

# Land of Opportunity (feat. Styles P)

## Lloyd Banks

Desperate to be found  
And blood stains all around  
And my stupid bust thought the lure would be enough  
You ain't seen nothing yet  
I'm always planted, couldn't push me down a hill  
I double numbers on up-and-comers, you rookies gotta chill  
Broke a classic of sour power, it whoop me out a mill  
Life's a bitch and still crowd around, that pussy gotta chill  
Pack an island on half my talent, your calendar is clear  
Black medallion, I'm back to stylin', and balancing career  
Nigga, miss me by that argument, left that in my 20s  
100s and 50s all I bargain with, still bagging up money, dummy  
I'm stereo trips, name of your guardian, superior wrist  
Play me to starve again, canary the fist  
Raise me a problem, don't compare me to shit  
Came from the bottom, bodies there on the strip  
Brand me a column, probably hear I'mma quit  
Grammy asylum, bottom tears on my shit  
Candy in Harlem, rocking flairs on my whip  
The profit handle and click, you out here scamming a trick  
You sneaky deaving, chop your hand you get slick  
Don't rock your sleepy, drop the bands on your fit  
You getting to it, you don't talk about it  
When trouble comes there ain't no walk around it  
Why you think the morgue is crowded?  
Don't get your body chalk around it  
How in the land of opportunity when niggas trying to ruin me?  
Don't make us type your eulogy  
Class in session, pay your student fee  
They eyeing all your jewelry  
What your problems got to do with me?  
You begging, I ain't heard a thing, money hollers usually  
Yeah, back at 'em with banks  
Reverse camera on, I back out of the bank  
No withdrawals, just depositing  
I ain't get this plug on Twitter, but I'mma follow 'em  
And what your problems got to do with me?  
And why the fuck you screwing me?  
I kill 'em then, go on read his eulogy

I got beef, I don't talk about it  
Put the hawk up in 'em, spin 'em and pull the hawk up out 'em  
Pull the whip on the strip, niggas'll gawk about her  
Never stick your dick in a chick and bitch'll squawk about it  
Why these bitches wanna ruin me?  
Probably 'cause I'm speaking money fluently  
And this the land of opportunity  
I told Banks I get G's by the unit, B  
All I need is Yayo and there ain't nothing they can do with me  
You getting to it, you don't talk about it  
When trouble comes there ain't no walk around it  
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What your problems got to do with me?  
You begging, I ain't heard a thing, money hollers usually  
Nothing reminds me of the grimy time to call it quits  
As soon as I fix 'em been off revenge, alcoholic twitch  
Popular kid when sloppy handing off enormous bricks  
Invitation the forces miss followed by performance slips  
A little diesel and California flips  
The figures transforming, destiny's calling your normal piss  
Stomping the standards I set, skipping the portal list  
20 fucking years on the set ditching the spoiled bitch  
Stuck on a new beginning, my fucks in a toolie spinning  
Wind up with the rule of the willing  
Die tough when the movie ending  
Bending these corners with the piece out, you panicking  
Play with the money, knock 20 teeth off your camera grin  
Breaking the borders, all the channeling  
I promised my conscience I'll be the man again  
And shock you out your ambient  
And posses died of family when, some pockets size champion  
Rockabye in panties and the boppers slide their hammers in  
You getting to it, you don't talk about it  
When trouble comes there ain't no walk around it  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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