

Lloyd Banks

"When I Get There"

Visit "[When I Get There](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lloyd Banks]

Purple weed and cloudy skies
Audi rides, used to have to troop but now we drive
now we fly, ball, fly bitches, now we vibe
new movie starring your's truly, make the party live
the mommy's call me daddy
I call them now and then
tell them bring their girlfriends, line them up and then
shower
then it's right back to usual
excuse how I excuse you
you thought I was looking at you
I was looking through you
through my eyes I see things clearer
could it be my Bentley nearer
hammer under chincilla
chill the f-ck out 'fore we kill ya
I'm no where near familiar
live is realer when you're speeding, weeding
locking house you need, my reality for the evening
(evening)
when you're at the top the bottom calls

every summer body drops, still right out there by the
mall
pop my bands and buy it all
put my hands in front of coals
lot of grands than I'm involved
problem man, I'll get it solved
spick and span no problem

[Chorus]

Weed it up, tear it down,
thats how we roll (thats how we roll)
devil wanna take me now
but I aint going, too many already down, feel like I owe
'em
front your head now than your pounds
show up to no-one
when I get to the top (the top)
all way to the top (the top)

I'ma sh-t on you than climb back down
just so I can sp-t on you
its pitiful (it's pitiful)
the sh-t they do, when they get through

[Lloyd Banks- Verse 2]

They used to count a n-gga out
remember that to this day
haven't seen me since I made it
rather have it this way
hung up my Jersey for a minute now I'm back in the play
back in that zone where I'm snapping, rapping like back
in the day
in New York city and now California
styling on you skinny n-gga from around the corner
then found the maurijuana in my 2k bomber
Benz or recline, man I arm her with my rear persona
and riot armour, work magic, dont make me try it on ya
halla Kasaam, cabaam, shazaam, now take cover fast
as ya can
man, f-ck you sucka n-ggas and your RIP tattts
Southside, sleep, breath and eat that, we back
I had it hard, don't call me lucky, call me lots of money
my flow aint from this time, more like 2 thousand
twenty
bitch take the space up, back the f-ck up I'ma need
some room
you know the order, bag 'em, tag 'em, let the G's run
through 'em

[Chorus]

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