

Lloyd Banks

"Who Shot Ya Freestyle"

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[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Don't talk shit to the stars bro
I'll have more niggas leanin' over your weight than a
car show
They bust you down like a Marlboro
And i'm excited to see where your knee and ya arm go
You don't want to know how much this cost
Nigga i'm ballin' my dick been through every color lip
gloss
Around here that snitchin' get niggas pissed off
That nigga front in the club he gettin' hip tossed
We ride around everybody in the bricks saw us
And them record execs pull out a grip for us

[Music stops]

[Snoop Dogg:]

Yo what up? this is Big Snoop Dogg
The Big Snoopy D-O- Double Gizzle
For shizzle dizzle
Tellin' you to get the S-W-A- tizzle
SWAT motherfuckers

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We ride around everybody in the bricks saw us
And them record execs pull out a grip for us
I'm the shit boss
And on top of that you can expect me to win like a New
York Knick boss
You actin' like you want to lay where your mom stay
I'll put red dots on you like Kwame'
I'm blowin' Bomb Bay

Cause it always pays off to make ya important
decisions the calm way
My hood bitch'll get you set up god
Cause her milkshake brings all the boys to the yard
You can't even get a show Lloyds on his job
Jet Black tints on the 'Voy and the 'Sage
Take a look at this enormous garage
If you listen you can hear the noise of manage
Shit i'm royalty like Bin Laden
You been lyin'
I got Siamese Glocks
You gon burn 'till the boy gets rid of ya
You'll be a ghost dog like Forest Whitaker
Whoever thought they'd be askin' for his signature
And tourists visit ya
For all this literature
Shit we ain't the cats from the movies we overlooked
I'll put a cast on your ass like a broken foot
You can't teach me how to stunt nigga I wrote the book
A gourmet maids on the payroll to cook
And if i'm travelin' off land the boat is took
Cruisin' slow so all the old folk can look
These little niggas is so so, i'm so good
I got the crowd in a choke hold in your hood
Quarter poundin' a low low the pro should
Ya sales movin' slow mo ya go wood
You want to see me handcuffed in the slammer
Lookin' that tough in the camera
My suppliers married to a real Rasta
All I got to do is hit her with the Kyllvassa
No candles or chilled lobster
Its a flat screen, a little BET
Throw on a DVD
Then its brain on my B-E-D-
I pass her off to my nigga

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