

Lloyd Banks

"Large On The Streets"

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Literally drops and blood shed
Sour dough, nuff bread
In position of power them chumps dead
Backstabbers and cowards get drunk beds
And violent when unfed, PO's get a challengers bum
head
Medic, didn't mean it, shouldn't have said it
Insults are remembered, we all working to said it
Dont play with me, you'll regret it
Cause I target the man before the edit
Leave you like hard tops beheaded
I keep cream, the pistols my street team
Triples on my sweet beam
Crystals in my lap, I'm a beach dream
The skyscrapers to South Jamaica to foreign paper
I dominate ya, my shine shows a thousand acres
I knock 7 bitches down in Vegas
Knock 7 pictures down, I'm famous
I gotta work
Congratulate me with a lot of purp
I'm straight as a college shirt, money to the collar
bone, it gotta hurt
Million dollar condo windows, my view spotless
Cant see over my shoe boxes
I hold a big grudge, can't maintain my cool conscience
Smooth offence, high middle the news conference
New sponsors hoes trickin from how I dick em
Ten orgasm's more they gon powder six ones
She ever had a grimey thought I shook it out her
system
On cloud nine I smoke like a politician
Southside yelling at every rhyme I'm spitting
Popeyes and long sides from rides driven
Lil homie been smoking, he 11 now

Product of the same neighborhood, hope that don't let
him down
Dont go popping off your mouth, harlem showing I go
loko
Lloyd lost in time, hear my 1994 flow, came with the
yellow
Gardener with the Rose Gold

Him with the platinum crush ice
If your nose colds, train em with the raps
Dirty boxer with the low blows
Famous with the tats,
Keep straps for you and so so
Flat line, I put a MC to rest
Chipped up shoulder, ill like the Fila F
They gave me something to smile and feel like I need
to rest
Middle of summers my shine and bricks and weed for
stress
I got em hopping out of character my gun caliber,
babblar
Lift bars as hard as Africa
Karma's a trafficker, challengers a root statistic
Pardon my picnic, tooley on, MR fix it
My ups and downs got me looking at these bitches
different
Staring at my dad in these pictures twisted
I aint ya normal, I'm on my shit terrific
I figured I warn you, the bigger ticket
Big baller call you
I hope it's on you Lord knows a nigga push me
I set 'em on wheels, all you get is midget pussy
Cookies with you pop snatched I pop back
Radio hijack get it all before I die rap
My contacts help driving you soundtrack
Order built for combat 2010 and beyond that

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