

Lloyd Banks

"I Don't Break"

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[Lloyd Banks:]

Yeah
Queens
Yeah
Queens

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Fuck the limelight and the streamers
I influence the dreamers
Think like a genius
And whiz it like Arenus
I got the Ninas
One shot gun
The other ones by the penis
Only balls come between us
Hes a million fish in the water and i'm workin' the waves
Man my G will make a nerd lady open her legs
And if hip hops dead i'm the shot cups
Like the system out the fan only the top cut
Pop what?
Pop open
Get popped on
Kind of like hot corn
By throwin' ya block on
A quarter mill of rock on
Heated seats i'm long
I'm strong
Rap don
Icon
Slash pipe bomb
To get my right hand back, I give my right arm
Gangstas don't mourn all night long
Right, wrong
Now the industry is shakey as ever
And everybody ass kissin' ain't makin' it better
Lifes a bitch don't let her
Slow down your cheddar
You win some, you lose some go down? no never
Whatever
Ain't shit really changed niggas still actin'
If you really had that many bricks you'd be still trappin'

You must've got dummy all fitted
Man fuck a rap buddy any one of ya'll can get it
All money ain't good money but I want it
You can give me a blood diamond with blood on it
I'll wipe the blood off it
Clean it and cut it 'till it shine then floss it
I'm on my New York Shit
I was told somewhere down the line I lost it
And I had to raise my hand they forced it

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Its six in the morning awoke by the sound of the pound
Something just went down
Its hot out there, its hot out there yeah
My cell phones ringin'
My Blueberry is singin'
And the messages is filled with:
"Hey"
I don't read, I don't read, I don't read

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Haters can't stand it
But I'm G Unit branded
Thats what I ride for, go in the can with
Don't run up on me with the Van Dam shit
All mean muggin' when you really a fan shit
I rather go out in the Blazer, uh fuck it
Bury me in a Benz with big rims
A pair of black Timbs
And the Beverly Twins
Money, a Mac-10
And the heaviest gem
In nineteen-eighty two
I came through
Bird's eye view
In a Cortez shoe
South Side nigga, nigga who the fuck are you?
You in the wrong neighborhood theres nothin' I can do
Next time bring ya thing matter fact bring two
Niggas is all waitin' for dreams to come true
I lost half a crew
Before I turned twenty-two
So I live life doin' whatever I want to do

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

My cell phones ringin'
My Blueberry is singin'
And the messages is filled with:
"Hey"
I don't read, I don't read, I don't read
Its six in the morning awoke by the sound of the pound

Something just went down
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