

Change

Lloyd Banks

Yeah, uh, yeah
I like the way that sound
NowCheck, n**** ya feelin' like a frog in a jump
One weed will bring you from the bottom the trunk
From the trunk to the dump
I'm rain on 'em, put the chump a slumpLike a rib shot
That's what the customers want
Don't cha, this ain't the typical story
Therefore I don't fall in the categoryI'm cool calm and collective
You con'in a Lexus
Blew chronic for breakfast
It match with the necklaceNines only down til' the rats wanna check this
Reckless, born treacherous warn specialist
Especially if you rest next to me
N**** come testin' me, you get the gun recipeThese old n****z want the new born sound
Actin' like they don't know who holdin' New York down
Yeah, I used to buy Nick's, ten years later now
I'm super-fly slick without a roof on my whip, s***I sip a hundred proof til' I'm ripped
And wave at the haters who got a root canal sick
Tell n****z 'Like to make a scene' so the llama's close
That kind of s*** don't fly like mumma jokesSo they got 'em long-short, Old kinda toast
More out of left s***, trailers all around the coast
To places you get around by boat, I get a pound I smoke
I put 'em down them dopeI'm real scope when I pass the block, I make traffic stop
A prodigal wave thing that make the apple rot
This apple jacks, be long before the platinum plaques
The Pro Tools and the waxTake a step back 'fore you catch a contact
The flows like an M-16 with an arm-strap
I'ma bomb on n****z until they can't bomb back
The Hiroshima demeanor, microphone crackAll of s*** changed since a came
A lot came 'round here, f***in' up the game
Therefore I ain't servin' nothin' but the pain
You playin', I'm hungry than a mahf***er' mayn'Rob a store 'fore you walk around poor
'Cause you ain't gettin' nothin' from me, you grown more
You fuelin' up the fire when you hate
So I'ma lean on ya' til' you make a mistake, I can't waitUntil the curtains close
It's just me and Tony, in them purple O's
Indoor overload, drive like I own the roads
These n****z is p*** that's why my shoulders coldM by the toted bow, I'm ridin' filthy in the Beamer

'Cause I can have Lamina Calina bring to a mister meaner

You drown in deep water, any n**** around come

From the street corner, where you need your heat on yaI'm on the climb while my next CD climbs South side

Greedy Dine, red wine, DB9, NYPD grind

Why? It ain't an easy grind

A n**** try to get mine, I'ma feed him nineAnd it's graffiti time, n****az sprayin' ya mural

For try'na by a motherf***in' hero

I'm fresh, fly and flashy, best guy if you ask me

Jet by on the nasty, n**** you in a taxiAll of s*** changed since a came

A lot came 'round here, f***in' up the game

Therefore I ain't servin' nothin' but the pain

You playin', I'm hungry than a mahf***er' mayn'Rob a store 'fore you walk around poor

'Cause you ain't gettin' nothin' from me, you grown more

You fuelin' up the fire when you hate

So I'ma lean on ya' til' you make a mistake, I can't waitHa, ha, yeah, uh

G-Unit

Raw

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