

4-4-2**"Bangers"**

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Intro: Lloyd Banks]

Yeah! I'm here nigga, Banks!!! G-G-G-G-G-G Unit!!!

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Now don't try to stand next to me (Right)

Cause I'm the nigga they came here to see (Right)

Ain't nothin round here for free (Right)

And I'm here to let these motherfuckers know

That I'll do anything for the dough (Right)

A felony walkin out the front do' (Right)

Ain't a motherfucker I gotta change fo' (Right)

Therefore I'm a be this way until I go

[Verse 1]: Lloyd Banks

Yeah! Guess who walk around with diamond chains
and rings on 'em

A pair of throwback Jordan's, with the wings on 'em
With all this talking I'm guessin they got them things on
'em

Cause if not Milli's the Forty Cal's a ring on 'em
I know your kind gettin by leave the city quick
Niggaz bleed just like us I'm on that Biggie shit
First of all I'm sup-posed to ball

I'm sup-posed to have coast to, coast to calls

And your niggaz on your cd's garbage

Yeah they shootin but they missin, sprayin up the wall
like graffiti artist

Some niggaz by the bootleg but go and cop the real
shit

Cause the fans love us I'm nicer than grandmothers

I wake up get dressed put on my tan butters

It been this way since Puma's and Super Man cover's

A ice pick could do your liver harm

And have you screamin in the back of the club louder
than Lil' Jon

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Now don't try to stand next to me (Right)

Cause I'm the nigga they came here to see (Right)

Ain't nothin round here for free (Right)

And I'm here to let these motherfuckers know

That I'll do anything for the dough (Right)
A felony walkin out the front do' (Right)
Ain't a motherfucker I gotta change fo' (Right)
Therefore I'm a be this way until I go

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

You now lookin at the hood meal ticket seven thou on
my wrist
It's kinda hard to keep the balance with this
It keeps the challengers pissed
I vacate to different islands and twist
And back home where the violence exist, now silencers
fixed
You buy mileage as gifts as well as man's best friend
And I don't own no rottweillers and pits
It's getting extremely hard for the man to roam
With little kids putting this picture on the camera phone
Shit change now that the cameras on
A bitch will jeopardize the marriage to fuck you when
they man is gone
These niggaz ramblin on about the paper that they
getting stop it
I got more money than you in my little pocket
Yeah I'm stingy so it's stretch long
With G-Unit sweats on thread needle to Teflon
Des'Eagle and vest on, cause everybody ain't enthused
That's your name's around about good news, FUCK
YOU!!!

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Now don't try to stand next to me (Right)
Cause I'm the nigga they came here to see (Right)
Ain't nothin round here for free (Right)
And I'm here to let these motherfuckers know
That I'll do anything for the dough (Right)
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Ain't a motherfucker I gotta change fo' (Right)
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[Outro: Lloyd Banks]

Yeah! Yeah!

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