

Lloyd Banks, Not Without My Glock

(Chorus)

I guess im suppose to be scared, 'cause you got toast up in here
Well nigga lets get one thing clear
I dont leave the block without my glock.
Is it because im standing with yo bitch?
Or got all these stones on my wrists?
Dont think your leavin here with this
I dont leave the block, without my glock

(Verse)

Im 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, Couldnt find an ice pop colder bitch
Wires get tap, your rep cant control the snitch
Which means im 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 aint a thing thought I told them this
Yo ball big as Yao Ming ima 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
Theyll still be in the bricks, same bitchh, same sloppy apartment
Bubble gum on the top of your carpet.
Food stains in your clothes
They cant catch him, dude changin his flows
more then his hoes, just got a Range and a Rose
And these hoes didnt always love me I was pissin them off
Cause you got to f**k banks before you get to the boss
Now Ive moved up in rank, ice chips in the cross
To see me blow, is like vice grips on your balls

(Chorus)

I guess im suppose to be scared, 'cause you got toast up in here
Well nigga lets get one thing clear
I dont leave the block without my glock.
Is it because im standing with yo bitch?
Or got all these stones on my wrists?
Dont think your leavin here with this
I dont leave the block, without my glock

(Verse)

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
Im still hungry like im back in the draft
Same shitty attitude cadillac and the stash
Its the critically acclaimed, lyrically inclinded
And im easily influenced, keep my name out your rhymes
Nowadays niggas tell, your own boss set you up
Like Avon and Stringerbell
Im from the ghetto like Akon so bring a L
Your worthless, like a weddin ring in a cell
Hell, all day im blowin dope, see the aroma on my coat?
Its 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
'cause 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
Dont you know my nigga L pop off wigs?
Leave em in the grass and say hi to their kids
yeaa

(Chorus)

I guess im suppose to be scared, 'cause you got toast up in here
Well nigga lets get one thing clear
I dont leave the block without my glock.
Is it because im standing with yo bitch?
Or got all these stones on my wrists?
Dont think your leavin here with this
I dont leave the block, without my glock

Yeah! Lloyd Banks nigga. GangGreen...Ya know the team!
G-UNITTT!!!..Shady...Its over, nothin. else. wins!...