

Til the End

Lloyd Banks

Nobody there knew they would die before they woke
They probably started off a beautiful day with weed smoke
Out of last night's pussy, the murder that she wrote
Cold sweatin' from a nightmare, mind on a C-note
You leave the door with intentions of fulfillin' your visions
Constantly sidetracked
Thinkin' 'bout who's your man or who isn't
Maybe it's necessary, maybe you're overreactin'
Maybe your actual downfall is that hoe that you're clappin'
Maybe your pillow conversations been controllin'
the actions
Maybe your homey overheard an' never told you what happened
You look behind you when you turn the corner
'Cause death is promised
You done seen some niggaz go before ya, the threats are honest
An' with that lingerin' in the back of your head
You know it's possible that you won't make it back in your bed
The confusion an' jealousy an' dishonor'll spin ya
But then none come worse than when that gunpowder's in ya
If you my nigga, you my nigga til the end
Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a Benz
Let's toast til we die
Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da
If you my nigga, you my nigga til we go
One of the few I would take a bullet fo'
Let's toast til we die
Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da
The smell of marijuana wreaks often
I raise hell 'fore I speak softly, quotin' the Knicks
Put at least a hundred grand on one hand, bought him a 6
Acknowledged the weaknesses that his man taught him to fix
We ain't never left the hood, so we Camcordered the
trips
I done watched the nigga go from BET to the Bricks, shit
The slanted eyes what the chocolate Thai gave me
I'm a bachelor, nigga, you ain't knockin' my lady
A lot of these niggaz been jockin' mine lately
An' I hope you catch the long an' that rock-a-bye baby
We two brothers, pitched outta different mommas
Close enough to conflict an' put the shit behind us
Your baby boy meet the daytime
Oldest watchin' an' these niggaz tryin' to get mine
Remember back then the lines in your flat top
Hopin' your moms ain't the momma on crack rock
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Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a Benz
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One of the few I would take a bullet fo'

Let's toast til we die
Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da daKeep my mind on my money an' my head to the sky
I never really smile much, if you was here you'd know why
There's frustration an' fire if you look in my eye
The media fuckin' me up, right hookin' my highNiggaz hated on us 'fore the game took us inside
Then they opened they arms wide, took the whoopin' an' cried
I got a platinum plaque hangin' on the wall of my crib
An' handsome's one of the things they been callin' the kidThey watch you close when you coppin' all the VS
stones
If you ain't tryin' to get it poppin', leave the BS home
I got a saditty broad that gives the best dome
An' I'm blowin' on some of the finest weed that's grown, homesYou won't know when they gon' dump a slug
But you can tell I'm gettin' money
From the line out in front the club
My whole click caked up, you can't compare the dough
An' if it's only one bitch, then we gon' share the hoIf you my nigga, you my nigga til the end
Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a Benz
Let's toast til we die
Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da daIf you my nigga, you my nigga til we go
One of the few I would take a bullet fo'
Let's toast til we die
Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da daIf you my nigga you, my nigga til the end
My friend, la da da
If you my nigga you, my nigga til we go
My negro, la da da

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