

# If You So Gangsta

Lloyd Banks

[Lloyd Banks]

Around here them boys, them don't play  
You can hear the sound of gunspray e'ryday  
I give two fucks bout what a bird say  
Playboy Don do t'ings er' way  
I'm rap's LeBron, Teflon Don  
Baguettes on arm, the next Sean, John  
By any means I protect my charm  
Blade'll bubble you up, like Moet, Chandon  
I'm only calm, when I'm blowin that chron'  
Gettin them flashbacks like baby hold onnnnn  
I never thought I'd sweat so long  
And re-enact the scene of my ghetto song  
Eyes wanderin off, breath all gone  
Stomach all swoll up, neck all warm  
Head still spinnin off that Seagram and vodka  
And you know who shot ya, bitch get the doctor! [Chorus: Lloyd Banks]  
(If you so gangsta)  
Then why you tuck your chain in when you walk in the club  
(And if you so gangsta)  
Why you a grown man, still gettin your pockets dug  
(If you so gangsta)  
Then how come everytime you get into beef you tell  
(And if you so gangsta)  
Why niggaz know you for that in the street so well [Lloyd Banks]  
Now every now and then, a new kid gotta win  
Yeah - but unfortunately for you, I'm him (I'm sorry!)  
In my new tan trucks with the blue dot end  
Hoppin out that big truck with the new wide rim  
While you cramped up, on your Jet Blue ride in  
We air the G-4, let the crew dive in  
Before Lloyd Banks tail pop on sale  
I feed a nigga a shell like Taco Bell  
I'm flyin out to Japan to attract new fans  
Let 'em get to know the man with the tattooed hands  
Them gem stars'll leave your face all fat  
So learn to stash yours in your baseball cap  
I'm either gettin money out of state or off rap  
So I'm tryin to figure out what made Ma\$e fall back

And them niggaz in New York know the man is a monster  
And I ain't from Atlanta but I A-Town stomp ya muh'fucker[Chorus][Lloyd Banks]  
It's like everywhere I look and, everywhere I go  
It's a bitch sayin somethin slick, but you can suck my dick  
I'm grade A nigga, you don't know who you fuckin with  
They run up on your ass, you'll think you drunk your lip  
Now I got money bags as big as a pumpkin get  
And pistol as long as the hand Shaq dunkin with  
I ain't the type that's desperate  
I'm modelin diamonds now, you can call me +Icin+ Beckford (ow!)  
My down bitch holds the metal, she got a Coke bottle figure  
And a ass that's shaped like a bowl of Jell-o  
You ain't even almost rich  
They fuckin yo' ass, like the models in my porno flicks  
Therefore you can't afford no 6  
So before you hop your ass on camera get your wardrobe fixed  
Banks don't house, want no bitch, so if there's five of her  
Then she probably gon' suck 4 more dicks[Chorus]

Songwriters

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