

Lloyd Banks "Increase The Gritty"

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Verse [Eminem]
Shady aftermath,
Whoo kid, let's go
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5
4, 3, 2, 1

Intro [Lloyd Banks]
Return of the PLK brought me the feedback
And Halloween havoc showed niggas
I could repeat that
They need that
so lay your seat back
And pay attention
And follow me through volume three
outta dimension

Verse [Lloyd Banks]
They don't make niggas like they use to
I'm living proof
Making a killing off a sinning
Cause I give the truth
When I ain't putting the crap down
I'm spinning coupes
Too hot, I'm winter-proof
Them niggas wouldn't give a tooth
I hit the switch, tint the roof
Famous cause I flip the booth
Dangerous, what a hit produce
A body you, and get the truest
Ask them if they caking
You probably ain't gon get the truth
Me? I'm hella honest
Went Ferrari when I flipped the coupe
Sorry but we got ta?
Party with the choppas
Ammo when we casa, come slippin
And we got cha
Drippin blood, like pasta
Confine the boxers
I be in shackles while my mama watch us
Til they pick a time to drop us
??? I'm a pro at this

Golden gift,
grimey as the niggas I be rolling with
Lil man hold the fifth,
Heavy over loaded piff
Chevy over chrome lips
Catch me with your homie bitch
In a swollen six,
diamond flooded roolly wrist
Shining was my only wish,
Chinchilla was for more
If the club a place for fun
Then what you bring your pistol for
All these dummies in denial
When drama pop this shit to floor
Money coming by the pile
??? ???

c-notes in the liquor store
Speed boats on a different shore
A nigga tell you I ain't the one
He ain't know nothing
Bet he change his opinion
You let him hold something
I'm in a rove stunting
Wheels back to back
From a block away or more
You'd think I had the traffic packed
Shawty's rest in cadillacs
Can't hold they asthma back
Niggas talking mills now
They ain't made half of that
Me I'm in the hood for real
Right there where they trapping at
Right there where it happens at
All familiar habit
My habits are, carrots y'all
Sexing in the fastest cars
Green gang mastermind
Nine levels past the bar
Past the torch
Niggas ain't swerving
Never past the Porsche
I aim what they leeching off
BAP! Get them bastards off
Rock in the rap game
The top guys pageants off
Took it like a murder
When he wouldn't knock a rabbit off
Catch me out in Madison
On my automatic horse
Word play magical

I millimeter gat em all
You won't have a career
After I shatter yours
Then splatter his,
what my overwhelming average is

Streets ain't a game nigga
I was born by myself,
But I ain't going how I came nigga
Cause I'm a take a couple with me
If they get me
I'm tipsy and fucking high as hell off a sticky
Come on if you with me
I'm strong in the city
I'm never by myself
I got the chrome riding, dig me?
Rest in peace to Pac,
Rest in peace to Biggie
The industry been shinny now
Let's increase the gritty

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