

Lloyd Banks

"This Is The Life"

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I ain't got nobody else to blame for livin' this way
We came up where the shit goes down
Its like we're under a black cloud every day
I realize life is full of the possibilities, heart breaks,
mistakes
Slip up and get your shit scraped

I ain't here to play around with ya, i'm all grown nigga
On a quest to get the cash and the stones bigger
I roll in pull the truck up at the store
And i'm Ben Franklin-ed up I could pick a couple more
Knowin' shit would've been worse if I didn't score
Like that old ass hooptee with the different color door
If your girls a groupie I done ripped her on the tour
She gave me all the coochie then I dished her off to
boy
I hit the mall for Gucci
Ya'll don't want it with me I'm about as raw as sushi
And ya small as Snoopy
I whip the GT the Azzure is doofie
You niggas can't even afford to shoot me
When you think of me think of a G, not a pot of gold
I'll set the flame to ya, you'll stop, drop and roll
The bigger the chief the bigger the spare
It ain't lonely at the top all my niggas is here

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I'm ready for whatever
Skettys in the leather
The games crowded, if you was dead it would be better
I'm America's Nightmare, Freddy for the cheddar
Let you BM suck me like spaggetti at a dinner
Now I ain't got the gators or the curlers but i'm pimpin'
when i'm limp'in'
When i'm rollin'

Ridin' slow through the block
Now everybody's a rat so lay low from the cops
If 5-0 get the drop

Everybody gettin' locked
Watch your back for the tinted V on the creep
And stay cool, there ain't no sympathy on the street
Niggas 'll smile up in your face put three in your jeep
And if it goes down you won't see him for weeks
I still slide through the Coliseum for freaks
With all the windows down cause the BM is sweet
And I sound like the MVP on the beat
Nigga do the right thing and you'll be six feet deep

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I know better than to kill for two letters but I still get the
most for the E and the C
Seein' me is equivalent to seein' a G
If it ain't the four or the deuce that he in the three
And thanks to Fif
And what ya'll call gangsta shit
On his b-day I done bought Lloyd Banks a gift
My hood ties strong I done banged that long
King Kong in the hood who I'm a blame that on?
Nobody cause I done did what it did
I did bid after bid ya'll ain't with what i'm with
Had me lookin' at twelve so they look like me
And the judge just like them so I took my plea
I'm no fool fucked up no explanation
No insurance, license, or registration
Can't dance to the beat if it ain't my music
No chance in these streets if you ain't my Unit
GGGGG G Unit

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