

# 70 Bars

## DJ Whoo Kid

The name's Banks! The boy wonder man  
stack and a rubber band, gat in the other hand  
[Lloyd Banks]These lil niggas dont move me, go watch a movie  
im too smooth, white prada shoes with the dooey  
i spin ya fuckin neck when i speed the thru  
the ceilin is see-thru, all you top billin off of me too  
you might as well give ya money to me shorty  
cant dance in the strip club when your 40  
come here, i show you how to get it if you with it  
if you let me i can teach you how to take it to the top  
with a bottle of Cris lady youll be naked on the spot  
gassed up from the conversation in the drop  
it wont be gifts or vacation to the trop's  
this hard dick bubble gum stake him in the pots  
i got a brand new semi out the box  
just in case a nigga think he smooth enuff to sneak in  
youll be one eyed shorter from the slaughter  
and ill be on the yacht round water out in Florida  
fuck the drama wassup, ya hammers in the truck  
u butt, so chill or ima have to fuck you up for real  
cristal bottle in ya grill, ill  
youll be in ground before glass teeth and blood spill  
they all know im a threat hoppin out the Lex  
i got a bitch for every letter in the alphabet  
like Aron and Brandy, Cary and Donna  
Erica and Felicia i nicknamed her Gabbana  
light skinned Heather i met her around the way  
and theres a few names that i aint suppose to say  
so ima skip to J, 'cause Jasmine and Jeniffer  
jaw bone in, Jessica come runs by the messenger  
they all know when it come to the hoes  
i get em down and they on under clothes, in them bundlelobes  
nah i dont need an umbrella the car come with those  
and to get one of those, youll need 100 shows  
  
im all summer froze, so the gun exposed  
ill gun butt ya fucker, heres a bloody nose  
yea that was yo bitch, but the dummy chose  
yea im grimy as fuck you got to love it tho

shorty caught feelings after i stroked her so what  
take a picture write a book call Oprah Blow Up"  
youll find a ice pic in a flow  
with a coke colored coupe white whip in the snow  
me and the bread bandin like a pimp and a hoe  
like smoker or the pipe like the coke on the phypes  
i dont continue nothin im the stroker her on the night  
on the sofa or the floor, hoe chokin off the mic  
like Banks i dont usually do, well they usually do  
and theyll all learn to like it you get used to it too  
niggas starin at my chain 'cause it use to be blue  
but i changed like you, deuce deuce in his shoe  
im on kush, cranberry juice goose and im thru  
then its back to the mansion to do what i do  
im back nigga, this is part 2  
the hunger for more money im right at ya door dummy  
?? pops bottles up, nigga im by the buck  
dont look at the Ferrari you cant even buy the truck  
ya boy fresh out the hood and he hot as fuck  
on a hunt for the cheese, keep ya ricatta tucked  
they on that plottin shit, right in the lobby shit  
run up in my yard and run around with the shoddy shit  
family members identified in a body shit  
'cause it been so long, that John Gotti shit  
im in the 2-0-0 Maserati whip  
concrete colored McLaren its a hobby shit  
HAHAH AAAHHHHHH!!!! SEE YOU NIGGAS ON TOP MAN

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