

## Lloyd Banks "My Brother's Keeper"

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2 G's Up, hold the spot down
Niggas turned they back on the click, we all we got now
My dedication solid as a rock now
Everybody standin' on top gettin' knocked down
BLAOW, how you like a nigga now?
Stuntin' like a muh'fucka, wipe a nigga down
Style, and I'm done wit runnin' wild
Ridin' round town in a couple hundred thou

Right back wit another one Type back to my number, son I don't trust my kinfolk, it's like that where I'm comin' from

South Jamaica's number one, I'm semen and they bubble gum

Semen in ya baby mom, she has an undercover fund Keep a pretty broad around, magnum when it come to them

Imagine what they do to roll, grabbin' and pursue the pole

Arrogant wit too much gold, actually ya puma old Show me the money dog, Cuba Gooding Jr. roll Movin' like a goonie so the jealousy don't move me much

Militant manuvering and buddha with the windows up Foot on the pedal, heavy pushin' like they after me Coulda' been dead already, He got another path for me

Niggas ain't half of me, they half lame, half hoe It's big names in this rap game, they rats though I'm bout cashflow, fuckin' and recording And get snow fly, thats like jumpin' over jordan

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See me wit the money, niggas need me in a hurry I'm as grimey as it gets, and believe me they been worried

I'ma one man army, James Bond wit the bars
Wit collateral, I can change cars wit the stars
A phenomenon, first thing I did when I got the paper
Put my mama on, now I'm gone on Bahama lawn
I'm Montana strong, I did it, that's who
Get in my way, I'll crumble 'em word to my tattoos
Fuck authority, they want a nigga life stripped
Penitentiary vice grip, and hit wit the night stick
Stuck wit the ice pick, I'd rather have a nice flip
Saggin' out the white whip, Manhattan like tonight shit
Braggin' rights and white chicks, havin' nice in-flight
trips

Made a complete life switch, stumble onto the right pitch

Rounds on you, I made the PL Crown, remain the proud owner

Ya been dead \*sniff\*, foul odor

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Hop out in the ghetto, fingers rocked out wit the metal Wit my angel, she spend all her time watchin' the devil I'ma rebel, on foreign level, my flow is Jupiter Thousands of times stupider, thousands outta the coupe for ya

Yea, all that soft shit in the toilet soon
I don't wanna collab, FUCK yall on auto-tune
All them niggas is fag, they swags got daughter to em
Tool em all up, have the doc push a mortar thru em
All ya days in the wind, homie we playin' to win
Praisin' and prayin' to Him, for the occasional sin
Go and lay with the Grim, real
I'm able to bend, steel make it able to sleep
Never stray from the street
I got a tiny sense of humor, trill all over swag
Cabinets of cannibis, million dollar pad
See pressure turn kids into killers
Cuz they grow up wit losers, and wanna live like the
winners

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