

Stranger

Lloyd Banks

Uh, I'm doin' my thang, G-Unit's my gang
Ma, I gotta get mine, all the day all the time
N****, you know how we roll, twenty three's twenty four's
I'm holdin' my ground in case somethin' goes down Uh, yeah don't fall for a big butt and a smile
They set ya up you f*** around have to buck in the crowd
Around my way, ain't sunshine ev'ryday
N****s'll cross ya, you should hear the slang they say In a land of attitudes **'s and accidents
Where n****s split blunts eight ways and pack the b****
Mama spit me out with a spindle and I been mackin' since
And I'm stubborn, so I don't lean back and flinch You're perpetratin', embarrasin' the crooks
Plus your frontin' they only seen Paris in the books
Whenever you leave the bricks watch the n****s you roll with
Before you know it n****s be shootin' up yo' s**** The clubs a fashion show, so n****s go get
And rev up all the broke n****s rockin' they old s****
Before the night is done they be another murder
So put your money to the side for another burner Stranger, don't bring 'em 'round if I don't know 'em like that
I feel like it's targets all over my back
Because of these broads that's layin' over my lap
A n**** that young ain't 'sposed to live like that I just saw the dealer and I'm goin' right back
Stashin' my g**** 'cause I know they might rat
I'm doin my thang, G-Unit's my gang Uh, I'm frontin' in my G62's the yellow and royal blues
I'm better than all you dudes hot metal for all you fools
The one that n****s admire many study all my moves
And I'm focused 'cause I'm a end up bloody if I snooze You a sucker for love or maybe I'm a bit different
If you ask me, is your baby mama's a pigeon?
I just bought the mansion and ma dukes pop the ribbon
And I'm out poppin' Cris b**** I'll show you how I'm livin' I keep havin' them dreams 'bout n****s gettin'
the drop on me
Lettin' them things fly up and down the block for me
True fear n****s don't feel ya they triflin'
But I adapt 'cause I used to think just like 'em As soon as I hit the top I noticed the sudden change
It's probably the Maserati Ferrari, yeah the Range
This is South side street talk the hood slang
And my product, a open your nose like good Caine Stranger, don't bring 'em 'round if I don't know 'em like that
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