

Lloyd Banks "The Work Out"

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[50 Cent]

I heart alot of talkin niggas must be mad at Banks

[Banks]

ah you bitch ass niggas, yall niggas love talkin

i just smile on my dude

[50 Cent]

But theres only 1 problem, niggas aint as bad as Banks

[Lloyd Banks]

Yea nigga punchline kid is back, New York City stand
the fuck up

[Lloyd Banks]

Go get ya camera man, thats a Lambo' fam

gun in the safe, the same one from Rambo hand

i got ??, you know whatever chedda

flyin my New York hoe in, 'cause her head is better

I said i'd never sweat her, well i guess i lied

she suck the ghost outta a nigga and im petrified

you niggas nuthin but roaches, hit the pesticide

i spray lil you roll around in ya neck and die

im the nicest out, look at the ring

you hear the price and pout, every 16th i ice em out

(bling!)

50 sold 11 mill, brought Tyson house

and mine to, cross dude and the knife come out

i cant wait to see you bricks on the sidestretch

bunch a holes in ya like the bricks in the projects

Kefflon whips rubber grips for the nonsense

conscience, of the consequences, abnoxious

and we can ride all night, somebody might come get

em

tie his bandana on too tight

you can book em short notice, ima sell out in the night

the car wont get me there, but the helicopter might

i bring all the toys out let the clip go shit

the whip so new even the bird shit dont stick

i got a hell of a system sound travel 3 blocks

bulletproof doors and all you can eat tops

runnin out to me, i only need the funerals

i button all you niggas up like Jay-Z

i smoke for free when im out in DC

VVS's is in my ear, clearer than HD

i dont know why he walk around with my logo he aint
me
braggin bout the millions of dollars you aint see
gimme ammo in a jammy, my hand over a grammy
2 cribs, thats why i ship the lambo in Miami
please, ain't tryin to be in a jam over the panties
they love em when i leave em for the very same reason
one nigga started, a couple niggas followed
now they all cant eat like the Next Top Model (top
model)
New York City boy but they love me in Chicago
a lil more in Philly from here to Atlantic City
i flip flop smokin around, 6 drop cruisin the town
6 shot ruger the pound with hip hop screwin them now
nah i dont give a fuck Joe Pesci flow
might win another Vibe award if they let me go
im like royalty a muthafuckin king
when i move she move, like a puppet on a string
50 karats on the bracelet a couple on the ring
my treasure chest is a mess, a bucket full of bling
im the P cut boy i tuck em in the whole piece
you mutherfuckas is lucky i dont wear gold teeth

[50 Cent]

I hear alot of talkin these niggas they mad at Banks
I bet they'll keep on talkin, after this shot they be tellin
the chicks
My niggas they get it poppin find out when we at ya
wake
you and you in your coffin damn you made a big
mistake

Its 50 nigga!, yall niggas know wassup
Lloyd Banks! The changin of the cards
I'll be back nigga, I'll just fall back
feel what im sayin, its Banks turn nigga, now watch this
you hear that?, prrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, thats the money
machine
boop boop boop, you hear that?, thats the money truck
backin up
its Lloyd Banks nigga, you should already know
you gonna eat with the Unit or you gonna eat a can of
sardines haha

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