

Lloyd Banks

"Warrior, Pt2"

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Intro - Eminem
Whoo (echos)
Remix (echos)
Lloyd Banks! (echos)
Ha ha! (eches)

[Verse 1- Eminem]

It's like a throne that he dont even own
He wont sit down, give em a crown he just throws it
around
It's like a joke he's like a king, but he dont rule a thing
He dont want the diamonds, want the gold dont want
the jewelry
He dont want the fame dont want the loot he's in this
for the sport
Runnin circles round his competition on the court
He appreciates your support but he aint beggin for it
And you cant love it you can hate it but you cant ignore
it
You cant be that ignorant
but you can try to sell him short
But you cant fuck with his last joint or the one before it
And he was gonna raise hell like them country boys
And if I'm frontin then you better come confront me for
it

[Chorus- Nate Dogg]

This is the story of a warrior and now you know It
True warriors go ahead make some noise
It aint healthy to be makin niggas paranoid
Hit your corner wit my weapon I dont need my boys
Im doin 120 in the fast lane
Kick back just relax let me do my thing
Dont give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain
Money power and respect in this rap game

[Verse 2- Lloyd Banks]

He's straight out of a neighborhood where niggas hate
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate
thier stomachs ache while he's loungin at the big estate
And he hops in a 100 thousands with a niggas gate
House with just a bigger gate , houndin hims a big

mistake

He wont surrender hell rather give up a rib to break
'cause he remembers when they wouldnt lend a helpin
hand

So he was sittin on green like a Celtic fan

Created a buzz

til where you gotta mention his name

When you discussin the illest playas that's in the game

And he's ridin with Em, 50 cent, Doc and them

G Unit records aint no motherfuckin stoppin them

[Chorus- Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 3- 50 Cent]

Hes no magician man the kid makes somethin out of
nothin

So now niggas from his hood act like he owe em
somethin

They talk crazy til they send niggas in there to buck em

Ask him if theres a problem and he'll say nah its nothin

He was gonna help em out, but since they funny, fuck
em

He dont care how they feel they can hate him or love
him

He hold his own on his own the kid is really thuggin

He's rich now, he aint change so niggas think hes
buggin

He bulletproof everything case niggas try and buck him

Keep two pistols on his hip I show you where he tuck em

niggas say they gon' get at him but they cant touch him

Try to catch em slippin, they creepin he start bustin

[Chorus- Nate Dogg]

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[Nate Dogg]

I can give you niggas somethin you can talk about

I can turn your smile upside down

You aint no G u a fuckin clown

I can take your girl and t-t-turn her out

dont hold it in let it all out

I can give you fuckers something to be mad about

invite her in send her back out

With my DNA all in her mouth

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