

Lloyd Banks "Open Arms"

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(Verse 1)

Lil' homie you ain't gotta be nobody, be yourself. Cause you don't need nothin', don't mean nobody need your help. My nigga lost his mind real young, know how he felt. Being a big pop, you need to make it out or melt. You can have that, you want that, get on out and get it. Once you grab that, give some back then come back in spirit. You a thinker? You thinkin' you can be on top? I think you're on the right path can't wait to see you pop. Congratulations to the kid that did it up big, preparations for my niggas comin' off bids. Education's only deep as you can dig it. Knowledge is the light, dark secret every visit. I left the will for this zone, me and my microphone. Blood, drugs, liquor and chrome, my nigga life goes on. When they music pours, drama ignites the storm. Runnin' for a rider gets you license torn.

(Hook)

Out we got it hard, so hard. The street gotta her arms open up to me. They wana see me fall down, way down. When I get back up they'll fuck wit' me. I know ya see me, ya wish ya was me. Lifes a bitch and ya chick is ugly. Ice the wrist, niggas lookin funny. You want it? Well I want it more. No rules here, all fair in love and war.

(Verse 2)

Just the number in the lotto, goin down a sequence. Niggas dyin to get bills, but they killin' over sneakers. Dreamin' of a million hearts beatin' through the speakers. Don't blame the terrible, blame the terror of the teachers. I'm not my brothers keeper in the era of the leecher. Find a lady that ya love wit' a head you better keep her. Keep ya mind on ya mission. I wish you well but don't get blinded wit' wishin' god. Fish like your fishin' rod. Rod comin' home, Ron comin home. Death right before dishonor on my arm till I'm gone. Ery'day is Rozay, Sean Don like da Don. Green made me 4k, blowin cron out the bong. I been at it too long, it ain't no one liver. I'm still fly and I rap like a drunk driver. Mad hoes, don't know what ones hotter. Married to the game, you leave you don't get one dollar.

(Hook)

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