

Warrior Part 2

Lloyd Banks

Remix

Lloyd Banks It's like a throne that he don't even own
He won't sit down, given the crown he just throws it around
It's like a joke he's like a king but he don't rule a thing
He don't want the diamonds, want the gold or want the jewelry He don't want the fame, don't want the lute he's
in it for a sport
Runnin' suckaz where there's competition 'round the court
He appreciates your support but he ain't beggin' for it
And you can't love it, you can hate it but you can't ignore it You can't be that ignorant but you can try to sell
him short
But you can't fuck with his last joint or the one before it
And he was gonna raise hell like them country boys
And if I'm frontin' then you better come confront me for it This is the story of a warrior I know you know it
True warriors go ahead and make some noise
It ain't healthy to be makin' niggaz paranoid
Hit your corner wit' more weapon, I don't need my boyz I'm doin' 120 in the fast lane
Kick back, just relax, let me do my thang
Don't give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain
Money, power and respect in this rap game He's straight outta the neighborhood but niggaz hate
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate
Your stomachs ache while he's loungin' at the big estate
And he hops in a hundred thousand with a nigga's gate House with just a bigger gate, houndin' him was a big
mistake
He wont surrender, he'll rather give up a rib to break
'Cuz he remembers when they wouldn't lend a helpin' hand
So he was sittin' on green like a Celtic fan Created a buzz so when you gotta mention his name
When you discussin' the illest playa that's in the game
And he's ridin' with Em, 50 cent, Doc and them
G Unit records ain't no motherfuckin' stoppin' them This is the story of a warrior I know you know it
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Don't give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain
Money, power and respect in this rap game He's no magician, man, the kid makes somethin' outta nuthin'
So now niggaz from this hood act like we owe 'em somethin'
They talk crazy till we send niggas through there to buck 'em
Ask 'em if there's a problem and they'll say, "Naw its nothin'" He was gonna help 'em out, but since they
fronted, fuck 'em

He dont care how they feel, they can hate him or love him
He hold it down on his own the kid is really thuggin'
He's rich now, he ain't change so niggaz think he buggin'He bullet proof everything in case niggaz try and buff
him
Keep two pistols on this hip I show you where he tuck 'em
Niggaz say they gon' get at him but they can't touch him
Try to catch 'em slippin', they creepin' and he start bustin'This is the story of a warrior I know you know it
True warriors go ahead and make some noise
It ain't healthy to be makin' niggaz paranoid
Hit your corner wit' more weapon, I don't need my boyzI'm doin' 120 in the fast lane
Kick back, just relax, let me do my thang
Don't give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain
Money, power and respect in this rap gameI can give you niggaz' somethin' you can talk about
I can turn your smile upside down
You ain't no G-Unit fuckin' clown
I can take your girl until I turn her outDon't hold it in, let it all out
I can give you fuckers somethin' to be mad about
Invite her in send her back out
With my DNA all in her mouth

Songwriters

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