# Lloyd Banks, 8 Minutes Of Death

[Part 1:]
Now first of all keep my name off record,
I'm internationally known, lyrically respected
Cars I 23 'em and armor all the tires up,
And keep a long line of hoes like fire trucks
It's just the broke rapper's talkin' all loud,
But I throw what you make at your show at my crowd
There'll be ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
The moment we bump heads nigga fuck the cuffs
When I'm tourin' the smarter hoes rush the bus,
And get a attitude, cause I'm in a rush to bust
Cause think about it, I've been the only one that I can trust,
Since I had to use shoe polish to cover up the scuffs
I climbed up from the bottom thats why they on my nuts,
And they all got boyfriends, that's why they on the hush
Plus I'm hotter then most, that's why they mouths droppin'
And I ain't just out coppin' I'm house shoppin'
Hahaha Yeah!

[Part 2:]
Aye you're either a full blown sicko, senile or stupid,
To run up on me with the blicky and don't use it
Watch as I express murder through music,
I've been around a while now, heard a few lose it
Banks make the money, money don't make me,
We been together like 8 Ball and MJG
Like Stockton and Malone, Chrome and Tombstone,
Norega & Capone, or a hater on the phone
It ain't a close call or a tie at all, I'm about a mile away,
You're nobody, you can die today
I'm MJ, fuck what you're man say,
I got a new cannon that's hologram gray,
Hey, I can do this all day, got my uniform on high off the cron cron
It used to be competition, now they all gone
Caught up in the crossfire throwin' up they palm-palms
You don't wanna wired jaw, that'll zip your lip
Cause we can all get down, go grip for grip
You're better off drivin' drunk, flip yo wip
He ain't shit, ain't nobody gonna miss the prick
Man everything gonna stop when your man drop
They fuckin' with BANKS, been from southside jamaica to jamrock
And I be over seas for the G's and I'm gettin' it,
I don't smoke weed with the seeds and the sticks in it,
I'm the reason your dough goin' thin,
Cause ya'll in the way, when I see nigga's I see bowlin' pins
You can call me Mr. Do It First, oh you like that? I got that just to do a verse.
And I stack cause I'm after the bread,
I got a G for every bump on your face and every nap on your head
I be set for a week while I'm back from the dread,
With a brown bag fluffy as a package of bread
HAHAHA...

[Part 3:]
What I'm doin'? Nothin', chillin' at the Holiday Inn,
With a bottle of Jin, and the model's a 10,
I ain't worried about the kid's ma' swallowin' them,
Another victim to my matol again,
You're fallin' off, and I will not follow a trend,
Go call your boss, I put a hot hollow in him,
I never lost, I'm cooler then Chicago's wind,
Butter's soft in the Benz and the 9 hold 10,
As time keep's tickin', I'm Chevrolet dippin',
Navy blue swede seats with the grey strip in,
It's plain to see, you can't change me,

Cause I'm a be a nigga for life, flyin' figures in ice,
I bet the price on the fling of the dice,
Shorty with me, we slingin' a pipe,
Chrome thing on right, one on the wip, it'll ring on your top
And I be five thousand miles from the block man

[Part 4:]
Aye, you talk like you're rich but really ain't got a home,
and been in everybodies video but your own
New York is the sound, clown I walk with a pound,
now the talk of the town real as the chalk in the ground,
You ain't nothin' but a duplicate followin' the ruler,
Chain, watch, and ring, you borrowed from the jeweler
You had to see the chain, scene swallowed before I knew it,
Don't trip that'll get ya hit hard in your madolah,
I ain't really for the talk, nigga argue with the rugger,
Have yourself a drink roll a bottle with a budda,
I'm the last one to run, the first one to come,
shit your boy smooth as the verse when I'm done,
I used to say I wouldn't amount to nothin',
Even my momma ain't know she had a star since the oven, cousin',
You gotta love him the kid's gettin' his dollars man,
I've been a part of God's plan since the sonogram

[Part 5:]
Yo who else but blue could do what he do?
The nigga's he ran the street was the crew that he flew,
I embrace the new jack assuming he's true,
But he was soft as a cloth so I auctioned him off, man
That ain't no way to talk to a boss, fuck a middle man, bring the hawk to the source
I'm ballin' from the heliport to the porche,
With my dominican bitch that walks like a horse
When I floss, it's hard for anybody to come off,
I ain't a come up, you need karate or the torch,
Nigga's hate it, now they feelin' sorry on they porch,
Cause I made it, I don't let the Ferari on the courts,
That ain't really a run compared to shit we done,
The crib got more land then Area 51,
You take one of mine your whole family get to run,
I ain't Diesel, but they scarred of me with a gun, I'm the one

[Part 6:]
Aye writing for malotti's thats what you gotta chew,
The stadiums jammed back but they ain't checkin' for you,
Man this is for the nigga's that's boxed up,
For throwin' the blocks up and couldn't shake jake when they popped up,
The media be killin' my vibe but I'm ghetto like the paper that you hang from the ceiling to get the fi
I got a pool and I can't swim, It's like I sleep over and can't bend,
Then I'm on a plane, money, clothes, and hoes, I get it all the same,
I take rolls of those and sit 'em in a chain,
some rose and froze, they bitter and ashamed,
Come on, I ain't your regular nigga in the game, I'm on,
I'm a pimp soldier, mid rover, pants off my ass, hat tilt over,
The same in the winter, blade under the skully,
I'm hotter then the phone booth outside of the deli,

[Part 7:]
You're now in the presents of a damn don,
and a gorgeous wip, sittin' on 24's with a 4 inch lip, prick,
This ain't nothin' like the movies fam, ya hear uzi blam, I'm so icey, Gucci man,
I got my hand on that fith when I'm rollin' slow,
cause I stand out like shit in the snow ya know
I'm ridin' around in the city with the top down,
Neck full of eye candy, yellow rocks round,
I bet you if I wanna I'm a get her,

Lay her down and hit her with a good Lord splitter,
Banks ain't the nigga to fool with, I'll have 'em outlinin' ya,
With the blue shit from the pool stick,
You thinkin' about clappin' me you better,
I catch ya and cut ya, your scar will look like a japanese letter
Listen to my shit, your raps will be better,
I'm a stunna, put granny in a half a eat sweater,
I'm hungry as the last verse, I sleep third,
bullshit second, and get the cash first.
Pop the champagne, let the weed on the bus blow,
Mixtape monster, R.I.P. to Justo,
Now we got the game on smash, the real nigga's respect us,
the rest well, they all ass.
Don't none of them sell records cause they all trash.
And they all weak, you motherfuckers better off sleep
You're beat by a long shot, the young boy from a strong block,
Ya'll done pushed over the wrong rock
Spend your money on me, I make the song hott,
The crime rise and your baby momma's draws drop,
My chain big like my buzz in the city,
But when I wasn't a rapper life wasn't as pretty,
I got a chick and a chip on my shoulder,
A zip of da doljah, hood wip and a rover, a Soldier

[Part 8:]
I'm one of the realest nigga's that did it,
Anything you ever heard me on I shitted,
I spread the flow to the masses and he bit it,
got a tear drop, a ghetto pass, and ran with it,
I know a couple of niggas that would love to fry his hat,
put a Butterfly Blade on his Butterfly Tat,
You know me lowkey, rubber side strap,
Fuck with me if you wanna it will be one hell of a summer,
Game was a G-unit groupie, they made a flick about bitchass nigga's he be in a movie
I'm in a beach house palm tree and ja'causei,
Bad bitch me and a smoothie,
Now all I got is heat and tough talk for you,
Pepper spray your fuckin' eye balls just for you,
I'm feelin' like I'm gonna lose my cool, sooner or later,
all over a hater, ain't no man more important then paper.