

Lloyd Banks

"Intro / Rise From The Dirt"

Visit "[Intro / Rise From The Dirt](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

African American accident in a miracle
See who am I supposed to be here
Somehow I got the lyricism
Make my circles in blink off
Like my boy take my bling off
Like I'm caught in a maze
Trying pace, how much that thing cost, shit
Give me like 2 of them, shit I deserve it
Who am I to talk, hoe where you've been
It ain't my purpose 'til I was laying down in ooze and
But feeling all worthless ain't gon' help it
Hell's went loose and preeing in guards eyes
Behind these bricks, like these bitches who kiss
I kick 'em out, switching bitches like I'm switching these
whips
I sick 'em on your world afflicted and wrist
I'm one of the greatest, I'm sick of picturing this
And bleed my rose I buy a kitcher rich
Who gives a fuck by the way they gon' please me give
me the dough
You out of green then give me the dough
I'm doin' my thing in you niggaz hoe
Traitor bitch tell me, sorry gives the ring and you on the
flow
I'm consistent when I party bottles low, give me some
more
Been removed from the average fam' most likely now
has it's way
My chain bring attention in your in detention likely wise
Miss me with the cheddar I keep the tool and the
magnum by
Happen if I'm mad you die
I killin' niggers on stagger side
Forture in my daily, thought I was dead, bet you think I
clocked out
Can't let 'em see me ball, I got the ball I took a short
round
Encores as I walk out and there innovations the walking
label
Good teeth when I'm talking nigga, look at me and see
all the

Fresh Malcom X I got the crib in my tour gun
Bring them nigga that need 'em that his son picked the
wrong one
Dying is my ultimatum won't be a bum in a long run
Powered by all the hating, since a little boy my balls
home
Life can hard to handle, you try to offer your help but
It's somewhere in the fight club fucking themselves up
They say my eye position were last, but they amateurs
My buzz raging, we ain't mad at ya, we ain't mad at ya
All I got is my word it might be E big bird
I gotta eat bathe more I never leave this curve
A thousand degrees absurd, phenomenal me I'm
heard
When I'm in the hood I'm good and what I see I serve
Lil boy born treated, from a man down dream I wake
Taking air with a foul smell of dissapointment
So much love yet so much hate
Great size, used veins and white poison
Black on black crime for the green man's dollar
In time you're gonna enslave yourself
Mama pushed too hard will not save faith
Will not stop kill or fall
I'm too strong, hard as a rock, so inside cold
Hardly ever have been, hard times turning melody to
homicide
One small piece to the pile of genocide
Same questions in 21 religions
Where will you go, who will, and who isn't
Young man rise from the dirt, rise from the dirt
When you should be goin' to work
Yeah, V6

Visit [Lloyd Banks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.