

Lloyd Banks "It Ain't A Secret"

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[Chorus]

Lately I've been hearing a lot of things that I don't agree with
and it ain't a secret
everybody know you puss nigga you ain't a gangsta you a wuss
what makes ya feel comfortable enough to call my name out like ya know me
nigga I ain't cha homie
I got a 4 pound on me
and you can have it
[Chorus]

[Verse 1]

This here make ya piss in ya sweats
you know me michell and Ness Smithin and Wess Pistol and vest
I take ya life with a sound i got the whistle of death
ya boy flow put the crystal in meth
take the listeners breath
you won't believe what they do for cock
I hit the telly thrash
and slide off before the rooster cock
pour out some liquor for big let off 2 for pac
don't mingle around niggas shoot off the roof a lot
Fuck rattin every tooth is locked
and you co-operating
helping em damn near recruit the block
Im blowing heavy on the sofa with the dessie
just incase a nigga soft enough to slip through the crack
Id rather throw some at you then get my shit blew back
this is hardcore pitbull rap right out the track
The hood a bring the bitch out for ya
man I get the glock
my money flip like fish out water (Yeah)

[Verse 1]

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]

(Verse 2)

Im staring to feel like I got it all sewn up
I helped raise a few of these niggas
now they think they all grown up
see these DVD G's is pissed off behind the scenes
spoon fed niggas
clit soft as lima beans
to be real I dont know why im even trippin

'cause we run this shit
like diarrhea drippin
the breads long the pipe big
so Im comfortabe enough to got to court in my pj's like
mike did

I move around with the set long madley
so chill 'cause you can't block those wit Shawn Bradley
im a still be here when D-block flops
I got more cash than them in my rebook box
I brighten up the picture i shine bright
standing in my way the only way to be in the lime light
im lazy when i hit and run
which means you gon get to cum
even if you dont get to come

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Niggas(feel/steal) when i pass
'cause im on a spaceship on wheels
First to death

Little dude couldn't slip on pills
You bitch, all you gotta do is slip on heels
Cheatin on me, 'cause the house on the cliff (?)
I get the brush on ya, give the clique boys chills
Man there wont be no more songs stick saw(?) spills
I get the bills, 'um black entrepounigga strapped with a
vest armed with a trigga. I run and got a twin tag-along
The bitch is a quarter
I dont mind to split 'em up
Bloods thicker than water
So i capture all the episodes on the camcorder
She lick it of her stomach, right after i glam (?) on her
I turn the corner with the mack daddy lip
Supa fly black Mary Flint in the bed (?)
I thought about clapping Joe,
but why clap him with the iron
he one big mac away from diein

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