

# Work (feat. Lil Silva)

## Banks

I'm gon' ride, I'm gon' ride, they gon' ride, we all gon' ride,  
(yea)  
I come from the heart of southside (yea)  
Holdin' it down for my niggas that died (yea)  
I gotta busy bird on my side (yea)  
Pop shit and get yo whole mouth wide (yea) Baby had tried to steal off the payroll  
Ill have niggas scrappin' the skin off the ya face with the same  
Shit they peal a potato (whoo)  
I thank the lord for my blessings and I'm glad he gave us the  
Will power and reflexes of Larry Davis (ohh)  
You don't wanna see my block formin' (uh huh)  
That's a 101 doggs and I don't mean the ones with the spots on 'em  
Were respected highly  
'cause you don't need to practice gymnastics to catch a body  
(oh)  
Me and moneys like Whitney, next to Bobby (uh huh)  
If I bring all my niggas I'll need an extra lobby (uh huh)  
As soon as you ain't around Jake (Jake)  
You getcha ass whipped for chips  
Now that's the real definition of pound cake  
I got the crown snake  
And you can tell when I'm shoppin' 'cause when the mall stampedin'  
You'll feel the ground shake  
I got a car I only drive on Thursdays (ha ha)  
I'm a stunna', banks blows more cake then birthdays [Chorus] Look at here, ain't nobody 'round here scared (uh  
uh)  
I'm headin' for the top and I'm almost there  
Oh yeah this shiny shit right here  
Ill work magic and make you niggas disappear Look at here, ain't nobody 'round here scared  
I'm headin' for the top and I'm almost there  
Oh yeah this shiny shit right here  
Ill work magic and make you niggas disappear You know how I gets down  
This pound hold six rounds  
I told you I'd be back bitch  
Talk that shit now  
You hear that fo fif .45 sound  
Duck when I spit rounds  
'cause this ain't Beverly hills  
You in the bricks now

We ain't got shit down here but dope and guns for sell  
 You get yo head cracked and niggas don't run and tell  
 Its like we sell crack get caught head back to jail  
 We on that fuck the police shit  
 We livin' in hell  
 You betta' guard yo grill homey  
 And stand yo ground  
 These bullets burn  
 They hit who evers standin' around  
 I never learn even after I took a couple shots  
 I just got me some band-aids and bought a couple glocks  
 Had to go on a rampage and hit a couple blocks  
 Once they hear that 12-gauge that's when the trouble stops  
 (boom)  
 If its beef then I'm ready to ride  
 Just come to casheville you can find me on the south side  
 (motherfucka')[Chorus]Now I ain't from Michigan but I'm in the Fab 5  
 You know, Yayo and 50, Buck and Game, You know my fuckin' name  
 Whether the truck or train  
 My minds stuck on the grind  
 'cause somewhere down the line, a lot of suckas came  
 Yeah ain't talkin' shit  
 But we can all tell he ass  
 Jags are black his eyes like the are-Kelly mask (ah)  
 You gotta blast me yo (yo)  
 'cause the Louisville will have yo head lookin' like the top of a  
 Pistachio  
 The young gunner with a raspy flow  
 Got every boyfriend thinkin' they girlfriends a nasty hoe  
 My heart laughin' a small  
 Maybe its 'cause my grandpop dropped right after the ball  
 Banks hops out bulletproof this, bulletproof that, bulletproofs  
 Snorkle when you hot they hawk you  
 I got the hood on my shoulda  
 Chain big as a boulder  
 The 357 tucka  
 Motherfucka'[Chorus]Yeah  
 Motherfucka'  
 I'm here, yeah  
 Lloyd banks  
 G-G-G-G-G G-Unit!  
 Money by any means, nigga

Songwriters

MARC SHEMER, DARRELL BROWN, CHRISTOPHER LLOYD Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>