

Lloyd Banks, Still Dre Pt. 2

[Lloyd Banks:]

I'm chillin' nigga
Lloyd fuckin Banks nigga
Ya'll know me
You can't handle me

[Verse: Lloyd Banks]

I don't know why the fuck ya'll rappin' for
To sound like Banks you got to practice more
I done told ya'll before I'll crack ya jaw
Yeah I'm shittin' what you think Exlax is for?
Rub it up I don't like to hit the mattress raw
It don't matter if you ghetto or a actress whore
Why you actin' like you never been slapped before?
You must ain't ever been slapped before
We all stars and we all got gats to draw
Cognac by the gallon and packs of raw
I'm a turtle package you couldn't ask for more
When my shit drop niggas 'gon attack the store
I'm that raw
You don't wanna see the tool kit
I'll put chalk around ya head like a pool stick
I have a new chick
That'll make you drool quick
I'm still sonin' niggas that I went to school with
Niggas know I'm sick
I ain't got to prove shit
I'm a slick mouth nigga with a smooth lip
'Bout to rule shit
Thats right give it up
Banks 'bout to live it up
New house ribbon cut
I don't give a fuck
Only reason why I'm here is cause I deliver cuts
I hit yours you don't wanna give ya liver up
Break it down roll it up
Light the brown bubble gum
Drinkin' 'till I'm throwin' up
Ya'll smokin' dro or what?
I'm still growin' up
Fuck all that forever shit
Big drops is what I better get
All leather shit
While you on that pleather shit
My niggas together thick
Game, I'm ahead of it
I make the weather switch
As the days go by I'm gettin' better bitch
I'm a fuckin' problem you can't edit this
Step back before we pop 'till your sweater rips
I'm a vet at this
Ya'll niggas cheddar-less
Hennessy and Streter grips
Think about sluggin' me
You gotta hit L and T-O- double D