

Lloyd Banks "Jealousy"

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(Verse 1:)

Broke niggas still starvin while I'm still caked up
I done handled mo' ice than Jacob, your bank is vacant
You ain't even got cable and braggin bout dough
Niggas rockin fake labels and braggin bout clothes
Nigga wanna be Farrakhan, i stop you from eatin' like
Ramadan
This lyrical Columbine, I'ma be fuckin' your bitch on
Valentine's
Now it's missiles sent, for lyin' bout your dividends
Got you scared to drop bars like prisoners
You can't pay your rent so you mad at the unit (haha)
Til I put the steel in the middle of ya grill like a
toothpick
You want the limelight so die slow
You more emotional than all my ho's
I can see through a bitch nigga wit my eyes closed
So I'ma smoke this micro like hydro
Whether nines or rhymes I'll make ya mind blow
And it's showtime there's nowhere to hide so

Chorus

It's the Unit til the death of me
All this hatin just brings out the best in me
Success brings jealousy
But jealousy brings weaponry

So you'll be deaded right along with chivalry
And my bonds spiked like a tennis cleat
None of you rap niggas could ever limit me
I got the agenda of a winner, I'm what u pretend to be
Consider this your burial, leakin through the stereo
U can't afford a box of cereal and I just spent a mil or
two
You a dick rider cuz I spit fire til you retire
I'm a hustler, you a buyer, wit a wire
You was born broke and you gone leave the same way
My bars nuts like Payday, I ain't a DJ but the K slays
My rhymes give Satan a heat stroke
Mad at me cuz your whip gettin repo'd
Tryin to hit me is like Shaq hittin free throws
And Banks stack a bunch of chips like Pringles

Chorus (2x)

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