

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 see-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 ho that you're clappin'
Maybe your pillow conversations been controllin' the actions
Maybe your homey overheard and 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
And 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 and jealousy and dishonor'll spin ya
But then none come worse than when that gunpowder's in ya[Chorus]
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 and 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 and blow the smoke in the sky la da daThe 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 camcordered 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
And I hope you catch the long and that rock-a-bye baby
We two brothers, pitched outta different mommas
Close enough to conflict and put the shit behind us
Your baby boy meet the daytime
Oldest watchin' and 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[Chorus]Keep my, mind on my money, and my head to the

sky

I never really smile much, if you was here you'd know why
There's frustration and 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' and cried
I got a platinum plaque hangin' on the wall of my crib
And 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
And 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
And if it's only one bitch, then we gon' share the ho[Chorus](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 niggarole)
La da da

Songwriters

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