

work magic (feat young buck)

Lloyd 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 peel 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

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