

## Lloyd Banks

### "Without My Glock"

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[Chorus]

I guess I'm supposed to be scared (Yeah)  
Cause you got toast up in here (Uh-Uh)  
Well nigga lets get one thing clear (Yeah)  
I don't leave the block without my glock (Glock)  
Is it because I'm standing with your bitch? (Bitch)  
Or got all these stones on my wrists? (Bling!)  
Don't think you're leavin' here with this (This)  
I don't leave the block without my glock (Glock)

[Verse 1]

I'm on another level when it comes to this, cats swung  
and missed  
Strapped under this, Rap's hungriest, top soloist,  
hopped over this  
Cheap imitations try, couldn't find an ice pop colder  
bitch (Whooo!)  
Wires get tap, your rep can't control the snitch  
Which, means I'm in the BINGE if I throw 'em bricks  
I dump karrots in the RING over flow the wrists  
Man, I even bring the thing when I go to piss  
Look, money ain't a THING thought I told them this  
Yo ball big as Yao MING I'm a soldier miss (Yeah)  
Only problem in hip hop is waitin'  
Known when that butter, I make the strip pop like bacon  
Hatin', so look sloppy so I stop get the roolly fitted  
Got a fan base in the towns that think Kobe did it (Oh!)  
Them dick riders on the block and they starvin'  
Give me a year I'll be rockin' the Garden (Uh-Uh)  
They'll still be in the bricks, same bitch, same sloppy  
apartment (Damn)  
Bubble gum on the top of your carpet  
Food stains in your clothes  
They can't catch him  
Dude's changin' his flows more than his hoes (Whooo!)  
Just got a Range and a Rolls  
And these hoes didn't always love me I was pissin'  
them off (Uh-Uh)  
Cause you got to fuck banks before you get to the boss  
(Uh-Uh)  
Now I've moved up in rank, ice chips in the cross

To see me blow, is like vice grips on your balls  
(Whooo!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I was destined to swim backwards in cash  
Since the day I was smacked in the ass (Yeah!)  
Give me that blue push in the booth and I'll be back in a  
flash  
First week I'll be platinum and half  
Going hard in the yard  
Still hungry like I'm back in the draft  
Same shitty attitude Cadillac in the stash (Uh-Uh)  
It's the critically acclaimed, lyrically inclined (Yeah)  
And I'm easily influenced, keep my name out your  
rhymes (Yeah)  
Nowadays niggaz tell, your own boss set you up (Uh-  
Uh)  
Like Avon and Stringer Bell (Whooo!)  
I'm from the ghetto like Akon so bring a L (Yeah)  
You're worthless, like a weddin' ring in a cell  
Hell all day I'm blowin' dope (Dope)  
See the aroma on my coat?  
It's stronger then second hand smoke  
When I toat, I blow it in the sky for the slaughter (Uh-  
Uh)  
And for every mother and daughter that died in that  
water (Yeah)  
For that little girl playin' outside when they caught her  
(Yeah)  
But was suppose to hit the guys on the corner  
I make the heads bop in the streets like speed bumps  
Cause every bar hit ya, hard as an Muhammad Ali  
punch (Whooo!)  
My bitch got an ass about as wide as a tree trunk  
She hit once, I think about her for 3 months  
Don't you know my nigga L pop off wigs?  
Leave 'em in the grass and say hi to their kids (Yeah!)

[Chorus]

[Talking]

Yeah!  
Your boy Banks nigga  
Gangrene nigga  
You know the team nigga  
G-UNITTT!!!  
Shady  
It's over  
Nothin' else wins!

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