

In Luv Wit Ya Boy (ft. Ron Browz)

Lloyd Banks

you know we bubblin
on my way an out an doublin
why they hatin im troublin
they be happy if they wasnt
cuzn i aint sweatin nothin
i be million dollar stuntin
an my reputation buzzin
say the grand old lady love em
uhhh
push an hug em by the dozen
smokin sour by the hour
kush bundled by the onion
you can hear my car comin
hood hummin trunk drummin
comin up and down the block
top drop no frontin
drama bet the llama
quick feed ya benigghana
im jewelry bentley driver
only beauty queen saliva
i dont date
i dont bother
i will whoop ya like ya father
comma hyphin dont matter
when you in front of the revolver
im bout a dollar
wit my cup up in the zone
watch me turn my swag on
spray BLANK in her cologne
about a couple hours in
ive ben drunk the whole patron
BLANK jump inside the liner
i dump em right back on his bones
BLANK is harder
but the struggle made me smarter
choppin lanes back and forth
i get high as vince carter
aint nobody got to gas me
i dont need a BLANK charger

im my own BLANK battery
a casualty of honor
im from the corner
that will take a toll on ya
when the heat hit
it feel like ya got a stove on ya
if you aint talkin money
then you aint talkin to me
swag till my swag on e
parked in the v

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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