

Lloyd Banks

"Top 5"

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Yea.
You know who it is.
BANKS.

Niggas talkin all crazy, like I'm a talk back to em,
Naw I'm a let the gat tattoo em.
And I can't get it in, I'll jus black blue em
Like Ezel and P.Miller, screw em.
Bring your best rapper to me and I'll chew em
Mike Vick em, OJ em, Ray Carue em.
I'm part intelligent part schitzo
And my pain it should help shit grow.
Rap Klitzco, every punch is hard
You can't take that from me it come from God.
My trunk small and shit
My engine on my back
Like South Jamaica, I'm fuckin mack.
Ya'll little niggas, go and pump a pack.
Green Gang bars, ain't no punkin that.
My coffee shop sell weed in it,
I damn near overdose every visit.
Out in Amsterdam where they smoke in the street
And sell pussy like bread minus the blood shed.
Lamb logo blood red
More rings than Chicago, nuff said.
My mommy had heart attacks back to back, Sorry
But I wasn't really thinkin bout rap.
And my pops jus passed I had to think about that
That can be enough to set a nigga of track. I'm back.

[Top 5 Lyrics On]

In fact, niggas know exactly what to do. And what not to do. Anythings possible. See I'm back, Everything else, really don't matter from here on out.

I pop bottles like a beat a case
My mind race at a cheetahs pace, with addidas lace.
They fell in love with my neck, I don't need a face
Nigga you ain't got shit if you don't need a safe.
These youngins get extorted every year
By old niggas with salt and pepper hair.

Shits rough I lower a coffin every year
Funeral arrangements and mortuary care.
Yea, I'm in a class with a few
Like a spec-ed kid, eatin glue.
I'm colder than a baby abandoned
The cannon will lay down everything standin.
Go head stunt end up like Brandon
You come to me better be God's plannin
Don't get your ears popped like your landin.
I'm flyin spurin, radar scramblin.
Puerto Rican but I speak dough fluent
Bachelor pad don't gotta sneak hoes to it.
I speed through the yellows and run the reds
They hear about if you bump heads, cause they'll be
dumb lead.
If I ain't top 5 who is?
I'm lyrically loved in every town you live
Scarface cameras all around the crib.
Niggas slip on the grass get hit with the sig.
They sick though and my plane 1st class for the rain
Turbalance got me rockin champagne stains.
If I get 4 lanes, I'm a do my time
I get 200 or somethin, with a flow of mines.
Cuttin grass, cause nine niggas mowin mine
Look directly in the watch, you goin blind.
I'm flyest nigga doin it ask yo mom
My shit the bomb they used back in 'Nam.
Your soulmate wanna ride shotgun
And pretend like she don't got one.
You know what's next minagin on the yacht son
Ready to unload like a cop gun.
You get pregnant then it's to the chop shop
Cause I don't change diapers, I change drop tops.
Most wanted number with my black glock cocked
Real nigga unit boy til my clock stop tickin.

You know.
Unit
T.O.S Boy!

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