

Officer Down [Rick Ross Diss]

Lloyd Banks

Too easy, man can't a motherfucker round you see me
You'd need a AK and a genie, a whole POUND of wheaties
My heart so freezy, 3d birdie to the click you claim
Victories my valentine, I'm in a different lane
Strong as cocaine
Long as I'm sane I won't be took for games
I can guarantee when it's over you won't look the same
Drownin' in shame, callin' my name's like callin' Candy Man
Suicide on a platter, splatter your brain, he banned
Understand, this ain't a obstacle it's comical The shades you wear been blindin' you
Everyone knows what I'ma do
Everyone knows I'm lava, fool
Bet he come more phenomenal
Deadly, ready for drama
Whoever want it can climb in too
Broken ego's I promise you, desert eagles and llamas threw
W-why would you f-fuck wit me, s-stupid move
C-come around, get f-f-found beat up and bruised
You need support, a couple crews
Beef out here ain't nothin' new, I'll make you sleep uncomfortable
Nightmares of P.O. punchin' you, flatline
Doctor pumpin' you, the blind could see the punk in you
Girl in you, bitch in you, I will kick through all of you
Football wit you, soccer when we see him, DDT him
Leave him bleedin', we'll be even
Even through coppin' and pleading
He be talkin' bout the weight he push
Use to punch the clock in jail, drove his mama car 'round
Now he got whatchu want for sale
See it, I bought it; it's official if I flaunt it
If ya diamonds really real then put the diamond tester on it
He don't want it
I'll run up on his shadow hit him proper
He bout real as a 4 dollar bill, Carol City Copper
Chop 'em down, one by one, two by two this what I do
If you knew what I knew then you'll be cool, you'll be through
He makin' money? Well we makin' money too, whoopee doo
We'll be here long after he disappear, this is proof
151 in the booth, so slippery...son is the truth

Come get me, I'm in the coupe
 4-fizzy, I'm in the loop wit Biggie, piece of fruit CAKE
 They don't want no problems watch they boots SHAKE
 Tremble, terrified, now it's too LATE
 There's no stoppin' till I see empires crumble beside me
 Entire families divided, dickin' ya hoe is my hobby
 Ya sorry, probably the weakest shit to try me
 I be everywhere the guap be, and ya fat, musty and sloppy
 Freeway "Ricky Ross" copy, and the real one's comin' home
 Peace to him, fuck-you
 Click, Pop pop pop, I'm gone
 I'm too strong, you been warned
 Quiet storm when I perform
 When I get on, I'm like big pac, hell reborn
 Word to mama, word is bond
 Long kiss goodnight, the pistol tight, my clip too tight
 You superthug, I'm kryptonite
 Sleep wit me, ya bitch just might
 Same promotion, different fight
 Still ballin', poppin' bottles, my wrist is white
 Drive the cars that bitches like, this is like
 Practice, pay ya taxes
 'Fore you spit my name out backwards
 A-a-ask around, I'm in brackets wit legendary rappers
 Are-are-ratchets as we taxi, ask me if I give a f-f-fuckem' ALL
 Makaveli when I bomb, I hit em' up
 G-g-get buck, cut, stuck, look
 Won't make much a difference, this is child's play
 L-l-lyrical battery ya'll way
 Pretty ladies in my mercedes, product of the '80s
 40's, 50's blick'ies wit me hit me they call me crazy
 High and hazy, shady, grimey, slimey in every way
 30 cities, 30 shooters, we're like the NBA
 Blaze when you want me stop, tough plot
 Big macs for every one you can eat, Pound for every pound you got
 Call me loyal, honored, armored in bullet catchin' garment
 Getcha versace pirhanna'd, mangled, and left retarded
 I'm on another planet, fuck made him pick me to spar wit?
 We 2 different niggas, that makes you a special target
 In this market they let impersonators walk 'round
 50 bodied you, I just laid the chalk down

Songwriters

KENON, CALVIN / UNKNOWN, WRITERS

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