

Banks Workout

50 Cent

I hear a lotta talkin', niggaz must be mad at Banks
But there's only one problem, niggaz ain't as bad as Banks
Nigga, yous front, you gon get shot down
We fend to pump crack at cho spot now, G-Unit
Nigga, ain't nuttin' change, you move I'll blow your brains
These niggaz don't really want war
They just walk around frontin' 'cause I walk around stuntin'
Why you think the long pump is in the trunk for?
If you really want somethin' we can show up at your front door
I know my history, my family tree don't said 'Master'
Fuck livin' positive 'cause negativity spreads faster
A celebrity has ta, bulletproof his car
'Cause big hits come flyin' through ya door like Casper
I'm smokin' out the jar, scopin' out the bar
Distracted, see shorty breast pokin' out the bra
Not the type to go spark metal in
Start thinkin' you gangsta 'cause you hit a park yellow van
Act hard but ya heart made a marshmallows, man
Talk tough 'til you get cuffed and start tellin' damn
Everyday I got a new bitch and when I'm done wit her
It'll look like she dived head first in the pool wit it
You only gon wind up dead tryin' to prove shit
I put chalk around ya head like a pool stick
I gotta have bucks on the waist
I'm hungry like a South African with fly stuck to his face
Catch Banks in a truck full of bass
Remember I'm a bachelor, the 4 or 5 ducks outta space
You could either get bucked or get ya ass jumped
The only trigger you can touch is on a gas pump
I got my own personal slave, she really got a curfew
Cook and clean for the kid like silly in color purple
I know you wanna pop me but if I hit you first
The exit wound gon be the size of a hockey puck
Fuck, I really hold the rubber
I send sparks at you and I don't mean Emilio or Bubba
I'm aimin' for a video cover, huge tall bustas
A pound and a philly hold the smuggler
G-Units, what's up right now?
The Gucci cloth is on a Newport sign upside down

You gotta come a little harder, nigga
You wear jerseys while mine a throwback and yours is a Starter
You still gotta beg a hoe
And you mad 'cause you blowin' on oregano
You niggaz'll never blow, anyone to step in my ring is brave
I don't know a thing about hair stylin' but I can make a finger weave
Short stay, leave her butt in the telly
Lace up the beef and broccolis, peanut butter and jelly
I'm about to get this deal shorty know
That's why she foamin' out the grill like a Alka-Seltzer pill
I ain't loud around a snitch
I don't crowd around a bitch
The jumpsuit match wit the Carolina kicks
I been sick since niggaz was on Harlod Miner dick
I could call up a chick and put a child around her lips
Niggaz can't stand the fact that I'm real
I kidnap the queen from the castle and put her back on the pill
Gimme Barbie at her best, Bacardi at the chest
I'm similar to the young Marcus Darvy at the desk
Useta have ta push up, now I hardly got to press
Got two gun, and both lead to cardiac arrest
My success got suckers salty blowin' steam like a cup of coffee
Click POW, get these fuckas off me
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Nigga ain't nuttin' change, you move I'll blow your brains
Yea, Lloyd Banks, nigga, what's up, nigga?
It's 50, nigga, you fuckin' wit him right?
I know you fuckin' wit him 'cause I said you fuckin' wit him
That's my baby right there, that's my boy right there, my young nigga
What's up nigga, what the fuck?
I hear niggaz hollerin' that, keep it real and all that nigga
Nigga, if you talkin, all that gangsta shit
Nigga, we get it poppin', nigga
What's up, nigga? Anytime, nigga
I don't give a fuck if it's 4 in the afternoon, nigga
Anywhere you see me, nigga, let's go

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