

# Lloyd Banks, Freestyle (Tim Westwood)

(feat. Young Buc)

[Lloyd Banks: talking]  
Oh shit this is sick right here

[Young Buck: talking]  
Yeah you feelin that? Lloyd Banks alright then

[Lloyd Banks: talking]  
Straight Outta Ca\$hville

[Young Buck: talking]  
Aiyo Banks

[Lloyd Banks: talking]  
Yeah whats up?

[Verse 1: Young Buck]  
Got me a bird and didn't look back  
I learned how to cook crack  
Its on  
Back then we had beepers with big ass cell phones  
Postin up with the fiends I used to dress like them  
(Why?) So when the police came I looked just like them  
I sell my dimes for five and my twentys for ten  
I never gave they ass credit but they came again  
Can't let 'em catch me so Buck used to run from 'em  
Man I said forget it cuz Buck got bar money  
Quarters went to ounces and ounces went to keys  
Girls used to drop me off now they drop to they knees (damn)  
Feel good to grip the wood and watch ya homie shine to  
Cause ballin by yourself'll make a hater come find you  
I know the streets feel me the projects in Scattersights  
People who done really copped the brick and hustled all night  
Ask me why I'm thuggin I tell you cause its in me  
Police ain't stoppin nothing if you want me come and get me

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]  
I'm flyin out the country ain't no tellin when I'm gon be back  
To be honest half of these artists never gon see that (Nah man)  
I keep my bad habits away from where I'm gon eat at  
Before I sit up for a bitch I'll loose one knee cap (yeah)  
I paid a visit to father time but he flung me back  
Shocked that we reasonable know 'em by all the guns we pack  
Live for the dollar and gratefull for every one we stack  
Mind of a man with no sleep my thoughts brung feedback  
But don't scheme at the rocks on hand  
Before ya mama sees her seed in the bag like popcorn man  
The Rug's greased up its not gon jam  
If I squeeze off the block gon scam  
Bull eggs is all I had man  
A replica of my senior you'll remember me  
My grandfather still smokin weed and hes seventy  
My blood rushing off this Hennessey  
I'm walkin out the door with a felony  
Check, check out my melody

[Young Buck: talking]  
yeah

[Lloyd Banks: talking]  
G Unit [x6]

[Young Buck: talking]

Ya gotta love it, ya gotta love it  
We thuggin in public ya gotta love it, ya gotta love it  
Tim Westwood thuggin in public yeah

[Lloyd Banks: talking]  
GGGGGG G Unit yeah!

[Young Buck: talking]  
Ai man, It's real big man matter of fact, let some gun shots go!  
If you got some man

[Lloyd Banks: talking]  
Let me get a AR or something

[Young Buck: talking]  
Drop some more bombs