

# Lloyd Banks, 101 Razors (ft. Method Man)

Yeah

The grimy and gritty, New York City (Uh)

Killer before the shine, I came up, that nigga  
I'm born to rhyme, make more, the corporate line  
These chumps operatin' on overtime  
This is my quarter dog, you eat what you slaughter  
We all can dine, it was fate  
I fall in a hole again, I was supposed to climb  
Heavy the fortunate, New York in this bitch  
Yeah, we torchin' shit, we enforce to quit  
Bought in a ticket if I'm talkin' slick  
Made it a cause to whip, fuck out the way 'fore the horses kick  
This is where the bosses flick  
Bitch with the rings, once they all convicted  
The hood, it damage you, you got thrown in the game with no manual  
Back on my feet after the scramble, got all the intangibles  
So pass the man, on Louis Vuitton my handle  
Will of the weak can struck a sandal, I'm holdin' up like a man do, nigga (Yeah)  
Light up a candle, there'll be opps leavin' the state  
A block season, the city made me cold, I don't think I'ma ever stop freezin'  
Filet Mignon for no reason, too many days of chop cheesin'  
Move like I'm under surveillance, but not for schemin', uh

When you thought it was over, another one's out the chamber  
When you come up in the boroughs, you come through a round of danger  
They ain't gon' do nothin' for you, nigga, help's all oughta fade us  
'Cause we never had much  
Learnin' survivin' with what they gave us, 101 razors  
Shit gon' stay the same, you gotta through the stages (Uh)  
Careful how you move, they want you livin' in cages (Uh)  
Stay away from sucka shit, they hatin', it's contagious (Yeah)  
I been gettin' the money, dog, the money won't change us

Legend be Boris Simon, you? Just a Busta before the Rhyme  
You primadonnas like a virgin Madonna, but borderline  
Bunch of borin' lines noone fallin' for, so fall in line  
The punchline, I'm like a freestyle slime, stay off of mine  
Get it? Off the mind, some of us get it  
But off a crime, the author's off the table  
Public defender gon' offer time  
When they thought I was subbed in, I thought sublime  
Now our season's 2022, I clearly thought I was blind, yo  
The streets is watchin' 'em, they want 'em with Biggie and Pac in 'em  
Resort to poppin' 'em, but how is that solvin' the problem?  
I got a lot of 'em, I also got dreams, I follow 'em  
I'm not concerned with rappers who can't spit, so swallow then, uh  
This ain't for lil' saints so pardon then  
You see them pearly gates? That's where them saints go marchin' in  
So shall we start again? Method and Banks, this marketin'  
'Cause ain't no bargainin' with the demographic we targetin'

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