

Dolly Parton F/ Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt

"Til the End"

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{*alarm clock goes off, door opens, kids playing*}
{*sounds of traffic, gun being loaded, shots fired*}

[Verse One: Lloyd Banks]

Nobody there knew they would die before they woke
They probably started off a beautiful day with weed
smoke
Out of last night's pussy, the murder that she wrote
Cold sweatin from a nightmare, mind on a C-note
You leave the door with intentions of fulfillin your
visions
Constantly sidetracked, thinkin bout who's your man or
who isn't
Maybe it's necessary - maybe you're overreactin
Maybe your actual downfall is that ho that you're
clappin
Maybe your pillow conversations been controllin the
actions
Maybe your homey overheard and never told you what
happened
You look behind you when you turn the corner, cause
death is promised
You done seen some niggaz go before ya, the threats
are honest
And with that lingerin in the back of your head
You know it's possible that you won't make it back in
your bed
The confusion and jealousy and dishonor'll spin ya
But then none come worse than when that gunpowder's
in ya

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

If you my nigga, you my nigga til the end
Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a Benz
Let's toast til we die
Roll up the weed and blow the smoke in the sky - la da
da
If you my nigga, you my nigga til we go
One of the few I would take a bullet fo'
Let's toast til we die
Roll up the weed and blow the smoke in the sky - la da

da

[verse Two: Lloyd Banks]

The smell of marijuana wreaks often
I raise hell 'fore I speak softly, quotin the Knicks
Put at least a hungred grand on one hand, bought him
a 6
Acknowledged the weaknesses that his man taught
him to fix
We ain't never left the hood, so we camcordered the trips
I done watched the nigga go from BET to the Bricks,
shit
The slanted eyes what the chocolate thai gave me
I'm a bachelor, nigga you ain't knockin my lady
A lot of these niggaz been jockin mine lately
And I hope you catch the long and that rock-a-bye baby
We two brothers, pitched outta different mommas
Close enough to conflict and put the shit behind us
Your baby boy meet the daytime
Oldest watchin and these niggaz tryin to get mine
Remember back then the lines in your flat top
Hopin your moms ain't the momma on crack rock

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Lloyd Banks]

Keep my, mind on my money, and my head to the sky
I never really smile much, if you was here you'd know
why
There's frustration and fire if you look in my eye
The media fuckin me up, right hookin my high
Niggaz hated on us 'fore the game took us inside
Then they opened they arms wide, took the whoopin
and cried
I got a platinum plaque hangin on the wall of my crib
And handsome's one of the things they been callin the
kid
They watch you close when you coppin all the VS stones
If you ain't tryin to get it poppin, leave the BS home
I got a saditty broad that gives the best dome
And I'm blowin on some of the finest weed that's
grown, homes
You won't know when they gon' dump a slug
But you can tell I'm gettin money from the line out in
front the club
My whole click caked up, you can't compare the dough
And if it's only one bitch, then we gon' share the ho

[Chorus]

[Outro]

(If you my nigga you my nigga til the end.. my friend)
{*sounds of children playing*} la da da
(If you my nigga you my nigga til we go.. my niggarole)
.. la da da
{*sounds of door opening, alarm clock going off,
harmonica playing*}

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