Radio

Lloyd Banks

Yea, uh
Yea
This is dedicated to the G's, the P's, the C's, niggas thats in the B's
I guess this ain't somethin' for the radio
But I'm hot, so I'ma make these muh'fuckas play it though
I wan-na shine
Nigga don't make me re-sort to crime
I guess this ain't somethin' for the radio
That's where they made me go, right back to the streets
My old head went to bed, croaked over the liquor
His attitude leaked out, all over a nigga; I love him
He made me harder, made me smarter, I'm young and I'm thuggin'
Enemy to ya baby father, the one that they muggin'
Therefore they'd rather see a nigga plug him, cuz the hoes dug him
Dig him, I line 'em up and get 'em
Then I forget 'em, cuz I don't babysit 'em
If he's on a bootycall then he got the 380 wit' him
If he's headed to the mall, then it's in Mercedes driven
Or the pea green Stormer, the color of marijuana
I don't follow rules, I'd rather do what I wanna
Stand out like a Bent' on the avenue in the summer
I was low in the cabin, had the view of the lumber
Think about the has-beens, mad I'm doin' my number
When I leave out the spot, I drag a few in the Humber
Brrup, you're now rockin' wit the boy wonder
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1982 the year I came thru, I saw
Exactly what I been tryna show to you, or
You can putcha seatbelt on I'll take ya to
Where the hood's the arena and the block's the pay-per-view
I'ma New York nigga, but they love me everywhere

A soldier, yea...without the military gear
I'm the flow-er of the year and I rap like I ain't rich
We all know the kind of respect that Banks gets
I'm frost bit, 50 grand on the bracelet
It's a quarter a piece, I'm so close I can taste it
Run up on me, ya hat and ya head is blown
Laid out on ya neck, as flat as a herringbone
All I need is a pitch, a bat and I'm headin' home
Uh, I'll fly ya head out the park soon as ya start
You big as a pound puppy, wit a whole lot of bark
Ya either half crazy, or gotta whole lot of heart
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