

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 disappearLook 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 disappearYou 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-Unit!
Money by any means, nigga

Songwriters

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