Work Magic

Lloyd Banks

I'm gon ride, I'm gon ride, they gon ride, we all gon ride, (yea)
I come from the heart of southside (yea)
Holdin it down for my niggas that died (yea)
I gotta busy bird on my side (yea)
Pop shit and get yo whole mouth wide (yea)

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Baby had tried to steal off the payroll
Ill have niggas scrappin the skin off the ya face with the same shit they peal a potato (whoo)
I thank the lord for my blessings and im glad he gave us the will power and reflexes of larry davis (ohh)
You dont wanna see my block formin' (uh huh)
Thats a 101 doggs and i dont mean the ones with the spots on em
Were respected highly
'cause you dont need to practice gymnastics to catch a body (oh)
Me and moneys like Whitney, next to Bobby (uh huh)
If i bring all my niggas ill need an extra lobby (uh huh)
As soon as you aint around jake (jake)
You getcha ass whipped for chips
Now thats the real definition of poundcake
I got the crownsnake
And you can tell when im shoppin 'cause when the mall stampedin' you'll feel the ground shake
I got a car i only drive on Thursdays (haha)
Im a stunna, banks blows more cake then birthdays

[Chorus - Lloyd Banks]

Look at here, aint nobody 'round here scared (uh uh)
I'm headin for the top and im almost there
Oh yeeuh this shiny shit right here
Ill work magic and make you niggas dissappear

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[Verse 2: Young Buck]

You know how i gets down

This pound hold six rounds
I told you i'd be back bitch
Talk that shit now
You hear that fo fif [.45] sound
Duck when i spit rounds
'cause this aint beverly hills
You in the bricks now
We aint got shit down here but dope and guns for sell
You get yo head cracked and niggas dont run and tell
Its like we sell crack get caught head back to jail
We on that fuck the police shit
We livin in hell
You betta guard yo grill homey
And stand yo ground
These bullets burn
They hit whoevers standin around
I never learn even after i took a couple shots
I just got me some band-aids and bought a couple glocks
Had to go on a rampage and hit a couple blocks
Once they hear that 12-gauge thats when the trouble stops (boom)
If its beef then im ready to ride
Just come to casheville you can find me on the southside (mothafucka)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

Now i aint from Michigan but im in the Fab 5
You know, Yayo and 50, Buck and Game, You know my fuckin name
Whether the truck or train
My minds stuck on the grind
'cause sumwhere down the line, alot of suckas came
Yeahh aint talkin shit
But we can all tell he ass
Jags are black his eyes like the R-Kelly mask (ah)
You gotta blast me yo (yo)
'cause the louisville will have yo head lookin like the top of a pistachio
The young gunner with a raspy flow
Got every boyfriend thinkin they girlfriends a nasty hoe
My heart laughin a small
Maybe its 'cause my grandpop dropped right after the ball
Banks hops out bulletproof this, bulletproof that, bulletproofs snorkle when you hot they hawk you
I got the hood on my shoulda
Chain big as a boulder
The 357 tucka

Mothafucka

[Chorus]

Yeeuhh [laughs]
Muthafucka
Im here.. yeeuh
Lloyd banks
G-G-G-G-G G-Unit!!
Money by any means...nigga

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