

## Lloyd Banks

### "Luv With Ya Boy"

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you know we bubblin  
on my way an out an doublin  
why they hatin im troublin  
they be happy if they wasnt  
cuzn i aint sweatin nothin  
i be million dollar stuntin  
an my reputation buzzin  
say the grand old lady love em  
uhhh  
push an hug em by the dozen  
smokin sour by the hour  
kush bundled by the onion  
you can hear my car comin  
hood hummin trunk drummin  
comin up and down the block  
top drop no frontin  
drama bet the llama  
quick feed ya benigghana  
im jewelry bentley driver  
only beauty queen saliva  
i dont date  
i dont bother  
i will whoop ya like ya father  
comma hyphin dont matter  
when you in front of the revolver  
im bout a dollar  
wit my cup up in the zone  
watch me turn my swag on  
spray BLANK in her cologne  
about a couple hours in  
ive ben drunk the whole patron  
BLANK jump inside the liner  
i dump em right back on his bones  
BLANK is harder  
but the struggle made me smarter  
choppin lanes back and forth  
i get high as vince carter  
aint nobody got to gas me  
i dont need a BLANK charger  
im my own BLANK battery  
a casaulty of honor

im from the corner  
that will take a toll on ya  
when the heat hit  
it feel like ya got a stove on ya  
if you aint talkin money  
then you aint talkin to me  
swag till my swag on e  
parked in the v

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