

Lloyd Banks

"Lights, Camera, Packin'"

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(Yea we back ! ..its a 2 G thing boy .. it dont stop i feel
better then ever my car go up and down, my shoes
1400,who want it?)
Uh I raps like crack, my lacks nike black, my straps
right here, dont get your ass clapped,
wheels on the chair, a crippled ass back you see the
clouds in the sky, i put you past that
Im drunk and im blunted', my G 900, my green 550,
name it i done it, Im coller than a fridge, my jeweler's
on his Biz, Bandana bid, bitches drooling on the kid, Im
south jamaica bred, on a paper bed, you put niggas to
sleep my lines wake the dead, my women dont argue

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