

# Lloyd Banks Feat. Eminem, 50 Cent & Nate Dogg "Warrior 2"

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Remix, Lloyd Banks, ha, ha

It's like a throne that he don't even own  
He won't sit down, given the crown he just throws it  
around  
It's like a joke he's like a king, but he don't rule a thing  
He don't want the diamonds, want the gold or want the  
jewelry  
He don't want the fame don't want the lute he's in this  
for a sport

Runnin' suckaz with the competition round the court  
He appreciates your support but he ain't beggin' for it  
And you can't love it you can hate it but you can't  
ignore it  
You can't be that ignorant but you can try to sell him  
short

But you can't fuck with his last joint or the one before it  
And he was gonna raise hell like them country boys  
And if I'm frontin' then you better come confront me for  
it

This is the story of a warrior you kno, you kno it  
Tru warrior go ahead make some noise  
It ain't healthy to be makin' niggaz paranoid  
Hit your corner wit more weapons I don't need my boyz

I'm doin' about 120 on the fast lane  
Kick back just relax let me do my thang  
Don't give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain  
Money power and respect in this rap game

He's straight outta the neighborhood but niggaz hate  
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate  
Your stomachs ache while he's loungin' at the big  
estate  
And he hops in a 100 thousands with a nigga's gate

House with just a bigger gate, houndin' him was a big  
mistake  
He wont surrender he'd rather give up a rib to break

'Cuz he horrendous when they wouldn't lend a helpin'  
hand  
So he was sittin' on green like a Celtic fan

Created a buzz so when you gotta mention his name  
When you discuss him the illest playa that's in the  
game  
And he's ridin' with Em, 50 cent, Doc and them  
G Unit records ain't no motherfuckin' stoppin' them

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These niggaz got a lot of nothin'  
So those niggaz from the hood act like we owe em  
somethin'  
They talk crazy 'til we send this nigga in there to fuck  
em  
Ask 'em if theres a problem and they'll say naw it's  
nothin'

He's been tryin' to help em out, but since they fronted,  
fuck 'em  
He don't care how they feel they're makin' 'em love 'em  
He hold it down on his own the kid is really thuggin'  
He's rich now, he ain't change since these niggaz  
buggin'

He pull a clip everything niggaz try to buck him  
Keep ya pistols on ya hip I show you we ain't tuck 'em  
Niggaz say they gon' get at him but they can't touch  
him  
Try to catch 'em slippin', they creepin' and he start  
bustin'

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I can give you somethin' you can talk about  
I can turn this smile upside down  
You ain't no G-Unit fuckin' clown  
I can take your girl until I turn her out

The bootey layed all out  
I can give you fuckin' somethin' to be mad about  
And buy her rings and I back out  
With my DNA all in her mouth

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