

## Lloyd Banks "Where I'm From"

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Lloyd Banks:

America welcome to the land of the brave  
America welcome to the land of the slaves  
where to do anything for money the consequences is  
the cage  
follow the path of a dummy hop a fence into their grave  
you can either live to regret or benefit from your ways  
the enemies get what they deserve the innocent get  
the strays  
everything aint all gravy baby niggas are subject to  
change  
and it gotta be the paper cause niggas is acting  
strange  
I wake up to (momma missing? ) head throbbing heart  
full of rage  
Urine dirty from haze as strong as thirty grenades  
when it comes to ammunition its thirty thirties and K's  
and them treys hold me down like that du-rag that's on  
your waves  
America welcome to the land where they kill  
America welcome to the land where they steal  
where niggas will call your bluff till you let them know  
shit is real  
where material shit will make bitches head over heels  
where drama appeals to most of the kids so they watch  
where they shoot at cops and most little niggas don't  
know they pops  
where peer pressure comes on you smoke weed get  
bent to be cool  
where the girls loose there virginity in elementary  
school  
where the ambulances are late club floors get left with  
stains  
over step on sneakers and "nigga what set you claim"  
where niggas are ghetto fabulous billings and nice  
whips  
where cops will fuck you up with flash lights and night  
sticks  
America welcome to the land where they frame you  
America welcome to the land where they hang you  
where it doesn't pay to live with out sin or be an angel  
and a regular day of just chillen a bullet can rearrange

you  
where niggas will back stab you the first time they get  
the chance to  
the envious ways of a coward will do nothing but amp  
you  
I'm from South Side Jamaica where comics and stars  
are born  
where you can wake up in the morning and your brand  
new car is gone  
where niggas that you grew up with is speeding and  
smoking crack  
play Russian roulette with their dreams and there is no  
way to get them back  
where the hood rats will surround you, the constant  
trade on the stack  
its kind of hard to keep your cool when there is  
constant hate on your back

Llyod Banks: (Chorus)

New York City that's where I stay  
where everyday is foul play  
we got ours so you should have yours  
cause it'll be no warnings when its time to go to war  
New York City that's where I'm from  
I got my vest, I got my gun  
And you should run if you aint got one  
cause it'll be no warnings for them niggas, wars come

Tony Yayo:

A yo Banks, let me shine

I got Timberwolves in Minnesota  
and got them New York Knicks up in that baking soda,  
homie  
I cross over with rugers in Vancouver when its Grizzly  
And I'll Portland Trail blaze ya if ya ass don't hit me  
You'll get shot in your Cavs in Cleveland and start  
bleeding  
And now you're on the bench and can't ball all season  
Yo I'm rolling Phillies up with the 76's  
and got my Heat in Miami on the beach with my niggas  
And them hoes from Atlanta is Hawkin' cause they see  
them  
Denver Nuggets on my neck while my ass is walking  
Stash the burner, Now I'm in Phoenix Sun  
Cause I'm a Golden State Warrior that stay on the run  
I'm in the truck counting up Milwaukee Bucks  
And I, stay with the ratchet cause that's what's up  
I got a Wizard in DC that chef up O's  
So I'm living like a King in Sacramento

When I'm out in Chicago I'm on some Bullshit  
You know semi automatics I stay with a full clip  
For them Houston Rockets  
baby nine in my pocket  
Hypnotic and bomb chronic  
lounging with the Sonics  
I'm that nigga that will Los Angeles Clip ya  
slow your Pace in Indiana while you counting them  
figures  
You I'm out in New Orleans "wodie" ducking them  
warrants  
You'll get stung by my mac like a batch of Hornets  
Times up like the San Antonio Spurs  
I got rings like a Laker but move Celtic birds  
Disappear like Magic- Dallas Mavericks with the gat  
I'll Detroit piss on you while your lying on your back  
Strip shorty out her bra you know I get ass  
Cause the kid big ballin' like the Utah Jazz  
Toronto Raptor style Ya is a vet  
I move like a Net so Cut that check

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