

Lloyd Banks, Banks Workout Ii

I Been problem since the old days tims and gold caps
now im in oj simpson throwbacks
you all was wonderin where my ass been
probally vacatin in south beach gettin head like ass
breathin through gas i can let the tech pound ur ego
lock you in the closet with the westnile mosquito
the press crowd the people espicially celebritys heavily shittin any tom dick or gregory
nigga you better be strappin
they want you dead if you rappin
iam tryin to cave your head in you backin
iam gettin bread and relaxin
and attractin the fan base of females and emails and letters to fax in
in vegas with a toaster n a blunt
and the hotel i checked in got a roller coaster in the front
hollerin poster when i stunt the sammy sosa of the month
better yet the whole seas and nigga iam still breathin even though my dollars are green
i rap for the kids thats to poor to waste eggs on halloween
iam gettin swallow clean
my habits are good collectin all the carrots i could
slidin from the stash box to conceal extortion
and a good silencer to make it sound like the wheel of fortune
all this careless talkin cause im travelin and flossin
havin a good time and u havin a abortion
you sucker for love gettin married and divorced than
you cant even afford the batteries 4 ur walkman

man im out the hood burnin cali weed on slauson when set trip can turn to tragedys and coffins
i mean what im sayin you schemin iam sprayin ur team isnt playin
on the sofa screamin and and prayin sayin
gunit niggas be rollin crazy holdin 80s older ladies starin cause they starin at he gold mercedes
since 50 hooked up with shady
now they tryin to brook up to pay me
if u think iam shook up u crazy baby
the boy strapped two ninas
smokin out a bag big enough to fit in vaccum cleaners
i wear a glove when i blaze a fatty,
i aint ur baby daddy, u flippin
now he tryin to grab me out that navy caddie, i aint ur avy,
poppa was a rollin stone,
stockin up the hona home,
pocket full of loaded chrome,
drop n get a hold a dome,
i know ur motive homes,
u mad cause im f**kin half ur motorolla phone,
im swift with the wemon im good wit my words, alota,
niggas is hatin on what i deserve im hotta,
front if u want end up on the curb in ur prada,
and ur mans runnin ambulance come,
another day another dollar on the low from the impala
i can have a six some in my shower, mother f**ka!