

## Lloyd Banks

### "Reparation"

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(Freeway-VerseK:)

im from the tupac era, the biggie smalls era  
my gun hammer cocked, red punk bearer  
I want handle the folks, baking soda approach  
Approach the mothafuckas with the arm & hammer  
Hammer in arm & I'm  
Very very itchy with the trigger move calm  
Im very very picky with the bitches I fukk  
I fukk models you get your bitches offline  
And I'm very put to put the music online  
I grind now when u, u tryna hold on to it  
You produce, put it in stash, I'm mass producing  
Got them gangstas ridin to it, got bitchin shaking their  
ass  
When it's money to it's all we gon have  
comptetition won't last, I won't run right to 'em  
like I'm drag racer stepping on gas  
pole-position I'm in the position of movie , yea

(Freeway-Chorus)

it's the situation  
pay me what you owe me 'fore I grab the 4-4 and take  
away for what we coming  
we coming for the reparations  
pay me what's mine, get in line, one at a time  
it's the situation  
hand me what you owe me 'fore I grab the 4-5 and take  
away for what we coming (Yeah)  
we coming for the reparations  
pay us what's O before we go out of control

(Banks-Verse)

P dot L dot K don't catch your rip dot  
I knew I said a lesson me stressin  
To get his head shot  
A m16 turn a mutter to a scream  
Keep a 7-30 team of goons  
Trust em with my meter (whoo)  
either they gon give me mana  
Or imma snatch it tragic,  
magic don juan

mack it, in my casket, classic (uh)  
greasy, grimey, slimy, find me would be catchin bodys  
(yeah)  
In my automobile hobby got me girls they wanna sly me  
(aah)  
I be out there, prolly in your house and project lobby  
If there's a problem call me, funny bunny, pass glock,  
the tommy (whoo)  
I retile u, fire jui-jitsu or karate, box  
or fukk that, jewelries talk that  
Young as Naddy, full of delph (uh)  
Freeway and B.A.N.K.S.  
63 machinery my neck gon gray  
I make it rain, it aint a thang to me  
My skin OK  
Nigga tries lock a swing on me  
They takin me away, hey

(Freeway-Chorus)

it's the situation  
pay me what you owe me 'fore I grab the 4-4 and take  
away for what we coming  
we coming for the reparations  
pay me what's mine, get in line, one at a time  
it's the situation  
pay me what you owe me 'fore I grab the 4-5 and take  
away for what we coming  
we coming for the reparations  
pay us what's O before we go out of control

(Freeway-Verse)

it's fully free and I'm saving rap  
these are my plans, ain't no way that you can pay me  
back  
just understand that, this man need frankless like a  
ripper  
I'm paranoid sleepin with my fingers on the heater  
They always dare cuz I love niggas  
Or mafia, around it's criminals and drug dealers  
Thug niggaz if you coming from where I'm from  
And understand, then let me hear you go blam-blam  
wit your squeezer (blat, blat)  
I'm on dat Hollywood shit, stayin from the people  
I'm in da mix, we can shake hands when I see you  
I am really inposted in the stands with the fans  
so close that you can take a flick when I meet you,  
whoa  
All these niggas aren't they hoes, they paranoid that I  
might take a chick when I meet em  
Make a split for the weekend, fukk me on some upper  
boys

You tryna be lava boys, you tryna be freakin

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