

Lloyd Banks

"Keep It Hood Feat Tity Boi, Young Buck"

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(Lloyd Banks Intro)

Clear the area imma let the cannon blow/
Why you think i brought my cousins from Jersey fo
Im used to stuntin keep a diamond and an antidote
Im from the gutter motherfucker

(Verse 1)

To be honest i aint never visit the suburbs
Before the rap/
Nigga i'm from the hood where you can find them
quarter waters at/
And actin like you can't afford all that/ Please
My whole click shops heavy aint no time for the stores
to stack/
We burn O's find a whole to clap/
Lately i've been on my eastcoast shit dealin with a
florida rat/
Be fucked if i swing that blammer/
It'll take your whole record lable to bring back hammer/
Damn near 40 a couple g's a pen/
And i still get my 3 white tees for 10/
You roll shit and roll dice till the cops come/
Which means they have to time to communicate which
means they unite as a top gun/
No ridin the emergency van/
'cause i can take trips come back to New York City
curved with a tan/
Blow 40 cal. curvin a man/
Ready to murder a man/
Thinkin he's tougher than Roberta Derann/ (Man)

(Tity Boi Chorus 2x)

See the do err we does/
The liquor and drugs/
Life of a thug and that's keepin it hood/
The girls who flow/
Who hustle for dough/
Enough to swallow some throat/
Is keepin it hood/

(Tity Boi Verse 2)

I'm hood by nature my habitat i stay brushed/

Like an Island/
With trash shirts and pirates/
Some work the day and some work the night shift/
Some work for change and some for a night lift/
The climate gets hot/
These broads take they tops off/
Like the CL6 and ride till they get lost/
I'm down for life my nigga got 4 strikes/
And wont come out until he die and come back like he's
born twice/
His own price/
I know that i confess that/
If i loose my contacts i still bring the best back/
Like bought 9 of the pies/
I eat 4 and give 5 to my guys/
I like to ride with my eyes on the prise/
Get outa line i'll rinse this nine in your eyes/
They thinkin im lyin but na luckily see i got buck and
banks/
And the feet got a pedicure 'cause the truck got
painted/ (yea)

(Chorus 2x)

(Young Buck Verse 3)

Extend the clip and finish my fith of hen/
And here comes that tennessee titan he's at it again/
Roll up that green sticky/
I brought my team with me/
Bring banks tell him to meet me up by magic city/
We got more and more than rambo/

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