

Lloyd Banks

"Keep It Hood"

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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 cant 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 hes tougher than Roberta Derann/ (Man)

(Tity Boi Chorus 2x)

See the do err we does/
the liquor and drugs/
life of a thug and thats 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 hes
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 hes 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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