

## Lloyd Banks "Sooner or Later"

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[Intro]

I know that sooner (sooner)  
Or later (or later)  
I'm going to meet my maker

[Lloyd Banks]

I never thought that in the beginning, I would see his  
fall in the end  
Pay a man to paint pictures on the wall of my friends  
1990's sins, It was all for tha ends  
Ends for tha rims, Rims for tha Benz, Benz for tha skins  
Before you talk bout money, make a mil' first  
You don't dig me - sick me, Either kill me or get killed  
worse  
Your songs in need of a real verse  
Son of the man, God feel me like he feel church  
Then right after speech time, it's sparkin' the street  
crime  
Niggaz throwin' everything at you, Cept' a peace sign  
Live by the gun, Die by the gun  
Till' my time come, Im'a spend time witch a son  
I could just see them sad, When they remind you of  
them  
Them woulda did the same thing, We confined to the  
slum  
And those that don't adapt, they either blind deaf or  
dumb  
Spine of a squirrel, Mind of a girl set to run

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks + Female Sample]

Why run nigga, it's gon cost  
Its gon come nigga but till' the day it does  
Im'a hold my shit down, take it in blood  
Outsiders get no love

[Raekwon]

Fishin' in a swamp in a desert, Lizard sweater  
Half a billy a five, 2 macs in da ride  
They call him Coke-Komo, Co-signed by kings in the  
rich homo

Made me 3 mil in a month, Pockets mumped

Ferrari still by tha projects buildin', real dot tech ill  
They dumb out wit uzi's and wheels yo  
Steak'll take meetings, beefin' too much dough - the  
legion  
Bat in my hand - the sweet eastern  
Losin' money fellas, we won't have that, better grab  
that  
or don't come back, or get clap at  
Me and my bitches in tha kitchen  
One sucking dick - I paid to have shot and sent to the  
Brinxton  
Dogs eatin' calamari, coke in a larrari's jar  
Never broke, hardly rob, eat with the godly's god  
Get wit the gods or get wit the mob  
From Shalom to queens, we wild wit the beams

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Don't blame me blame South Side, That's what made  
me my - crazy high  
But I'll spot a traitor out my lazy eye - ladies spy  
I'm the one you wanna have that baby by - Maybe I'm  
Better of alone, Keeps me in my zone  
Nights roam, white patron, GT in my chrome  
Alien phone home, ET in my throne  
I achieved what they wanted, ease into they stomach  
When you broke time slow, but ya weeks are numbered  
And bad news keeps you weak and numb  
Like when i lost my old man, Damn near threw up the  
whole weekend son  
I shoulda listened, friends turned foe  
The toast so the fo' fo' will make a nigga run like Ocho -  
Cinco on my mink hoe  
I'm the prot

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