

Lloyd Banks

"Work Magic"

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I'm gon' ride, I'm gon' ride
They gon' ride! We all gon' ride!

I've come from the heart of South Side
Holdin' it down for my niggaz that died
I gotta dizzy bird on my side
Pop shit and get your whole mouth wired

Baby that's right, stay off the payroll
I have niggaz scrapin' the skin off your face
With the same shit that peel the potatoes
I thank the Lord for my blessings and I'm glad he gave
us
The willpower and the reflexes of Larry Davis

You don't wanna see my block formin'
That's a hundred and one dawgs
And I don't mean the ones with the spots on 'em
We're respected highly
'Cause you ain't gotta practice gymnastics to catch a
body

Me and money's like Whitney, next to Bobby
If I bring all my niggaz I need an extra lobby
As soon as you ain't around Jake
You get your ass whipped for chips
Now that's the real definition of poundcake

I got the crown snake
And you can tell when I'm shoppin'
'Cause when the mall stampedin' you feel the ground
shake
I got a car I only drive on Thursdays
I'm a stunner, Banks blows more cake than birthdays

Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there
Oh yeah! Shiny shit right here
I work magic and make you niggaz disappear

Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there

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You know how I gets down, this pound hold six rounds
I told you I'd be back bitch, talk that shit now!
You hear that fo'-fifth sound, duck when I spit rounds
'Cause this ain't Beverly Hills, you in the Bricks now

We ain't got shit down here but dope and guns for sale
You get your head cracked, then niggaz don't run and
tell
It's like we sell crack, get caught, head back to jail
We on that 'Fuck the police' shit, we're livin' in hell

You better guard your grill homey and stand your
ground
These bullets burn, they hit whoever's standin' around
I never learned even after I took a couple shots
I just got me some Band-Aids and bought a couple
Glocks

Had to go on a rampage, and hit a couple blocks
Once they hear that 12 gauge, that's when the trouble
stops
If it's beef then I'm ready to ride, just come to Cashville
You can find me on the South Side, motherfucker!

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Now I ain't from Michigan but I'm in the Fab Five
You know Yayo and 50, Buck and Game, you know my
fuckin' name
Whether the truck or train, my mind stuck on the grind
Cussin' without a line, a lot of suckers came

Yeah you talkin' shit, but we can all tell he ass
Jazz and black his eyes like the R. Kelly mass
You gotta blast me yo, 'cause the Louisville'll
Have your head lookin' like the top of a pistachio

The young gunner with the raspy flow
Got every boyfriend thinkin' they girlfriend's a nasty ho
My heart laugh and it's small, maybe it's 'cause

My grand pop dropped right after the ball

Banks hops out, bulletproof this, bulletproof that
Bulletproof snorkel when you hot, they hawk you
I got the hood on my shoulder, chain big as a boulder
The 3-5-7 tucker, motherfucker!

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Geah, haha, motherfucker, I'm here, yeah
Lloyd Banks, G-g-g, G-g-g, G-g-g, G-g-g, G-g-g
G-Unit! Money by any means, nigga

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