

Lloyd Banks "Rise From The Dirt"

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African American accident in America
See I'm not supposed to be here
Somehow I got the leverage to
Wipe my so-called stink off
Light my blunt take my mink off
Like I'm caught in a maze
Crime pays how much that thing cost, shit
Give me like 2 then, shit I deserve it
Came out of a darker hole than you've been
And ain't know my purpose 'til I was laying down &
oozin'
But feeling all worthless ain't gon' help
Praying I'm in God's eyes Behind these bricks, life's a
bitch and she kicks
I kicks 'em out, switching bitches like I'm switching
these whips
I'll sick 'em on you with a flick of the wrist
I'm one of the greatest, take a picture of me miss
And bring my rose out by the pitcher we rich
I gives a fuck bout where they gon' place me give me
the dough
You out of green then give me the gold
I'm doin' my thing & you niggas owe
Traitor bitches tell me sorry kiss the ring and get on the
floor
I'm consistent when I party bottles low, give me some
more
Name remove me from the average five, most likely
not half as wise
My chain bring attention & your in detention mackin
wise
Miss me with the chatter guy, keep your tool and the
magnum by
Half of what really matters die, killin' niggas all swag
aside
Fortune in my head they thought I was dead I took that
fork out
Can't let 'em see me fall, I got the ball I took a short
route
Encores as I walk out, standing ovations the walk in
Like Booker T when I'm talking they look at me and see
all them

Fresh Malcom X I guard the crib with my tall gun
Blame the nigga that made 'em daddy's son picked the
wrong one
Dying is my ultimatum won't be a bum in a long run
Powered by all the hating, since a little boy my balls
hung
Life can hard to handle you try to offer your help but
They somewhere in the fight club fucking themselves
up
They say my opposition would last, but they amateurs
My buzz rattled ya we ain't mad at ya, we ain't mad at
ya
All I got is my word and my D

I gotta eat playboy I never leave this curb
A thousand degrees absurd, phenomenal me I'm
heard
When I'm in the hood I'm good, NYC I serve
Lil boy born cheated, from a man down dream I wake
Taking air with a foul smell of disappointment
So much love yet so much hate
Grey skies, used veins, and white poison
Black on black crime for the green man's dollar
In time you will enslave yourself
Mama pushed too hard will not save faith
Will not stop, kill, or fold
I'm too strong, hard as a rock soul, inside cold
Hardly ever happy, hard times turn humility to
homicide
One small piece to the pie of genocide
Same questions in 21 religions
Where will you go, who will, and who isn't
Young man rise from the dirt, rise from the dirt
Wipe your shirt and go to work

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