

Lloyd Banks

"If You So Gangster"

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[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Around here them boys, 'dem don't play (uh)
You can hear the sounds of gun spray erry day
I give 2 fucks by what a bird say (uh)
Playboy don' do tings er way (whoo)
Ims Raps Lebron Teflon John (uh)
Bergets Unarmed (uh) the next Sean....John (g'ea)
By any means I protect my charm (uh huh)
Play to bubble you up like my west shawn don (uh)
Im only calm when im blowin that chron (uh)
Getting them flashbacks like baby hold onnn
I never thought I'd sweat so long (uh)
And re-enact the scene of my ghetto song (uh)
Eyes wondering off. breath all gone (haa)
Stomach all swolled up neck all warm (uh)
Head still spinnin off that seagram vodka
Do you know who shot ya? BITCH GET THE DOCTA!

[Chorus]

If You So Gangsta€!
Then Why you tuck your chain in when you walk in the
club
an' if You So Gangsta€!
Why you a grown man still getting you pockets dug
If You So Gangsta€!
Then how come every time you get into beef you tell
an' if You So Gangsta€!
Why niggas know you for that in the streets, so well?

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Now every now and then a new kid got away
Yeah, but unfortunately for you I'm him (sorry)
In my new tan chucks with the blue dyed end
Hoppin out that big truck with the new wide rim
Are ya cramped up on ya jet blew ride in (uh)
We air the G4 let the crew dive in (shewww)
Before Lloyd Banks tell, pop wont sell
I feed a nigga a shell like taco bell (uhh)
Im flyin out to japan to attract new fans

Let em' get to know the man with the tattooed hands
Them gem stars leave ya face all fat
So learn to stash yours in your baseball cap (uh)
Im either getting money out of state off rap (uh huh)
So im tryin to figure out what made Mase fall back
And them niggas in New York know the man is a
monsta (uh)
And I ain't from Atlanta but I'll A-Town Stomp Ya (Mo'
Fucka)

[Chorus]

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If You So Gangstaâ€¦
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an' if You So Gangstaâ€¦
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[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

It's like everywhere I look and everywhere I go
It's a bitch sayin something slick (slick)â€¦But you can
suck my dick (dick)
Im grade A nigga you don't know who ya fuckin wit (uh)
They'll run up on ya ass , you think you drunk ya lip
(who)
I got money bags big as a bump can get
And pistols as long as the hand shaq dunkin wit (yea)
I ain't the type that's desperate
I'm modelin diamonds now you can call me Ice N'
Beckford
My down bitch holds the metal
She got a coke bottle figure and an ass that shake like
a bowl of jello
You ain't even almost rich
They fuckin yo ass like the models in my porno flicks
(broke nigga)
Therefore you can't afford no six
So before you hop your ass on camera get your
wardrobe fixed (haha)
banks don't house warm no bitch
So if there was 5 of us (what?),
Then she gon probably suck four more dicks (hah)

[Chorus}

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