

## Lloyd Banks

### "South Side Story"

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Yeh Yeh Yeh

I done learned from mistakes like whos my man  
N' Whos not, like whos gon run and whos not  
Like whos gon shoot if you shot  
Who gon hold they own, whos not  
Who gon change glocks

[Chorus x2]

In the street of new york you cant trust nobody  
Niggas'll run up on you with a 12 gauge shoty  
Loyalty comes free and smokin weed is my hobby  
You wanna rob me you gotta leave here with a body

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

When I was 10 years old I seen a nigga take 3 in the  
head  
Probably around the same time you use to pee in the  
bed  
Id stay awake cause my nightmares was seein him  
dead  
The smell of burnt tires peelin after leavin him lead  
The killer fled with a fuckin laugh  
My heart pumpin on blast  
I just stare at him slumped in the grass  
Arms movin, fingers shakin, spittin up blood  
DNA mixed in the mud, another ditch to be dug  
Their I stood stiffer than wood its the homie that use to  
buy me candy  
Now hes gone whos gonna provide his family  
My air bring this shit up n runnin I never thought Id be  
that sick  
Damn I wasnt suppose to see that shit  
Thats when I thought, it was more than 3 shots  
It could have been the aimin for me, maybe he circled  
around the block  
I turned around and my pops, he like what happened?  
This nigga rolled up and just started clappin, I can still  
hear him laughin

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

It was a regular day in southside, sprinklers n kids  
runnin  
And all of a sudden heads turnin, somebody did  
sumthin  
This nigga named, I forgot, fuck it he lived around the  
block  
Regular getting money nigga but loved to clown a lot  
Walk across the park stuntin and frontin  
Diamonds in his ears, diamond watch on, eatin a bag  
of popcorn  
Walked up behind a shorty and grabbin her waist  
She pushed him away  
So he threw the bag in her face  
She felt disrespected , shorty couldnt accept it  
Called him a pussy told him shed be back in a second  
But he aint payin no mind called her a bitch about 4  
times  
Stayed in the park, with no niggas with him and no nine  
And then in no time an older nigga from behind  
Swung a baseball bat  
Left his face all crack  
Told him to take all that  
Hit him again popped his chain with a frown  
And left the clown with a stain on the ground

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

Now all my days go by blowin that sicky icky  
California made me picky  
Chickenheads tryin to stick me with a hicky  
If we, roll up quickly, stick me, some was tipsy  
The location dont matter Im southside until they hit me  
Id be dead  
If looks can kill, Im from the ghetto boys  
But I dont know scarface or Bushwick Bill, My heart  
spills  
For the kids who aint got nothing and who got to steal,

and from my  
Cousin I lost, lookd over the steerin wheel

[Chorus x2]

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