balance is ridiculous
These old niggas frivolous; you cant be serious
they all on they periods;
might as well make em bleed all over they tight
clothing

I pop shit got, got metal for chest;

Just like Logan - Boom - lyric explosion
They can play the club all the time - nobody knows
them
Me on the other hand, three seprate law suites are
open
Ya smokin nigga, new york city aint jokin
My flow potent - im stronger than a pure block
Warlock, attitude like 'Im the one - your not'
1964 drop, 1982 boy, 2000 and 9 style; you outta the
blind now

The best what? over my gold casket; fatherless child
bastard
if there is a requirement test then, i passed it, with
flying colors;
My flying spur damn there all rim - no rubber, im in
take cover i been, were many wont go, you wont blow,
I toured the world, Im going back - also
Middle finger po po, the punks behind the patch; watch
ya back
dont eat cheese chunks; im not a rat
keep pumps and nines back, or get linebacked;
Flat line, line em up - we ballin and diamond up
Im all in and out a slut, nigga get ya dollas up;
Ya proud of what? Nigga you pouted up

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