

Lloyd Banks "Live It Up"

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(Verse)

I'm throwing like I used to
Got your common boohoo
And my diamonds coloured new blue
Got these bitches cocoo
Bag 'em up when they chuchu
And track on these hoes
Cheese 'em like the packets
'Cause I'm packing up these shoes
How the fuck am I supposed to rememeber
Who I bump probably won't
When you broke, bitches said you eat they smoke,
Now they don't, now they nail,
'Cause my feet won't hit the street, how you feel
I'm a real motherfucker, chasing a dollar bill
Drunk as fuck and I'm smoking
Trunk her up and I'm hoping
I can get her back to my room
With this video girl I'm pocking shit
I'm getting head right now
This supposed to be work
I'm laughing hard at these chicks
That think they getting close to be known
They said, I am fucking with who? that's supposed to
be jokes
Still be three weeks, and three tweets
They get a whole of these quotes
Don't know how the hell we floating,
All I hope are these boats
Stocking into my chevy, ride around with these spouts

(Hook)

Hey, what you niggas know about this money
The kick, got it ready to go
Hundred miles an hour catch me running
Full speed ahead to the dough
I'ma get it, life without a limit
I just want to live it up,
I got the hunger for more
I'ma get it, life without a limit
I just want to live it up,

(Verse)

I'm stacking on these chips
Producing on how I switch the kicks
I flip it the whip, I'm sicken then sick
I think somebody slipped me of me
Marry come dance with me
You're like my fantasy
I got all these questions girl
And you got the answer sheet
You know what the dude will teach
'Cause they don't wanna mean to me
The couple out the east
We got the chance to be
I'm out here hitting switches
Front street on the slim
I got a thousand bitches,
But you can be the one
I'm put a whoop, you beat that pussy like a drum
'Til you come 'til you done
Where you from, where you going
And you hit it, feeling bad
Smack it 'til it's red
Everyday I'm playing out with platinum a little bit
Bombay on my course, five carat on my coat
Five days in my city, that's five days in a the top
Niggers know what happen just for talking sideways
And they won't
Better of you don't, take a hit of this dope

(Hook)

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