

## Lloyd Banks

### "Lloyd Banks"

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[Lloyd Banks]

Yeah, 20 miles an hour in my long Bentley  
shame on you hater, this what the Lord sent me  
lately I've been practicing my gas face  
cause that's what I'ma give em when they land in last  
place  
hand right by the€;they aint too many seeing us  
so they wanna take my gifts  
but I wrap em with the (?)  
my regular (?)  
currency and cashmere  
you drove (?) your way, I told her she can crash here  
yeah I'm counting paper like the cashier  
living like I'm limited, grieving like its my last year  
my boy in and out the box, super stupid soldier  
told me if he could do it again he'd do it over  
Poverty's king cobra, squeeze ya life out  
cause its the fatalities and casualtes I should wirte  
'bout  
these rappers aint iced out, they just fooling  
running round town fakers, zirconian cubic

[Chorus]

Only money matters in the game, f-ck the fame  
I gotta eat dollar signs, feed my hunger pain  
music like me, dont worry, leave you numb the same  
play me like I'm something sweet  
be apart of summer slayin'  
most hate it most doubt it  
thats what they shout it  
I'm on top now, there's nothing they can do about it  
they better have ya out  
cause where I'm from, there aint no way around it  
home sweet home

[Pusha T]

I'ma f-cking rap til you blue in the face  
you'll probably turn into smurfs with the time that you  
waste  
throughout histroy they throwing shots at the greats  
but I shoot back, the Lord aint designed me for hate

I've never understood Martin Luther with the speech  
with the whole World watching me, turn the other  
cheek?

never, so there's one left to die in the streets  
cause his long arms happens to connect with his reach  
try to kill you then, them near misses was God's kisses  
true Hollywood story, ghetto tie bridges  
different strokes that n-ggas broke the (?) reach  
you only read about the cars that I paddle shift  
you only dream about the (?) that I dabble with  
balcony views, postcard, imagine this  
white stones, black steel cold chrome  
this city's my doormat, them home sweet home

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

See me where you see me  
always seen  
off the Queens magazines, pissy hallway scenes  
paying crowds, hunger screams, pressure crumbles  
teams  
f-ck being humble in the jungle where they fumble  
dreams  
drugs for the living, Henny (?) for the body  
crosses for the power, ghetto for the smiley  
pitbull, I bit my way out the cage, whats happening  
competition got me on the Rampage, Jackson  
part of my reaction to they corny ass raps  
keep flirting with death and get your horny ass clapped  
back for more me, rat tat, kiss the ring, beat respect  
out them  
bloody heads, turn timbalands to red bottoms  
50 bottles just a start now thats how they do it  
carbon fibre through the Spyder playin' rider music  
aint no question of my resume, I gotta prove it  
life's a b-tcha nd I get (?)

[Chorus]

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