

Eminem F/ Dido

"Work Magic"

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[LB] I'm gon' ride! {*repeat 2X*}

[LB] They gon' ride!

[LB] We all gon' ride!

[Lloyd Banks]

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

[Verse One: Lloyd Banks]

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

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks - repeat 2X]

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 dissapear

[Verse Two: Young Buck]

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 Ca\$hville, you can find me on the South Side
Motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Lloyd Banks]

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 grandpop 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!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

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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