

## Lloyd Banks "Not Without My Glock"

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[Chorus]

I guess im suppose to be scared, 'cause you got toast  
up in here  
Well nigga lets get one thing clear  
I dont leave the block without my glock.  
Is it because im standing with yo bitch?  
Or got all these stones on my wrists?  
Dont think your leavin here with this  
I dont leave the block, without my glock

[Verse]

Im on another level when it comes to this, cats swung  
and missed  
Strapped under this, Raps hungriest, top soloist,  
Hopped over this  
Cheap imitations try, Couldnt find an ice pop colder  
bitch  
Wires get tap, your rep cant control the snitch  
Which means im in the bing if I throw em bricks  
I dump karats and ring overflow the wrists  
Man, I even bring the thing when I go to piss  
Look money aint a thing thought I told them this  
Yo ball big as Yao Ming ima soldier miss  
Only problem in hip hop is waiting  
No when that butter, I make the strip pop like bacon,  
hatin  
So look sloppy so i stop get the roolly fitted  
Got a fanbase in the towns that think Kobe did it  
Them dickriders on the block and they starvin  
Gimme a year i'll be rockin the garden  
Theyll still be in the bricks, same bitchh, same sloppy  
apartment  
Bubble gum on the top of your carpet.  
Food stains in your clothes  
They cant catch him, dude changin his flows  
more then his hoes, just got a Range and a Rose  
And these hoes didnt always love me I was pissin them  
off  
Cause you got to fuck banks before you get to the boss  
Now Ive moved up in rank, ice chips in the cross  
To see me blow, is like vice grips on your balls

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[Verse]

I was destined to swim backwards in cash

Since the day i was smacked in the ass  
Give me that blue push in the booth and i'll be back in a  
flash  
First week i'll be platinum and half  
Going hard in the Yard  
Im still hungry like im back in the draft  
Same shitty attitude cadillac and the stash  
Its the critically acclaimed, lyrically inclined  
And im easily influenced, keep my name out your  
rhymes  
Nowadays niggas tell, your own boss set you up  
Like Avon and Stringerbell  
Im from the ghetto like Akon so bring a L  
Your worthless, like a weddin ring in a cell  
Hell, all day im blowin dope, see the aroma on my  
coat?  
Its stronger then 2nd hand smoke  
When i toat, i blow it in the sky for the slaughter  
For every mother and daughter that died in that water  
For that lil girl playing outside when they caughter her  
But was suppose to hit the guys on the corner  
I make the heads bop in the streets like speed bumps  
'cause every bar hit ya, hard as an Muhammad Ali  
punch  
My bitch got an ass about as wide as an tree trunk  
She hit once, i think about her for 3 months  
Dont you know my nigga L pop off wigs?  
Leave em in the grass and say hi to their kids  
yeaa

[Chorus]

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Yeah! Lloyd Banks nigga. GangGreen...Ya know the team!

G-UNITTT!!!..Shady...Its over, nothin. else. wins!...

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