

City Of Sin (feat. Young Chris)

Lloyd Banks

[Verse 1 - Lloyd Banks]

Hater close your eyes now, picture me rollin
My paper thick, my bitch is swollen
Not cuz I hit her, I mean she holdin'
Hit 'em with this explosion
Lift her, slam her, I'm Hulk Hogan
Handing out all these headaches
Need a million ibuprofen
Blondy and brunette pokin'
A beetle and they can open
They weeded and might be holdin'
Don't feel the a raft of the slum
Ain't no jokes in this game
Fuck you laughing at son
The man that's behind my cult
Been lifting up every tree
Thank heavens for my results
This is for Heavy D
This is my brighter side, rocks get of the LAD
Carmelo to NYK, Blake Griffin to LAC
You niggas fishing fool, you start no pitch in the rule
I tell your mama you ain't shit, put the clip on YouTube
On that "Ravishing" Rick Rude, a pile of karats sick jewels
I've been sick since 16, they sleepin on they fools

[Hook]

Come around where we lay
You'll see just what we say
We sin & we pray
And hope that shit be ok
I get that dough everyday
Grab all the weed out the tray
Roll my troubles away
Smoking my troubles away
Out here, we die every day
It feels like violence the way
Them nigga hungry as hell
And got they eye on the pay
I never mind what they say

Pop the fuckin rozay
And drink my troubles away
Drink my troubles away
(Drink my troubles away)

[Verse 2 - Young Chris]

I talk that shit, yes I do
You know my wrist is sky blue
Married the block said I do
Time to celebrate with my crew
Seven deep sort of cannon
It's gotta take a part too
Yellow caution the block
Make sure they tape 'em out too
Any dealings we making my niggas waiting out too
No ain't no need for no rushing
Let's count that paper out too
Chillin down in Miami, bitches fuck on the yacht
You niggas stalkin' my instagram pictures up on the block
Mad as fuck I can tell, greenest stuff on some shelf
But if I hit 'em them pussies, I know the suckers would tell
I'm a menace out here, I'm a product of blocks
And the hate don't amount, I gets alot of that guap
Nice resort on the hills, quarter mill for the wheel
You keep on holla at choppers you better get you some sheild
I'm a problem I promise, vacate down in the Thomas
Smoking down in the islands my money growing, empower

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Lloyd Banks]

I used to dream of these profits
Same time they feenin to cop it
My presence big as a building
I put your team in my pocket
I'ma bong your wife
She takes my semen and swap it
Them vixens come with a victor
I'm like a king on that topic
I do this everywhere
In/out the town, the P's and the tropics
We leave a mess and go
Chocolate and whip cream when I popped it
I stick my chest out to the rift
Soon as you catch up, they switch

Chrome and metal burn rubber
I wood grained decked up the 6
Fuck you hatin ass niggas
And you hatin ass hoes
We ain't in the same bracket
So don't debate on our flows
'Cause I'm so motherfucking high
I can touch the sky
You have just been outshined
By someone that doesn't try
I'm getting red I ain't got to lift a leg
Lift a thumb 20k in ones make the strippers beg
Fly, I have to go last, let us see all you niggas dead
Torn is for the lessons, count my blessings before I hit the bed
[Hook]

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