

# Lloyd Banks, Stranger

[Intro:]

Uh! I'm doin my thang (I'm doin my thang)  
G-Unit's my gang (G-Unit's my gang)  
Ma I gotta get mine (Ma I gotta get mine)  
All the day all the time (All the day all the time)  
Nigga you know how we roll (Nigga you know how we roll)  
Twenty three's twenty four's (Twenty three's twenty four's)  
I'm holdin my ground (I'm holdin my ground)  
In case somethin goes down (In case somethin goes down)

[Verse 1:]

Uh! Yeah don't fall for a big butt and a smile  
They set ya up you fuck around have to buck in the crowd  
Around my way, ain't sunshine ev'ryday  
Niggas'll cross ya, you should hear the slime they say  
In a land of attitudes AK's and accidents  
Where niggas split blunts eight ways and pack the bitch  
Mama spit me out with a spindle and I been mackin since  
And I'm stubborn, so I don't lean back and flinch  
You perpetratin, embarrassin the crooks  
Plus your frontin you only seen Paris in the books  
Whenever you leave the bricks watch the niggas you roll with  
Before you know it niggas be shootin up yo' shit  
The clubs a fashion show, so niggas go dip  
And rev up all the broke niggas rockin they old shit  
Before the night is done they be another murder  
Put your money to the side for another burner

[Chorus:]

(Stranger) Don't bring 'em 'round if I don't know 'em like that  
I feel like it's targets all over my back  
Because of these broads that's layin over my lap  
A nigga that young ain't 'sposed to live like that  
I just saw the dealer and I'm goin right back  
Stashin my guns cause I know they might rat  
I'm doin my thang (I'm doin my thang) G-Unit's my gang (G-Unit's my gang)

[Verse 2:]

Uh! I'm frontin in my G62's the yellow and royal blues  
I'm better than all you dudes hot metal for all you fools  
The little niggas admire man they study all my moves  
And I'm focused, cause I'm a end up bloody if I snooze  
You a sucker for love, or maybe I'm a bit different  
If you ask me, is your baby mama's a pigeon?  
I just bought the mansion and ma dukes pop the ribbon  
And I'm out poppin Cris bitch I'll show you how I'm livin  
I keep havin them dreams bout niggas gettin the drop on me  
Lettin them things fly up and down the block for me  
True fear niggas don't feel ya they triflin  
But I adapt, cause I used to think just like 'em  
As soon as I hit the top I noticed the sudden change  
It's probably the Mazaradi, Ferrari, yeah the Range  
This is Southside street talk the hood slang  
And my product, a open your nose like good Caine

[Chorus:]

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