

# Lloyd Banks, Til The End&nbsp;

(feat. Nate Dogg)

Nobody dead knew they would die before they woke  
It probably started off a beautiful day with weed smoke  
Out of last nights pussy the murder that she wrote  
Cold sweatin from a nightmare mind on a c-note  
You leave the door open of intensions of fulfillin your visions  
Constantly sidetracked thinking about whos your man and who isnt  
Maybe its necessary...maybe youre overreacting  
Maybe your actual downfall is that hole that you clappin  
Maybe ya pullin conversations that are controllin ya actions  
Maybe your homie overheard and never told you what happened  
You look behind you when you turn the corna  
Cause death has promised ya you seen some niggas go before ya  
N threats are honestn with that lingering in the back of ya head  
Ya know its possible that you wont make back in ya bed  
The confusion of jealousy and dishonor'll spin ya  
But theres nothing that hurt worse then when that gun powders in ya

[Chorus: Ft. Nate Dogg]

If you my nigga you my nigga till the end (whoa)  
Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a benz (my friend...whoa)  
Lets toast till we die  
Roll up the weed and blow the smoke in the sky (na na na)  
If you my nigga you my nigga till we go (whoa)  
One of the few I would take a bullet fo (my neegaaaro...whoa)  
Lets toast till we die  
Roll up the weed and blow the smoke in the sky (na na na)

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

The smell of marijuana reeks off me  
I raise hell before I speak softly  
Caught in the mix  
Put at least a hundred grand on one and bought him a six  
Acknowledged the weaknesses that his man he taught him to fix  
We aint never left the hood so we cam corded the trips  
Ive done watched a nigga go from BET to the bricksshit  
Her slanted eyes with ya chocolate Thai gave me  
Im a bachelor... nigga u aint knockin my lady  
A lot of these niggas been jockin mine lately  
N I hope you catch the long nap, rock-a-bye baby (gun shot)  
When 2 brothers, pushed outta different mamas  
Close enough to conflict or put this shit behind us  
ya baby boy made the big time  
Hoes is watching n these niggas trying to get mine  
Remember back then with lines n ya flattop  
Hoping ya moms aint the mama on crack rock

[Chorus: Ft. Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

I keep my mind on my money and my head to the sky

I never really smile much if you was here youd know why  
Theres frustration and fire if you look in my eye  
The media fuckin me up, right hookin my high  
Niggas hated on us before the game took us inside  
then they opened their arms wide took the whooping n cried  
I got a platinum plaque hangin on the wall in my crib  
And handsome is one of the things theyve been callin the kid  
They watch you close when you coppin all those VS stones  
If you aint tryin to get it poppin leave the BS home  
Ive got us a ditty broad that gives thee best dome  
And im blowin on some of the finest weed thats grown...homes  
You wont know when they gon' dump a slug  
But you can tell im getting money from the line out in front the club  
My whole click caked up, u cant compare the doe  
And if its only one bitch dont even share a hoe

[Chorus: Ft. Nate Dogg]

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[After Chorus: Nate Dogg]

If you my nigga you my nigga till the end (Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
My friennnnnd (Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
Na na na

If you my nigga you my nigga till we go (Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
My nee-ga-row (Whoaaaaaaaaa)  
Na na na