

Lloyd Banks "Take 'Em To War"

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LLOYD BANKS:

ugh.. bury me wit my enemies dead and gone they
gonna remeber me
weather me in the dirt nigga, power hold its own power
in the P's
money bring fleas and crack put palm queens on knees
genetics like the
jeans on feens..DIRTY im 730 and i feed off queens
EARLY i drive bentleys
and i speed off scenes pearly necklace all over ya ex
ya wife ya girley
life flys that'll push you to the limit
fuck just gettn by thats no way to live it
wat the fuck do you take me for? try to take something
youll be layin on the floor
??? comrade breathin in before i lose a nigga
everytime im leavin on a tour
ayo only respect war bullets squeezin out the four
heavens door gotta be better than
anything we seen before..

Fuck talkin lets take em to war, drama after drama see
them layin
on the floor..what the fuck do you take me for?? eye for
an eye time to even out the score
id rather be not here than hungry.. I'm sick when I'm not
near my money they want me to lose but imma win
i made it there before and imma make it there again.

Ugh bullshit kept to a minimum come at me on
sublimenal imma retaliate strait

you need a M mack miracle its a don bomb lyrical
somethin chemical hungry enough
to strait plates a sure shotter im raw sour the morgue
hours the whores crowd us for 24 hours
you know cowards, fightin em is one of my
superpower, stupid dollas, swagga and the coupe is
stylin'
used to violence, old beef, new medallions youve been
drownin, im flyin en route to islands

G-unit soldier on the frontline of the new battallion the
cars German the paints Black, the shoes Italian
i dont cuddle or kiss french, shorty you wilinn... no
need for a stylist im already stylin
Profilin, jealousy n crime tellin keep the neighbor hood
on edge aint no body smiling

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on the floor..what the fuck do you take me for?? eye for
an eye time to even out the score
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