

Not Without My Glock

Lloyd Banks

I guess I'm suppose to be scared 'cuz you got toast up in here
Well, nigga let's get one thing clear
I don't leave the block without my glock
Is it because I'm standing with yo bitch?
Or got all these stones on my wrists?
Don't think you're leavin' here with this
I don't leave the block, without my glock I'm on another level when it comes to this, cats swung and missed
Strapped under this, raps hungriest, top soloist, hopped over this
Cheap imitations try, couldn't find an ice pop colder bitch
Wires get tap, your rep can't control the snitch
Which means I'm in the bing if I throw 'em bricks
I dump karats and ring overflow the wrists
Man, I even bring the thing when I go to piss
Look money ain't a thing thought I told them this Yo ball big as yao ming I'ma soldier miss
Only problem in hip hop is waiting
No when that butter, I make the strip pop like bacon, hatin'
So look sloppy so I stop get the roly fitted
Got a fanbase in the towns that think kobe did it
Them dickriders on the block and they starvin'
Gimme a year, I'll be rockin' the garden
They'll still be in the bricks, same bitch, same sloppy apartment Bubble gum on the top of your carpet
Food stains in your clothes
They can't catch him, dude changin' his flows
More than his hoes, just got a Range and a Rose
And these hoes didn't always love me, I was pissin' them off
'Cause you got to fuck Banks before you get to the boss
Now I've moved up in rank, ice chips in the cross
To see me blow, is like vice grips on your balls I guess I'm suppose to be scared 'cuz you got toast up in here
Well, nigga let's get one thing clear
I don't leave the block without my glock
Is it because I'm standing with yo bitch?
Or got all these stones on my wrists?
Don't think you're leavin' here with this
I don't leave the block, without my glock I was destined to swim backwards in cash
Since the day I was smacked in the ass
Give me that blue push in the booth and I'll be back in a flash
First week I'll be platinum and half going hard in the yard
I'm still hungry like I'm back in the draft
Same shitty attitude, Cadillac and the Stash

It's the critically acclaimed, lyrically inclined
And I'm easily influenced, keep my name out your rhymes
Now a days niggas tell, your own boss set you up
Like Avon and Stringerbell
I'm from the ghetto like Akon, so bring a l
You're worthless, like a weddin' ring in a cell
Hell, all day I'm blowin' dope, see the aroma on my coat?
It's stronger then 2nd hand smoke
When I toat, I blow it in the sky for the slaughter
For every mother and daughter that died in that water
For that lil' girl playing outside when they caught her
But was suppose to hit the guys on the corner
I make the heads bop in the streets like speed bumps
'Cuz every bar hit ya, hard as an Muhammad Ali punch
My bitch got an ass about as wide as an tree trunk
She hit once, I think about her for 3 months
Don't you know my nigga I pop off wigs?
Leave 'em in the grass and say hi to their kids
Yeah I guess I'm suppose to be scared 'cuz you got toast up in here
Well, nigga let's get one thing clear
I don't leave the block without my glock
Is it because I'm standing with yo bitch?
Or got all these stones on my wrists?
Don't think you're leavin' here with this
I don't leave the block, without my glock
Yeah, Lloyd Banks nigga, ganggreen
Ya know the team G-Unit
Shady, it's over, nothin' else wins

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