

Warrior Pt. 2

Lloyd Banks

Remix, Lloyd banks, ha ha

It's like a throne that he don't even own
He won't sit down, give him a crown, he just throws it around
It's like a joke, he's like a king, but he don't rule a thing
He don't want the diamonds, want the gold, don't want the jewelery

He don't want the fame, don't want the loot, he's in it for the sport
Runnin' circles 'round his competition on the court
He appreciates your support but he ain't beggin' for it
And you can love it, you can hate it but you can't ignore it

You can't be that ignorant but you can try to sell him short
But you can't fuck with his last joint or the one before it
And he was born to raise hell like them country boys
And if I'm frontin' then you better come confront me for it

This is the story of a warrior and now you know it
True warriors go ahead make some noise
It ain't healthy to be makin' niggaz paranoid
Hit your corner with my weapon I don't need my boyz

I'm doin' a hundred twenty on the fast lane
Kick back, just relax, let me do my thang
Don't give a fuck about you sucka's gotta maintain, yeah
Money, power and respect in this rap game

He's straight out of a neighborhood where niggaz hate
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate
Your stomach's ache while he's loungin' at the big estate
And he hops in a hundred thousand with a nigga's skate

House's with just a bigger gate, houndin' him is a big mistake
He won't surrender, he'd rather give up a rib to break
'Cuz he remembers when they wouldn't lend a helpin' hand
So he was sittin' on green like a Celtic fan

Created a buzz so that you gotta mention his name
When you discussin' the illest playa that's in the game
And he's ridin' with Em, 50 Cent, Doc and them

G Unit records ain't no motherfuckin' stoppin' them

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He's no magician man, he can't make sometin' outta nuttin'
So now niggaz from his hood act like he owe 'em somethin'
They talk crazy 'til he send niggaz to where they buck 'em
Ask 'em if it's a problem and he'll say na it's nothin'

He's was gonna help 'em out, but since they fronted, fuck 'em
He don't care how they feel they can hate 'em or love 'em
He hold his own on his own the kid is really thuggin'
He's rich now, he ain't changed so niggaz think he buggin'

He bulletproof everything 'cuz niggaz try to buck him
Keep two pistols on his hip, I'll show you where he tuck 'em
Niggaz say they gon' get at him but they can't touch him
Try to catch 'em slippin', they creepin' and start bustin'

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I can give you niggaz somethin' you can talk about
I can turn you're smile upside down
You ain't no G, you're a fuckin' clown
I can take your girl a turn and turn her out

Don't hold it in, let it all out
I can give you fuckas somethin' to be mad about
Invite her in, send her back out
With my DNA all in her mouth

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