

# Til The End

## Lloyd Banks

Nobody there knew they would die before they woke  
They probably started off a beautiful day with weed smoke  
    Out of last night's pussy, the murder that she wrote  
    Cold sweatin' from a nightmare, mind on a C-note  
You leave the door with intentions of fulfillin' your visions  
    Constantly sidetracked  
    Thinkin' 'bout who's your man or who isn't  
    Maybe it's necessary, maybe you're overreactin'  
    Maybe your actual downfall is that hoe that you're clappin'  
    Maybe your pillow conversations been controllin' the actions  
Maybe your homey overheard an' never told you what happened  
    You look behind you when you turn the corner  
    'Cause death is promised  
You done seen some niggaz go before ya, the threats are honest  
    An' with that lingerin' in the back of your head  
You know it's possible that you won't make it back in your bed  
    The confusion an' jealousy an' dishonor'll spin ya  
But then none come worse than when that gunpowder's in ya  
    If you my nigga, you my nigga til the end  
    Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a Benz  
    Let's toast til we die  
Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da  
    If you my nigga, you my nigga til we go  
    One of the few I would take a bullet fo'  
    Let's toast til we die  
Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da  
    The smell of marijuana wreaks often  
    I raise hell 'fore I speak softly, quotin' the Knicks  
Put at least a hundred grand on one hand, bought him a 6  
Acknowledged the weaknesses that his man taught him to fix  
    We ain't never left the hood, so we Camcorded the trips  
I done watched the nigga go from BET to the Bricks, shit  
    The slanted eyes what the chocolate Thai gave me  
    I'm a bachelor, nigga, you ain't knockin' my lady  
    A lot of these niggaz been jockin' mine lately  
An' I hope you catch the long an' that rock-a-bye baby  
    We two brothers, pitched outta different mommas  
    Close enough to conflict an' put the shit behind us  
    Your baby boy meet the daytime

Oldest watchin' an' these niggaz tryin' to get mine  
Remember back then the lines in your flat top  
Hopin' your moms ain't the momma on crack rock  
If you my nigga, you my nigga til the end  
Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a Benz  
Let's toast til we die

Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da  
If you my nigga, you my nigga til we go  
One of the few I would take a bullet fo'  
Let's toast til we die

Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da  
Keep my mind on my money an' my head to the sky  
I never really smile much, if you was here you'd know why  
There's frustration an' fire if you look in my eye  
The media fuckin' me up, right hookin' my high  
Niggaz hated on us 'fore the game took us inside

Then they opened they arms wide, took the whoopin' an' cried  
I got a platinum plaque hangin' on the wall of my crib  
An' handsome's one of the things they been callin' the kid  
They watch you close when you coppin' all the VS stones  
If you ain't tryin' to get it poppin', leave the BS home  
I got a saditty broad that gives the best dome  
An' I'm blowin' on some of the finest weed that's grown, homes  
You won't know when they gon' dump a slug  
But you can tell I'm gettin' money  
From the line out in front the club

My whole click caked up, you can't compare the dough  
An' if it's only one bitch, then we gon' share the ho  
If you my nigga, you my nigga til the end  
Fuck a bill, fuck a bitch, fuck a Benz  
Let's toast til we die

Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da  
If you my nigga, you my nigga til we go  
One of the few I would take a bullet fo'  
Let's toast til we die

Roll up the weed an' blow the smoke in the sky, la da da  
If you my nigga you, my nigga til the end  
My friend, la da da  
If you my nigga you, my nigga til we go  
My negro, la da da