

Lloyd Banks, Make A Move

[Intro: Lloyd Banks]

Uh...

G-Yeah...

I'm back...

[Chorus:]

I'm a G-Unit nigga that means i don't play by the rules

But i can make you move

About a quarter mill on jewels so I ride around with the Uz

Now that'll make um move

Ma, is you stayin or comin make up your mind

My lifestyle too fast to take my time

I got to get in position to make her mine

Cuz i ain't leavin' the club without my dimeee

You know i got my nineee

Think twice before you cross that lineee

Nigga you must have lost your mindddd

Thinkin' you can get off my shinesss

[Verse:]

Shorty got to shakin' and i'm waitin' to take her home

it's hot as hell in here and i'm bakin' up a Patrone

I know a couple different ways I can make 'em moan

and when i'm done with her, she'll wanna take a nigga to Rome

give me a hour i have her blowin' up my phone

like a stem to a stone she won't leave me alone

million dollar nigga i get it and show off

You with Doja, give ma minute with your boss, i'll fold ya

New York fitted and gold cross in a Rover

holster, all over the shoulder

i'm the sickest thing spittin' in NY

your plane ain't the same, it's different when i fly

Southside player play around and get popped

A twenty four hour steak out on your bitch block

don't get your views confused with Hip-Hop

'fore you wind up on the news, now watch the hit drop..

[Chorus:]

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[Verse:]

Yeah..

From what i hear niggaz don't like me

it's funny, they wanna be jus' like me

you bummy, it's jealousy more than likely

the money, that made a nigga all icy

four finger ring that boy doin' his thing

VVS Bling my chain long as a swing

boulevard king but known in Beijing

fully prepared for whatever the drama may bring

sixty-nine scraper with the up and down pumps

murder is forever don't fuck around once

bottle after bottle i down 'um till i'm drunk

if you ain't chipped in don't come around my blunt
grimey and gritty New York City's top gun
first nigga act up gets a hot one
BPV the bottom and top done
i get there, i gets it, i'm done, one..

[Chorus:]

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[Verse:]

Yeah..
I don't know about you
But I'm doin' it for the Q (Queens)
whip brand new size twenty-two shoe
use your money don't let your money use you
i got a cruise view, you know the usual
my life's beautiful, my pockets full of bread
you get outta pocket i play soccer with your head
and that girl ain't your girl know the difference boy
Pussy kill more niggas than a liquor store
i left somethin' on her when i seen her
and she was rubbin' it in, like Noxzema
She real cute, big titties and hips and
and she's pretty convincin', a video vixen
if you lookin' for a mack i fit the description
chicks see him take pictures and kiss him
Back block nigga I get it and I'm good
i'm hood, livin' life like you should..

[Chorus:]

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[Outro: Lloyd Banks]

Grew up in the Y... New York that is...
Y-Y-Ya know the name...
I handle my biz... kid...