

# Lloyd Banks

## "When The Chips Are Done Ft The Game"

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[Lloyd Banks]

Yee! (laughs)

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

These niggas wanna see me  
Cuz of the way I shine  
But it aint that easy  
To get mine  
You get ya ass laid down

[Voice in beat]

DownÂ...  
The paint is peelinÂ'  
NowÂ...  
When the chips are down  
DownÂ...  
You kinda lose all feelin  
NowÂ...  
Your head goes round nÂ' round

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Funny how the world revolves around my click  
Cuz just a year ago a nigga ainÂ't have shit (damn)  
Me and my right hand share the same outfit  
Which fueled the fire that I air the game out with (whoop)  
ItÂ's amazing the way that boy came out quick  
For that platinum niggasÂ'll blows ya brains out, shit  
(bap)  
IÂ'm the new nigga the others canÂ't stand  
The rubberband man be god damned if I can (oh)  
Let another nigga fill my spot  
If a niggas steal from me itÂ's the steel I pop  
IÂ'm on my grind so if you thought I chill, IÂ'm not  
gon' stop lettin that steering peel on the block, why  
not?

[Chorus x2]

DownÂ...

The paint is peelin'  
Now...  
When the chips are down  
Down...  
You kinda lose all feelin  
Now...  
Your head goes round n' round  
Down...  
The paint is peelin'  
Now...  
When the chips are down  
Down...  
You kinda lose all feelin  
Now...  
Your head goes round n' round

[Verse 2: The Game]

Banks they think I'm yayos replacement, nah  
I borrowed his gunits to walk through the matrix  
I'm signed to the Doctor I ain't got no patience  
So he put me with 50 Cent now I got a face lift  
Magazines wanna know where they fuck L.A. been  
It almost died in the same car Suge got grazed in  
2001 I was playin my playstation  
I heard 9 shots , I'm face down with my heart pacing  
All I could think about as hidin' my gun and my drugs  
in the basement  
It was either that or the state pen  
I woke up out of that coma  
Police waitin' for a statement... (heart monitor beeps  
to flatline)

[Chorus]

Down...  
The paint is peelin'  
Now...  
When the chips are down  
Down...  
You kinda lose all feelin  
Now...  
Your head goes round n' round  
Down...  
The paint is peelin'  
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Down...  
You kinda lose all feelin  
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Your head goes round n' round

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

Pass the weed and let a nigga get into a zone  
Papa left me all alone in the world to roam  
But now Iâ€™m grown, millionaires on my cell phone  
A year past now, caw dead and L gone  
And Iâ€™m sick, bought chopper with a long click  
So think about that before you make your songs dick  
(dick)  
Or lose a limb, please donâ€™t get me confused with him  
(uh uh)  
Cause Iâ€™m down to go a whole round, lose or win  
If I should die, ride a G through the hood with pride  
(ride)  
Every strip, block, and projects is on my side  
Iâ€™m ghetto calm by the 100 grand on my arms (arms)  
Sick watching of a 100 grand on my charm (who)â€™...  
broke nigga

[Chorus x2]

Downâ€™...  
The paint is peelinâ€™  
Nowâ€™...  
When the chips are down  
Downâ€™...  
You kinda lose all feelin  
Nowâ€™...  
Your head goes round nâ€™ round  
Downâ€™...  
The paint is peelinâ€™  
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