

Lloyd Banks "Victory"

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[50 Cent]

Yo, yo we can't stay alive forever
So if shit hit the fan then we might as well die together
I'm high as ever, more holes and more cheddar
G-Unit move around wit them pounds and berreta's
Yea faggot, if I want it I'm gon' have it
Regardless if it's handed to me or I gotta grab it
Don't make a ass outta yaself tryin to stop me
I'm cocky, raps rocky, nigga you sloppy
You know that I'm, 8 levels above you nigga
I'll club you nigga, I never heard of you nigga, ugly
nigga
I'm the wrong one to provoke
You rattin on niggas is only gon' leave you smoke
So the only thing left now is tools for these cowrads
I got no friends, fuck most of these cowards
They pop shit 'till we start approaching these cowards
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

[Lloyd Banks]

I got a intergangstress who argue and steams wit
reefer
And who flip when I call a bitch like she Queen Latifah
Not all the vehicle's is long enough to stash the
streetsweeper
This shit can get uglier than the Master P sneaker
We slidin through the ruckus, wit prada on the chuckus
Soon as spring break ho's home from college wanna
fuck us
I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckas
I'll sick rottweiler's on you fuckas, cops followin to cuff
us
Top dollars to discuss this, whole lotta zeros
When it comes to paper I blow a soul outta aero
I'ma break before I lay floor berry
Besides, every rapper ain't a star, nigga plad ain't
bulbary
You can't tame Lloyd, smokin by the big screen
You changin the channel looks like I'm playin the game
boy
I know to watch botherin ya vision
You reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like its part of yo

religion

Why party wit a pigeon?

I'm blowin a 10 'cause Bush handin flyers for a party in
a prison

I'm in the gucci vest wit the green and red straps

I'm the last rapper to scare niggas since Craig Mack

Now every morning's a fast start

And there aint problem gettin dressed 'cause my closet
got more aisles than pathmark

Run, move startin a wave

and leave wit 12 shells in ya mouth like a carton of
eggs

I'm the young pimp pardon my age

I don't got long hair but if I did she be partin' my braids

Niggas find what club they at

take 'em wit us, and run a train on 'em like a subway
mac

get advances from grey acura

see these record labels got most artists gettin fucked
like the gay rappa'

i go the college on the tour

I'm goin down in history nigga, next to Wallace and
Shakur

I keep ya ammo clean, text polished in the drawer

Camera's by the hamper that mine into the floor

by now, you probably heard of me

fresh outta surgery, flashy as a fuck, you gon' have to
murder me

Burglary, I'm leavin wit cha nike's bergendy, White T,
bergendy

you match now, back down

niggas love to hate you, but love you when you
disappear

catch me on the boat wit weed smoke and fishing gear

heavy when I toke, C notes from different years

Besly in the robe, re-motes for liftin chairs

You ain't rich, but we glad to snatch ya

I send cars to crib like I'm a cab dispatcha

you better off wit ya stupid guys, lookin for a coupe to
drive

you ain't gettin nuttin but ya french fries supersized

it's a damn shame y'all still local

I'm in a million dollar studio layin my vocals

Nigga

[50 Cent]

Still in the projects nigga, you ain't goin nowhere

you gon' fuckin be there for the rest of yo muthafuckin
life

and yo momma said, I'm supposed to tell you

somethin.....
to encourage you, somethin positive
aight well I ain't gon' lie to you muthafucka, he ain't
goin nowhere
get yaself a beer, get on the fuckin curve
fuckin dirtbag

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