Freestyle

Lloyd Banks

hit him up two times
three'd be hat trick
gave him more shots than the pediatrics
came to his house and shot his left hand out
left him with more scars than Mr. Def Jam South
to reach the sky, how far would a star go
to handle more cigars than a Cuban cargo
makin money from everything I spoke in this
Wrapped by more ice than a broken wrist
got ability to make missy a little tipsy
Im more P.I.M.P than Mississippi (git it? Uh!)
I know u like to show off ur bust in gowns
'cause u go around jugglin guys nuts around
And we don't gotta wait till ur ass confesses
'cause u go around showing off ur ass in dresses

U watchin porn sittin there at ur macintosh
With ur hand in ur ass like ur jackin off
And u try goin harder than star wars Anakin
'cause u practice at ur house with a anus manikin
got a belt full of steel you can call me santa
u better keep your eyes peeled like a fuckin banana
and don't try to shoot me like some dumb retards
'cause I miss bullets like im sendin them e-cards
always equipped with the vest so don't aim for the bell-ay
'cause I dodge bullets like I play for LA
and im invisible 'cause u cant even see me son
but ur soft as shit I could shoot u with a bb gun
They call me stretch where I'm from 'cause im extended out
Find your ass in my house and I'll send it out
I got a custom made gun so the cops link my shot
So far.. how many mother fuckers do u think I got?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/