

Lloyd Banks, On Fire

(Lloyd Banks Talking)

New York City

You are now rockin with the best

Lloyd Banks

G-Unit

(Chorus - 50 Cent)

We on fire

Up in here, it's burnin hot

We on fire

Shawty take it off if it get too hot, up in this spot

We on fire

Tear the roof off this ma'a'fucker, light the roof on fire

(Nigga wutchu say?)

We gettin loose in this muh'fucker, light the roof on fire, fire, fire

(Verse 1 - LLoyd Banks)

Naw I aint puttin nuttin' out, I smoke when I wanna

26 inch chrome spokes on a Hummer

This heat gon' last for the whole summer

Runnin your bitch faster then the Road Runner

Rocks on my wrist, rolls gold under

Glocks on my hip, those throw thunder

I'm buyin diamond by the pier

But when you stop, the only thing still spinnin is your hair

Yeah, I'm ridin with that all black snub

Raiders cap back, all black gloves

I'm 80s man, but the boy smack thugs

These record sales equal more back rubs

Not to mention I bought a pack of clubs

His impacts about as raw as crack was

Now all these new artists gettin wrong deals

I'm only 21, sittin on mill's

(Chorus - 50 Cent)

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(Verse 2 - Lloyd Banks)

If you know anythin about me, then you know I'm a baller

If I 'ont hit the first night, I aint gon' call her

I'm tryna play, you tryna have my daughter

But I can't blame her for what her momma taught her

And I don't care 'bout what the next nigga bought her

Cause I ain't puttin no baguettes in her butter

I got a diamond about as clear as water

And I got bread, but I ain't spend' quarters

So cut the games ma, lets go in the back

Matter fact, turn your ass round, back a nigga down

And I ain't biast when I'm ridin through the town

Like 'em small, like 'em tall, like 'em black, like 'em brown

She gotta be able to come when I need her

Tight ass pants, little wife beater

Regular chick or R&B diva

Bitch say somethin, I ain't a mind reader

(Chorus - 50 Cent)

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