

# Bomb First

## Lloyd Banks

[kids ovation]

[Intro:]

DAMN!

[Chorus: {DJ Whoo Kid}]

I wish the worst on them niggas! [gunshot] Wish a hearst on them niggas!  
Fuck defendin' mine! I'm a bomb first on them niggas.  
Send 'em [gunshot] somewhere in the sky, fill a church for them niggas {Whooooooooo!}  
Put a picture of his face on a shirt for his niggas. [scream]  
Mound of dirt on them niggas, niggas betta wisen up  
Time is up! - Everybody get a shot, line 'em up!  
Nigga sick of playin' games with' these lames, time to duck!  
Catch him hoppin' out his truck! - Dead stuck, {GOD-...} light 'em up! {DAMN} [gunshot]

[Verse 1:]

I stack a little, move a little, think a little quicker  
Nigga play, he get the hammer, home improvement on that nigga.  
Nail 'em down at the salon! - German Luger to that nigga  
Cut 'em down, Eddie Scissor, Freddy Krueger on that nigga. [classic evil laughter]  
Peep the coward shake my hand, behind my back he take a stab  
Haters so predictable! I'll show you how to make 'em mad;  
Make more! - Ain't no whistles in this sport - play ball, take 4! {Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo}  
I'll getcha handled on an out of state tour. [scream] {Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid!}  
K small snakes, rattle tattle tale, get they mouth hit  
Jealous of the hoe you hit all way down to ya outfit.  
Stand up nigga! Got my wisdom from a ghetto vet  
Salute 'em from X'ing out but ain't put down the metal yet. {LLYOD BANK\$!}  
Put me on whatever bet! I'm built for that, I never sweat!  
Pleeaase! How you touchin' me and you ain't made no chedda yet?  
Nigga this is heaven sent, you know what side I represent  
South! Can't nobody save him, tell that boy protect his neck. {COME ON!}

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

I think about the sleep, plus I been dreamin' 'bout the money  
Money move the world! Make the darkest day feel sunny.  
Ain't no question if I'm hungry, shit I only got a taste  
Bad enough I'm gettin' money, coppers know me by my face.  
Groupies know me from they knees, 50 states and overseas  
Fuck you locked up on that corner for if it ain't over cheese?  
Jewelers know me for my ice, reefer known me all my life  
Keep me calm enough to function, blunts of Sour D all night.  
And the industry of motherfuckers I don't even like  
Punk rappers everywhere, I feel a robbery tonight!  
Ain't nobody gettin' nothin' free, no time to be polite  
I can't stand a bitch nigga and you probably the type!

[Chorus:]

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