

Lloyd Banks

"Neighborhood Watch"

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[Chorus:]

It's everybody for theyself! {NON STOP} (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)

Ain't nobody seen nothin'! Ain't nobody gon' help!

Ain't no... [rewind]

[Chorus:]

It's everybody for theyself! (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)

Ain't nobody seen nothin'! Ain't nobody gon' help!

{BRING IT BACK! }

Ain't no...

[Chorus:]

It's everybody for theyself! (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)

Ain't nobody seen nothin'! {"COLD CORNER"! } Ain't nobody gon' help!

Ain't nobody gon' care! (care!)

You need protection for ya body round here, you'll get bodied down here! {LLOYD BANK\$! }

Yeeah! - I'll see you niggas at the finish line

All my niggas gotta eat - and it's dinnertime!

We all greedy. - You can't get a bit of shine! (shine...)

Let a nigga disrespect the click! And the nigga dyin'!

[Verse 1:]

Uh! - I'm from where the Vest and Gat meet

Lifestyle of a artist - but I smoke like a athlete.

DeNiro trackmeet! - Olympic runner timing (uh!)

Thru winter crime was climbing and recessions on they mind.

If I could hold my own - then what's yo' problem son?

Getchu a block, work and hollow gun and stack up 'til the problem come! (who!)

Goldfish don't last, only the sharks

You can swim in a boat - or getcha ass torn apart.

(RRRRR!)

2 G'ing 'til the flowers in the casket

{Whooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }

The button-up shirt. - Shovelin' dirt, and my niggas match it (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)

With the llama in traffic, Osama the bastard! (uh!)

Flush him right out his dark hole - and bomb with' the plastic.
I'm in and out the store dipped
Waitin' on my chick to get paid from her divorce split so she can buy me more shit.
Ready for war shit! -s Stop-a-bullet wardrobe!
The way we on it, it can go down at award shows.
(yeah!)

[Chorus:]

It's everybody for theyself! (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)
Ain't nobody seen nothin'! Ain't nobody gon' help!
Ain't nobody gon' care! (care...)
You need protection for ya body round here, you'll get bodied down here!
Yeeah! - I'll see you niggas at the finish line
All my niggas gotta eat - and it's dinnertime!
We all greedy. - You can't get a bit of shine! (shine!)
Let a nigga disrespect the click! And the nigga dyin'!

[Verse 2:]

Ya bitch won't be hearin' ya! (naah!) - When I McLaren her
Ride thru ya area - pecan interior. (uh!)
Armored exterior. - EQ the stereo
These niggas is ants - and I'm an armadillo, so (haa!)
Don't compare me to them, them niggas pillow soft
Broke, don't even know what a chinchilla cost. (stacks!)
You got to hit me, before you hit the boss
I ride thru ya hood and floss with the ceiling off. (errr!)
I'm swervin'! - Tthese rap niggas perpin'! (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)
Rich in they videos, fucked up in person! (uh!)
Then talk sideways 'til them K's get to squirtin',
Hurtin'! - Soul searchin' - close curtin', (uh!)
Yeah! - I'm lane curvin'! - And I ball like Bird and Magic with the ratchet I can cause somethin' tragic!
(tragic!)
In a dark ass club [kid ovation] or broad day in traffic
SouthSide nigga from the womb to the casket.
(yeeeeeeah!)

[Chorus:]

It's everybody for theyself! (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)
Ain't nobody seen nothin'! Ain't nobody gon' help!
Ain't nobody gon' care! (care...)
You need protection for ya body round here, you'll get bodied down here! [gunshot]
Yeeah! - I'll see you niggas at the finish line
All my niggas gotta eat - and it's dinnertime!
We all greedy. - You can't get a bit of shine! (shine!)

Let a nigga disrespect the click! And the nigga dyin'!

[Verse 3:]

Yeah! - I must be too real - cause niggas fake to us
Washed up ass niggas! - Go on scrape ya lust!
Dyme filthy is a fate for us,
Half gettin' head, half paper lust, a regular day for us.
(uh!)
Ain't no neighborhood watch! - Watch ya own back
My buddy got room for 6, I'll letcha hold that!
Shady and ya know that!
Ya best bet's not to show ya lady where ya dough at,
she'll show that. Feet on ya doormat!
Hold that! - Lord sent me a sign
Will I fall victim, full clip and an envious mind! (blat-
blat! blat-blat-blat!)
The white Beamer, Benz and Bentley is mine - billion
dollar baby ballin',
Putcha bills on the boy - cause Lloyd got em',
Crazy! - Sour, hazy baby of the 80's, ladies go
Wherever money go. - Fuck you think I'm gunnin' fo!
Rob 'fore my stomach glow. - Everybody wanna blow!
Tall, black, hummer low! - Bitch-niggas come and go! -
SO...

[Chorus:]

It's everbody for theyself!
Ain't nobody seen nothin'! Ain't nobody gon' help!
Ain't nobody gon' care! (care...)
You need protection for ya body round here, you'll get
bodied down here!
Yeeah! - I'll see you niggas at the finish line {CAN'T
FORGET... }
All my niggas gotta eat - and it's dinnertime! {RUDE
BWOY! }
We all greedy. - You can't get a bit of shine! (shine!)
{SHA! }
Let a nigga disrespect the click! And the nigga dyin'!

[Outro:]

S.O.D.! {SAY: HALO WHASUP? }
E'ry day is S.O.D.! {"COLD CORNER"... }
Boy! - S.O.D.! {THE MIXTAPE! }
E'ry day is S.O.D.! {2009! } (blat-blat! blat-blat-blat!)
Boy! - S.O.D.! {HUNGER FOR MORE! }
E'ry day is S.O.D.! [gunshot] [beat stops]

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