

Reap What You Sow

Lloyd Banks

[Verse 1]

Uh! [...] climb from adolescence
Meantime back to finessing, guess you're guessing
And PMS'in' in the wrong direction
The BM stretchin' for so long, perfecting
Tweekin' my engine, dreamin my crown on, peakin' the legend
Heavans [...] is what I'm famous for
God sends halos, I'm hanging more rookies will die for nothin, only remember king names in war
Social beefin' is weak, so don't anticipate a post or a tweet, I don't even like to speak
Ain't no competition breathin hard luck
I handicap 'em, squad up
My [...] stackin bras up, your favorite rapper's bar struck
Writers collision, cooked in a psychos kitchen
[...] the titles missin, hooked, the recitals listen
If I don't you I was tired, would you judge me?
Would you criticize my counter disappearances you're lucky
I'm flippin, target anyone they consider above me
Start pickin' them off one by one, that would be lovely, and ugly[Hook]
They say you reap what you sow
There ain't no love here in this place that I call home
No one to lean on, I been out here on my own
Don't need no haters 'round me fuckin' up my zone
You're well protected, ain't no better way to roam
Ain't know my ego cause you never really know
Separate yourself, they ain't gon' let you grow
I wanna' win, don't think the hood gonn' let me go, oh

[Verse 2]

Peace be placed to purity, more chances for the wicked
Made my darker days be full moons, where all the goons can kick it, uh!
My life's explicit, killer style, few shrooms and mix it
Perfect elixir addict with two tools, terrific
I own a ticket, pen my verse twitchin
[...] then I'm soul searchin' my and my [...] coachin'
We don't fuck with them niggas', great 'em in third person
Freedom [...] 3D and gold version
Knee deep in flows curtain, shade out the snoopers
Sniper range from what the truth is
Kongo with strong caduceus
Pile up the losers, no time for choosin

When I get stupid, bowels are movin'
A hundred miles and cruisin' nigga'
I'm more than real, don't bring The King hypothetical things
I push the button, metal rings like a vendin' machine
Grew to be limitless, few know what the business is
Beat odds with my regiment, hesitance won't get you this[Hook]
They say you reap what you sow
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No one to lean on, I been out here on my own
Don't need no haters 'round me fuckin' up my zone
You're well protected, ain't no better way to roam
Ain't know my ego cause you never really know
Separate yourself, they ain't gon' let you grow
I wanna' win, don't think the hood gonn' let me go, oh[Verse 3]
Sweeter life from on here on out, subtracted bitter faces
Minor disappointments stem from lack of expectations
Mediocre flows, sick tracks, infected basements
Bullets droppin' knowledge, power casings and down faces
This is what I get for livin'
My mental splittin', back and forthin' with my other side still, two tempers clickin'
Top fiver of all the 'four'fathers, who mentions different
Jottin' punches down on blank blue bills, new pens for tripping, Uh!
I'm down the [...] two clip Glock for semi threats
Time for many cheques, too hip-hop for skinny sweats
Feel my memory stretch, do flip flops and deadly sex
Resemble MC's out the old days, W chevvie lex
How active rider foggin' up the plazza as I
Float off the ramp and throw, dab like designer
Platinum [...] psychopath and smoke
Cash out the commas, my personas like the [...] with hope
Fast ride provider

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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