

# Radio

## Lloyd Banks

Yea, uh

Yea

This is dedicated to the G's, the P's, the C's, niggas that's 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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