

# Warrior Part 2

## Lloyd Banks

Remix

Lloyd Banks It's like a throne that he don't even own  
He won't sit down, given the crown he just throws it around  
It's like a joke he's like a king but he don't rule a thing  
He don't want the diamonds, want the gold or want the jewelry He don't want the fame, don't want the lute he's  
in it for a sport  
Runnin' suckaz where there's competition 'round the court  
He appreciates your support but he ain't beggin' for it  
And you can't love it, you can hate it but you can't ignore it You can't be that ignorant but you can try to sell  
him short  
But you can't fuck with his last joint or the one before it  
And he was gonna raise hell like them country boys  
And if I'm frontin' then you better come confront me for it This is the story of a warrior I know you know it  
True warriors go ahead and make some noise  
It ain't healthy to be makin' niggaz paranoid  
Hit your corner wit' more weapon, I don't need my boyz I'm doin' 120 in the fast lane  
Kick back, just relax, let me do my thang  
Don't give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain  
Money, power and respect in this rap game He's straight outta the neighborhood but niggaz hate  
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate  
Your stomachs ache while he's loungin' at the big estate  
And he hops in a hundred thousand with a nigga's gate House with just a bigger gate, houndin' him was a big  
mistake  
He wont surrender, he'll rather give up a rib to break  
'Cuz he remembers when they wouldn't lend a helpin' hand  
So he was sittin' on green like a Celtic fan Created a buzz so when you gotta mention his name  
When you discussin' the illest playa that's in the game  
And he's ridin' with Em, 50 cent, Doc and them  
G Unit records ain't no motherfuckin' stoppin' them This is the story of a warrior I know you know it  
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Kick back, just relax, let me do my thang  
Don't give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain  
Money, power and respect in this rap game He's no magician, man, the kid makes somethin' outta nuthin'  
So now niggaz from this hood act like we owe 'em somethin'  
They talk crazy till we send niggas through there to buck 'em  
Ask 'em if there's a problem and they'll say, "Naw its nothin'" He was gonna help 'em out, but since they  
fronted, fuck 'em

He dont care how they feel, they can hate him or love him  
He hold it down on his own the kid is really thuggin'  
He's rich now, he ain't change so niggaz think he buggin'He bullet proof everything in case niggaz try and buff  
him  
Keep two pistols on this hip I show you where he tuck 'em  
Niggaz say they gon' get at him but they can't touch him  
Try to catch 'em slippin', they creepin' and he start bustin'This is the story of a warrior I know you know it  
True warriors go ahead and make some noise  
It ain't healthy to be makin' niggaz paranoid  
Hit your corner wit' more weapon, I don't need my boyzI'm doin' 120 in the fast lane  
Kick back, just relax, let me do my thang  
Don't give a fuck about you suckas gotta maintain  
Money, power and respect in this rap gameI can give you niggaz' somethin' you can talk about  
I can turn your smile upside down  
You ain't no G-Unit fuckin' clown  
I can take your girl until I turn her outDon't hold it in, let it all out  
I can give you fuckers somethin' to be mad about  
Invite her in send her back out  
With my DNA all in her mouth

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