

Survival

Lloyd Banks

(Lloyd Banks)

So you say you a gangsta, riiight
Are you really a rider, yeeaa
You dont take shit from no one, nooo
And got ya mind on ya muthaf**kin dough, lets go(Verse - Lloyd Banks)
I'll be a South Side nigga till i rot
Even tho i got the yacht in the million dollar bot
Superman armor on the '69 drop
Out of every 70 rappers 69 flop
i blowed a buck in the corner, just to get the feel
My head light smooth when i move the steering wheel
I aint runnin from nothing, its top dollar to chill
I pop bottles for real, with pop artists that kill
I move 2 mill, my backyard is a field
I aint tough for the tube, I'll smack yall for real
Go 'head hate on me now, you'll miss a nigga later
Im hood like butterholes and pissy elevators
I went from playin the same block to Bangkok
So i can get money between raindrops
And my piece so heavy i pop a chain a week
And get so much pussy i cant sleep

(Chorus)

Poppa was a rolling stone, never came back home now Im on my own
So i had to learn a few things bout survival, Like the ice pick done off the bottom
If you scared dont come 'round here, guns ammunition dont run out here
As soon you get the paper you try it, a nigga try me he wont see tomorrow(Verse - Lloyd banks)
I aint even got a liscence yet and got 7 cars, yep
TV the same size as Kevin Garnett
A brand new buzz, Mac 10 and a choppa
White fan base 'cause Eminem is my partner
Im a Ferrari and Jag copper, you a glass shopper
I blow marijuana the color of grass hopper
I aint a regular nigga
All the promoters pay 100 more to bring ya boy to Singapore
My dress code got the best hoes jumpin on em
Evisu's and Red Monkey with the monkey on em
Shelves'll leave a niggas food stamps blue
Like a full tube of acid in ya shampoo
We dont tolerate the cock-blockin out the bricks
We got fif's with the cop stoppers in the clips
Watch ya mouth bitch, there's rocks poppin out the wrists
And my outfits, a eyestopper for the chicks(Chorus)

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Banks)

A nigga throw his hands up at me, i send a dummy harmed
And had money wrong shoot him in his underarm
Pick up a shell, that'll be his lucky charm
I got a chunky arm, Im a f**king Don
I burn big everyday, nothing but the bong
I dont cuddle, as soon as i get the nut im gone
Im in a class all by myself
I'll whoop ya ass all by myself
I got white gold, rose gold, yellow gold, platinum
Young hoes, old hoes, yellow ones and black ones
I been patiently waiting to get on my shit again
So this is for the corner they cornered a nigga in
I wish you would try jump me, I'll wave the gat by ya
And burn ya eyelashes off like a crack lighter
Nigga you stupid ridin by tryna blast me
'cause my window got the glass from a taxi(Chorus)

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