The Work Out Part 4 (featuring 50 Cent)

Lloyd Banks

[50 Cent]
I heart alot of talkin niggas must be mad at Banks
[Banks]
ah you bitch ass niggas, yall niggas love talkin
i just smile on my dude
[50 Cent]
But theres only 1 problem, niggas aint as bad as Banks
[Lloyd Banks]
Yea nigga punchline kid is back, New York City stand the fuck up[Lloyd Banks]
Go get ya camera man, thats a Lambo' fam
gun in the safe, the same one from Rambo hand
i got ??, you know whatever chedda
flyin my New York hoe in, 'cause her head is better
I said i'd never sweat her, well i guess i lied
she suck the ghost outta a nigga and im petrified
you niggas nuthin but roaches, hit the pesticide
i spray lil you roll around in ya neck and die
im the nicest out, look at the ring
you hear the price and pout, every 16th i ice em out (bling!)
50 sold 11 mill, brought Tyson house
and mine to, cross dude and the knife come out
i cant wait to see you bricks on the sidestretch
bunch a holes in ya like the bricks in the projects
Kefflon whips rubber grips for the nonsense
conscience, of the consequences, abnoxious
and we can ride all night, somebody might come get em
tie his bandana on too tight
you can book em short notice, ima sell out in the night
the car wont get me there, but the helicopter might
i bring all the toys out let the clip go shit
the whip so new even the bird shit dont stick
i got a hell of a system sound travel 3 blocks
bulletproof doors and all you can eat tops
runnin out to me, i only need the funerals
i button all you niggas up like Jay-Z
i smoke for free when im out in DC
VVS's is in my ear, clearer than HD
i dont know why he walk around with my logo he aint me
braggin bout the millions of dollars you aint see

gimme ammo in a jammy, my hand over a grammy
2 cribs, thats why i ship the lambo in Miami
please, ain't tryin to be in a jam over the panties
they love em when i leave em for the very same reason
one nigga started, a couple niggas followed
now they all cant eat like the Next Top Model (top model)
New York City boy but they love me in Chicago
a lil more in Philly from here to Atlantic City
i flip flop smokin around, 6 drop cruisin the town
6 shot ruger the pound with hip hop screwin them now
nah i dont give a fuck Joe Pesci flow
might win another Vibe award if they let me go
im like royalty a muthafuckin king
when i move she move, like a puppet on a string
50 karats on the bracelet a couple on the ring
my treasure chest is a mess, a bucket full of bling
im the P cut boy i tuck em in the whole piece
you mutherfuckas is lucky i dont wear gold teeth[50 Cent]
I hear alot of talkin these niggas they mad at Banks
I bet they'll keep on talkin, after this shot they be tellin the chicks
My niggas they get it poppin find out when we at ya wake
you and you in your coffin damn you made a big mistakeIts 50 nigga!, yall niggas know wassup
Lloyd Banks! The changin of the cards
I'll be back nigga, I'll just fall back
feel what im sayin, its Banks turn nigga, now watch this
you hear that?, prrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, thats the money machine
boop boop boop, you hear that?, thats the money truck backin up
its Lloyd Banks nigga, you should already know
you gonna eat with the Unit or you gonna eat a can of sardines haha

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

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