

## Lloyd Banks

### "Top Five"

Visit "[Top Five](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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 If 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  
Am I playing? Do shit 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 with pac  
Green Gang BOSS!!, ain't no punk in 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 largo 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.  
Stiple in my plane, 1st class for the rain  
Turbulance 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 mernagin 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!

Visit [Lloyd Banks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.