

Lloyd Banks "Southside Story"

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Yea! Yea yea
I done learn from mistakes
Like who's my men and who's not
Like who's gon run but who's not
Like who's gonna shoot if you shot?
Who gone hold they own who's not
Who's gone choose spots?

In the streets of New York you can't trust nobody
Niggas will run up on you wit a 12 guage shoty
Loyalty comes free smokin' weed is my hobby
You wanna rob me, you gotta leave here wit a body

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When I was 10 years old I seen a nigga take 3 in the
head
Probably around the same time he used to pee in the
bed
I stayed awake 'cuz my nightmares of seeing him dead
The smell of burnt tire peelin' after leaving him lead
The killer fled wit a fuckin' laugh
My heart pumpin on blast I just stared at him slumped
in the grass
Arms moving fingers shaking spitting up blood
DNA mixed in the mud another ditch to be dug
There I stood stiffer than wood
See homie use to buy me candy

Now he's gone whose provide his family
My ear ringin should have been runnin'
I never thought I could be that sick
Damn! I was suppose to see that shit
That's when I thought it was more than 3 shots
He could have been aiming for me
Maybe he circled around the block
I turn around to my pops, he like what happen?
This nigga rolled up and started clappin'
I can still hear 'em laughin'

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It was a regular day in Southside
Sprink-aklers kids running all of a sudden
Heads turnin' somebody did somethin'
This nigga name I forgot
Fuck it, he lived around the block
Regular getting money nigga
But love to clown a lot
Walked across the park stuntin' frontin'
Diamond in his hear diamond watch on
Eatin a bag of popcorn

Walked up behind this shorty grabbin' her waist
She pushed him away, so he threw the bag in her face
She felt disrespected, shorty couldnt except it
Called him a pussy, told him she be back in a second
He didn'tpay her no mind called her bitch about 4
times
Stayed in the park wit no niggas wit him and no nine
Then in no time older nigga
From behind swung a baseball bat
Left his face all cracked told him take all that
Hit him again popped his chain wit a frown
And left the clown wit a stain on the ground

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And all my days go by blowin' that sticky icky
California made me picky chicken heads tryin' to stick
me wit a hicky
If we go up quickly stick me
Somewhere tipsy the location don't matter
I'm Southsidin' 'til they hit me

I'd be dead if looks can kill
I'm from the ghetto boys

But I don't know scarface
Or bushwick bill
My heart spills for the kids
That ain't got nothing
They gotta steal and
For my cousin I lost
Slumpt over the steerin' wheel

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