

# South Side Story

## Lloyd Banks

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

I done learned from mistakes like who's my men, and who's not  
Like who's gone run, but who's not  
Like who's gone shoot if you shot  
Who gone hold it and who's not  
Who gone change spots

[Chorus]

In the streets of New York, you can't trust nobody  
Niggaz'll run up on you with a 12-gauge shotty  
Loyalty comes free, smokin' weed is my hobby  
You want to rob me, you gotta leave here with a body  
In the streets of New York, You can't trust nobody  
Niggaz'll run up on you with a 12-gauge shotty  
Loyalty comes free, smokin' weed is my hobby  
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[Verse 1]

When I was ten years old, I seen a nigga take three in the head  
Probably around the same time he used to pee in the bed  
I stayed awake, cause my nightmares was seein' 'em dead  
Smelled the burnt tires peelin' after leavin' him lead  
The killer fled, with a fuckin' laugh  
My heart pumpin' on blast  
I just started at him, slumped in the grass  
Arms movin', fingers shakin', spittin' up blood  
DNA mixed in the mud, another ditch to be dug  
There I stood, stiffer than wood  
See homey used to buy me candy  
Now he's gone, who gone provide his family?  
My earring, shoulda been runnin'  
I never thought I'd be that sick  
Damn, I wasn't 'posed to see that shit  
That's when I thought  
It was more than three shots  
He coulda been waitin for me, maybe he circled around the block  
I turned around at my pops, he like "what happened?"  
This nigga rolled up and just started clappin'

I can still hear him laughin'

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

It was a regular day in South Side, sprinklers and kids runnin'  
All of a sudden, head's turnin', somebody did somethin'  
This nigga named, I forgot, fuck it, he lived around the block  
Regular gettin' money nigga, but loved to clown a lot  
Walked across the park, stuntin', frontin'  
Diamonds in his ear, diamond watch on  
Eatin' a bag of popcorn  
Walked up behind a shorty, grabbin' her waist  
She pushed him away, so he threw the bag in her face  
She felt disrespected, shorty couldn't accept it  
Called him a pussy, told him she'd be back in a second  
But he din't pay her no mind  
Called her a bitch about four times  
Stayed in the park, wit' no niggaz wit' em and no nine  
And them in no time, older nigga from behind  
Swung a baseball bat, left his face all crack  
Told him "take all that"  
Hit him again, popped his chain wit' a frown  
And left the clown, with a stain on the ground

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

All my days go by blowin' that sticky, icky  
California made me picky  
Chicken head tried to stick me wit' a hickey  
If we, blow up quickly, stickly, somewhere tipsy  
The location don't matter, I'm South Side until' they hit me  
I'll be DEAD  
If looks can kill, I'm from the ghetto boys  
But I don't know Scarface, I push wit' bill  
My heart spills  
For the kids that ain't got nothin' ain't got it still  
And for my, cousin I lost  
Humped over the steerin' wheel

[Chorus]

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written by LLOYD, CHRISTOPHER CHARLES / WHITE, BARRY EUGENE

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