## 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