

# Lloyd Banks "Til The End"

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**(feat. Nate Dogg)**

Nobody dead knew they would die before they woke  
It probably started off a beautiful day with weed smoke  
Out of last night's pussy the murder that she wrote  
Cold sweatin from a nightmare mind on a c-note  
You leave the door open of intensions of fulfillin your  
visions  
Constantly sidetracked thinking about who's your  
man and who isn't  
Maybe its necessary...maybe you're overreacting  
Maybe your actual downfall is that hole that you clappin  
Maybe ya pullin conversations that are controllin ya  
actions  
Maybe your homie overheard and never told you what  
happened  
You look behind you when you turn the corna  
Cause death has promised ya you seen some niggas  
go before ya  
N's threats are honest...n with that lingering in the  
back of ya head  
Ya know it's possible that you wont make back in ya  
bed  
The confusion of jealousy and dishonor'll spin ya  
But there's nothing that hurt worse then when that  
gun powders in ya

*[Chorus: Ft. Nate Dogg]*

If you my nigga you my nigga till the end (whoa)  
Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a benz (my friend...whoa)  
Let's toast till we die  
Roll up the weed and blow the smoke in the sky (na na  
na)  
If you my nigga you my nigga till we go (whoa)  
One of the few I would take a bullet fo (my  
neegaaaro...whoa)  
Let's toast till we die  
Roll up the weed and blow the smoke in the sky (na na  
na)

*[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]*

The smell of marijuana reeks off me  
I raise hell before I speak softly  
Caught in the mix  
Put at least a hundred grand on one and bought him a  
six  
Acknowledged the weaknesses that his man he taught  
him to fix  
We aint never left the hood so we cam corded the trips  
IÂ've done watched a nigga go from BET to the  
bricksÂ...shit  
Her slanted eyes with ya chocolate Thai gave me  
Im a bachelor... nigga u aint knockin my lady  
A lot of these niggas been jockin mine lately  
NÂ' I hope you catch the long nap, rock-a-bye baby  
(gun shot)  
When 2 brothers, pushed outta different mamas  
Close enough to conflict or put this shit behind us  
ya baby boy made the big time  
Hoes is watching nÂ' these niggas trying to get mine

Remember back then with lines nÂ' ya flattop  
Hoping ya moms aint the mama on crack rock

*[Chorus: Ft. Nate Dogg]*

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na)

*[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]*

I keep my mind on my money and my head to the sky  
I never really smile much if you was here youÂ'd know  
why  
ThereÂ's frustration and fire if you look in my eye  
The media fuckin me up, right hookin my high  
Niggas hated on us before the game took us inside  
then they opened their arms wide took the whoopingÂ'  
nÂ' cried  
I got a platinum plaque hanginÂ' on the wall in my crib  
And handsome is one of the things theyÂ've been  
callin the kid

They watch you close when you coppin all those VS  
stones  
If you ain't tryin to get it poppin leave the BS home  
I've got us a ditty broad that gives thee best dome  
And im blowin on some of the finest weed that's  
grown...homes  
You won't know when they gon' dump a slug  
But you can tell im getting money from the line out in  
front the club  
My whole click caked up, u can't compare the doe  
And if its only one bitch don't even share a hoe

*[Chorus: Ft. Nate Dogg]*

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Roll up the weed and blow the smoke in the sky (na na  
na)

*[After Chorus: Nate Dogg]*

If you my nigga you my nigga till the end  
(Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
My friennnnnd (Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
Na na na

If you my nigga you my nigga till we go  
(Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
My nee-ga-row (Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
Na na na

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