

Ant Banks, ***** Wit Banks

Ooh, goddamn, I'm glad you set it off, ha ha, yeah, you know
Pooh-Man, big sucker, fat face fucker
So won't you just pucker up and suck the nuts of
The big, big bad ass nigga, Ant Banks, let's do this shit, you know
Let's do this shit, nigga, the big bad ass, yeah
Enough is enough with this fake ass bullshit
My finger's on the trigger and I'm itchin' to pull it
Now let's see who's the first mark on my hit list
Is it Winnie the Pooh? No, it's Pooh-man, the big bitch
You're just a mark till you heart miss a piddy
Made another fake tape and yet it sounds so shitty
So meet your maker, muthafucka, I made you
Put a quarter in your ass and I just played you, nigga
You frontin' like you rough and tough
But you was screamin' like a bitch when Hub socked that ass up
I know the real, nigga, you just a punk
So why you keep runnin' if you wanted some funk, nigga?
Fake gangster, you off by a long shot
You quick to get popped if I catch you on the wrong block
I keep a full clip up in my tank
And you'll get tossed by the boss when you fuckin' with Banks, nigga
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
Yeah boy, you'll get mopped when you're
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
You get that ass socked up when you're
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
Yeah
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
Ooh yeah
Three albums out and they all on the flop list
See, you can't even rap, that's why your ass got dropped, bitch
'Cuz the niggas I roll with is dangerous
We don't let no fake niggas, hang with us
I break that ass off with no remorse
You can't hang with the Banks, you better stay on the porch, nigga
With your bitch ass voice, shit, you sound like a chipmunk
Tryna be hard, you ain't nothin' but a big punk
So give it up nigga, rappin' wasn't made for you
And all that dissin' that you doin' can't fade me, Pooh
You're just jealous and mad 'cuz I'm rollin'
While my pockets stay fat from the cash I'm foldin'
Your 'Judgment Day' done came and went
With some local sales, but that ain't shit, nigga
So you better keep fuckin' with dank
And watch your back in the town while you fuckin' with Banks, nigga
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
Yeah, 'fore you get mopped up
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
And you can get socked up
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
You get up
Fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks, fuckin' with Banks
You get mopped
The world's biggest simp could never be a pimp
His name is Pooh-Man, yeah, words in the wimp
He's a bitch ass nigga ya'll, take it from me
Just a studio gangsta, he's fakin' to be
An MC on the microphone, you need to leave it alone
You little wanna be Too Short Clone
There's only one little rap mack from the 'O'
Who put your ass on the map, so dog, let him know
Fake ass nigga always wanted to be me
I remember when I met that nigga in '84
Bitchin' behind Racia 'cuz I slapped

That bitch down in my homeboy basement
Nigga, the bitch was gettin' finger fucked by Short Dog
She was supposed to be your bitch
But she was lovin' me, nigga, you mark
You still a mark, you know what I'm sayin'?
That's why Little D slapped you at Eastmont Mall
Fakin' like you was from the village
Man, you ain't with it
Pooh-Man, you ain't shit, never been shit, never gon' be shit
Remember Shorty The Pimp's tour, right?
I was fuckin' a bitch and you was eatin' her pussy and suckin' my dick
Mhisani, nicknamed Goldy, pullin' your bitch card
So ready to clown, my dick's hard
You licked more tramps that P's got licks on a guitar
Hip hop on the green, that's the weary part
Banks put 'em up and called you out
But you ran 'cuz you's a scary mark
Bitch nigga, switch hitter, is it the deuce or the nine?
Hangin' in the village done got your car shot up
Playin' both sides of the line
Fuck you and that garbage that made your dopefiend father
And hoe'n ass mother
Tellin' everybody you from your mother's rotten pussy
Called 'The Gutter'
Jive signed you and dropped you
Dangerous signed you and dropped you
Paris signed you and dropped you
Now I heard you went out on a rumor, snortin' hop
Pooh-Man you a sucka, fat face fucker
So won't you just pucker up and kiss the nuts
Of the big, big bad ass, nigga
You know
Dangerous Crew in the house, bitch
You know, some of that old '94 shit
We know ya can't fade it, bitch
And we out of this bitch