

## Lloyd Banks "Make It Stack"

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[Lloyd Banks - Verse 1]

Too much thinkin'™

On top of that, I'm gettin'™ high and drinkin'™  
I'm floatin'™ on cloud 9, watchin'™ these  
niggas sinkin'™

No blinkin'™, you blink too much, you lose your turn  
Sleep is the cousin of death, you might as well pick  
your urn

I been talkin'™ my intentions, now it's time to go  
and do it

Take you were I come from, that influence on my music  
Ain't no u-turns on this path, think before you  
choose it

Hold this autograph, come get your cash and try to use  
it

I came here unexpected, Ima leave a legend  
Brought up in this hell, how I'm breathin'™  
heaven

I swear I fear I hear my niggas laughin' while I'm  
ballin'™

Woke up this mornin'™ the weed and alcohol  
callin'™

Livin'™ that life of a mac, kickin'™ them hoes out  
off 'em

Ask 'em when they comin'™ back, knowin'™ that  
they done lost 'em

Hit them bitches from the back, I ain't want all the  
talkin'™

Don't be blown at my jack, flat-line on that cat

[Hook]

Let's get this money, then lets make it stack  
Then lets make history, 'cause they can't take  
that back

Back to ballin'™ and spendin'™

Runnin'™ up in these women, got a bitch out the  
movie

Take a look how I'm livin'™

And do you know what it took?

I take you back down the road, before the riches and  
bitches

And the platinum and gold

I got it all from the work, no contract in my soul  
I don't ball/bawl up and die, I bomb back on them  
hoes

[Lloyd Banks - Verse 2]

Heat up in the winter, so I'm cooler come the  
summer  
We out here, gamblin' the ruger money sucker  
PYT and all we up the cougar, Ima crush her  
And I always been a rebel, never been a cuffer  
You just talk it, you don't does it  
So all those who suffer, you so humble out in public  
Computer make you tougher  
I got RosÃ© by the bottle, bitches by the car-load  
6 or 7 new ones, I'm switchin' up the mob  
Bitch I sleep in the Apollo, I'm always on stage  
I should take my show to Broadway 'cause that  
hallway like a grave  
Can't no bitch get in my mind, so I know it's  
physical  
I kick out the dimes, I think I'm invincible  
I climbed to the top, now I'm pissin' off the  
pinnacle  
I pray to God that I get rich, gettin' money spiritual  
Diamond in my physicals, that's why Ima stand out  
You don't got your hand in, you just got you hand  
out (son)

[Hook]

Let's get this money, then lets make it stack  
Then lets make history, 'cause they can't take  
that back  
Back to ballin' and spendin'  
Runnin' up in these women, got a bitch out the  
movie  
Take a look how I'm livin'  
And do you know what it took?  
I take you back down the road, before the riches and  
bitches  
And the platinum and gold  
I got it all from the work, no contract in my soul  
I don't ball/bawl up and die, I bomb back on them  
hoes

I bomb back on them hoers (x4)

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