

Gilmore's

Lloyd Banks

Yeah, ooh
You n****s know what time it is?
It's time for that gangsta s***We ain't got s*** to live for
You either headed for the pen
Or you're on your way to Gilmore
In the middle of the real war
'Cause a five dollar bill is the s*** n****s kill forI make a million out, yeah
I don't care about a muthaf***a out there
My heart cold and my wrist rock
And I f*** around and die over Hip HopI treat a dollar like a mill, countin' every bill
'Cause if I don't watch mine another muthaf***a will
I went double but I still tuck the s****
I'm the truth, why the f*** you think 50 cut the dealRollin' in a bag of * when you cut the seal
When I bling the paint job on a Coupe De Ville
I ain't never had a pop, poppa never had a son
Nobody to go get, so I ain't never runThey chat behind my back but they quiet when I come
They treat a lil' n**** like a giant with a gun
I walk with a swagger like I always had money
'Cause I know, they rather see my black a** bummyAin't nuthin' funny just a whole lotta anger
Mind of a leader, drama of a gang banger
If a n**** come on property I ain't gonna call
There'll be a splatter on ya shirt and it ain't paint ballWe ain't got s*** to live for
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I don't care about a muthaf***a out there
My heart cold and my wrist rock
And I f*** around and die over Hip HopI don't follow no rules I'm gettin' in here with the t****
And if I don't, we gonn' burn this muthaf***a down
I'm comin' through swingin' like they do in H-Town
And I roll down the window and spin ya b**** face aroundI'm a stunna, hoggin' up the lane like the Hummer
Till the wheel run dry like the rain in the summer
Even the broke n**** can't afford to go to sleep
F*** around and get ya head p***** all over the streetAnd I ain't got nuthin' for 'em but the heat
My lil' brother want jewelry and Jordan's on his feet
Now, they recognize if ya slaughterin' the beat
And if it wasn't for rappin', I'd have ya daughter on the streetI been the same since Kane and Slick Rick had it
Now n****s die in the car, my whole whip had it

I worked too hard to let a n**** have it
So I pack the A***** for the sideline static, yeah We ain't got s**** to live for
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Or you're on your way to Gilmore
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