

Lloyd Banks

"SOD"

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Yeahhh
Get down or get moved
No matter who you are boy

[Verse 1:]
Things don't matter, when your shit splatter
Cut the chit chatter, bitch niggas scatter
Get up off that corner, if it don't be on ya
Loved one's I'll mourn ya, after you get hit
And that's it, yeah

[Chorus:]
Another day another dollar
With my chronic marijuana
Who I'm gon screw next
Another day another death
And I done lost a fair share
Ain't too many real left
Nigga this ain't part time
I do it till the death
And I'm doing it the best
While manuevering that s
Nigga this it ain't part time
We do it till it's done
And it's s.o.d. when I'm on d son

[Verse 2:]
Od motherfucking I ain't blink all day, gutter
These niggas sweeter than the pink rozay
Mink gold 2k I'm Cuban mink all grey
Louie belt shiny trey with my mink on hey
Bright diamond how I'm shining so the girls want play
Knock the lining off vagina she'll be sore all day
Perfect timing when I'm rhyming I'm your boy don't play
I'm with sadam with the radan spent the 4 ok
Yeah, once for the you know what
I'm a beat makers dream yea I chew those up
Whack a blue nose, I screw hoes, my shoes roll up
22 lows, from euro's, I pulled last month
Ain't 1 thing I don't understand that's how ya roll with a
man at the same time oweing a man

Shoot to the top, I'm knowing I can, I'm knowing you
seen
I know who you been, I'm a machine

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Uh, millionaire glare through my cartiers
(The plk) tony yay and Ferrari yeah
You got your hood tatted on you and hardly there
I'm in and out the mix move like I gotta orange stare
Me I'm exactly why these niggas are happy
I turn a g to an athlete, kirsty, joan, and Jackie
You don't like me nigga clap me
But don't miss cause that be, your happening
We passing on ya stomach in the backseat
I don't trust a soul, and motherfuckers know
And I rep till I go, let the kush burn slow
I get it by the o get it get it by the o
No, not an o add on 7 more
And I can't blame it all on queens it's in my genes
The stink I let in my 16's I'll get the cream
I'm clean, nigga fool them don't fool yourself
You'sa elf and more than half of y'all can use some
help

[Chorus]

[Verse 4:]

My styles worth a 100 stacks, times a 100 stacks
Shit revolves look how I'm coming back
Strong as a lumberjack
Another day another gun to pack
Drops back to back till the summer rap
Nigga swag jacking what's up with that
Me and you ain't the same I don't cuff a rat
I'm the one, 2 27 30 que boy forever hungry
Nothing like new m, m money

[Chorus]

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