

## Lloyd Banks

# "I Got A Story To Tell"

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Listen up I got a story to tell...  
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This one's about Puerto Rican ruiz gold covering two  
teeth

Unpredictable nigga, always in some new beef

at school he plans robberies on his loose leaf  
only 17 wit the mind of a true thief  
never had the patience required to make it  
so he takes it, flossin wit the next man bracelet  
playin the block wasted  
and nobody'll smoke wit him 'cause 9 times outta 10,  
he laced it  
revolver in his back-pack  
money blendin in 'cause he half black  
movin through the hood like a lab rat  
never been a good student  
'cause his whole wigs poluted  
similar to the niggas he recruited  
like nappy head chris, pretty ricky, and ronnie  
became best of friends 'cause everyone of em grimey  
before they met, they all did they share of dirt  
now that they together situations only got worse  
see brew? he the mastermind always got a mission  
but his trigger finger itchy so the average nigga listen  
he said his neck glisten 'cause he caught a nigga  
slippin  
in the benz wit a system with his lady friend kissin  
but now this niggas sittin  
breakin down chumps on top of they textbooks  
gettin ready for they next jokes  
and he a big timer, i know his girlfriend Rolanda  
she live uptown by Pearl's Diner  
the only thing left now is to find her  
and get in her vagina, and send Ricky, the bitch picky

weeks passed with her is no quickies  
and walkin through the city  
his eyes tattooed on her titties  
they stopped for drinks  
drinks led to the crib

crib led to the bed  
bed led to a head  
he popped the question, she said exactly where he  
stayed at  
'cause he cheated on her twice and this is a way of  
payback  
now he on his way back to Queens  
weapon in his jeans  
goin over the directions to the cream  
but while he was gone, Ronny and Chris got arrested  
doing a side jinx nobody really expected  
now shits gettin hectic  
a 4 man army turned to 2 niggas  
4 arms and 2 triggers  
but they aint care, they can smell the money in the air  
bust in the house, loaded chrome stuffed in his mouth  
made him sit the fuck on the couch, snuffin him out  
and ran to the back room, punchin holes through the  
bathroom  
they found the stash  
ziplock bags full of cash  
along side of some potent ass hash  
a week passed, brew actin funny  
'cause he aint like the idea of another nigga wit money

yeah...

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