

Lloyd Banks

"The Cake"

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(Gal)
Money money money money
Cake

Lloyd Banks*
I need the cake nigga
The Unit don't play
We rap but we strapped
Buck got the shotgun
50 got the mack
Spida got the sweeper
And u bound to hear it clap
U wont have another birthday cake afta that
Cause yayo got a temper and he don't know how to act
I've been gone all winter
But now a nigga back
To get the money the money the money the money the
cake
And u mutha fuckas lookin like steak
Food on the plate for the wolves
Follow wolves
Don't get moved by the tools
Blood will ooze on ya shoes wait
Control ya hate
U aint ridin in dem 6s
Cause u spendin all ya cake on dem bitches
I need the bread lil niggas need christmas
Banks don't rap wit a back pack
Im in it for the money (for who?) the money (for
who?)the money (the devil) the money(50 and girl)the
cakex2

50 Cent

You heard banks said so i know i got the mack
I pull up pull out spray hollows at your back
I don't give a fuck
Its goin down like that
I done been through evry hood
Dead niggas gone rap
In the heart of a victim murda is monumental
I don't complicate shit

Yea i keep it simple
My bullet wounds will tell u a story bout wut i been
through
Southside trama drama wit gallamas
I conversate wit killas it's usually about life
Politicate wit lawness it's usually bout white
Im da poster child of violence
Im the boy on the poster
When the shots start to rang out im the boy wit the
toaster

Yeah listen up clicko
I huslte i get though
U fuckin wit a sicko
I spazz let a clip go
Cannon out da rental
Beam to ya temple
I squeez blow your mental
All ova ya friends
Lloyd Banks

Me im from the street
Where aint nothin sweet
The home of the hommies
There's a body every week
Now i don't hear the sirens
But they prolly gonna creep
Plottin to pull me ova
Put the cake in my jeep
So I'll be skippin cities 7 states in aweek
Cant a mutha fuckin breathin tell me i can't eat
Show me the money the money the money the money
the cake
Niggas slow down pump ya breaks

No mistakes
Cause the jakes
Run the plates
Then u headed up state
For rollin round wit a steak
Niggas start up the beef
And run str8 to the cops
You a bitch ass nigga
The cupcake of the block
N e nigga disrespect the click gettin shot
Round here niggas get found upside down
Ova the money the money the money the money the
cake
(gal)

Money money money money

Cake

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