

Lloyd Banks, Stunt 101

Yeah, uh huh, stunt 101, yeah

I teach ya how to stunt
My wrist stay rocked up
My TV's pop up in a maybach benz
I teach ya how to stunt
Nigga you can't see me my bently GT got smoke grey tints
I teach ya how to stunt
My neck stay blingin, my rims stay gleamin, I'm shinin mayn
I teach ya how to stunt
I see you schemin, nigga keep on dreamin, I hurt ya mayn
I teach ya how to stunt

(Verse 1-50 Cent)

7 Series BM, 6 Series Benz
24 inches, Giovanni rimz
All one, one wheel, when imma' one them
Ma, that boy out there actin' a fool thats him
They say I changed man, I'm gettin paper, Im flashy
They like me better when Im f**ked up and ashy
My royalty checks the re-birth of Liberacci
Stunt so hard, everybody gotta watch me
And I dont really care, if its platinum or white gold
Long as it VS BLING!, diggin' that lightshow
In the hood they say 50 man, yo sneaker look white yo
Just cant believe Reebok did a deal with a psycho
Banks is a sure thing, y'all niggaz might blow
Im fendin to drop that, so i suggest you lay low
Buck, he from Cashville, Tennekee nigga
Gettin them ten of keys, save ten for me nigga

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(Verse 2-Lloyd Banks)

I'm sensin a lotta tension, now that I'm rappin
But the kids used to look up to you what happened
We on the contrary hand, covered with platinum
Different color Coupes, but I'm in love with the black one
All point, 'cause you thought R.I.P's was slackin
So the stash box big enough to squeeze the Mack in
Yeah, I'm feelin new, but I demand some respect

'cause I already wear your advance on my neck
Im fresh off the jet, then I breeze to the beaches
Blue Yankee fitted.....G-Unit sneakers
I already figured out what to do with all my features
Decorate the basement, full of street sweepers
When it comes to stuntin, there's nothin you can teach us
We're in a different time zone, your records don't reach us
Nah, I aint here to save the world
Just roll up a blunt, come with me out front
I teach you how to stunt!

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(Verse 3-Young Buck)

Chains so icy, you dont have to like me
In a throwback jersey, with the throwback Nike's
I know you probably seen me with Cash Money from back in the days
The only thing changed, is the numbers on the range
I bought me an old skool, and blew out the brains
The Roc the Mic tour, I threw off my chain
My Spreewell's spinnin man, I'm doin my thing
And whoadie now in trouble now, that you in the game
Come on now, we all know gold is gettin old
The ice in my teeth keep the Crystal cold
G-Unit homie, actin like y'all dont know
Look - I cant even walk through the mall no more
I just pull up, get out, and get all the hoes
They never seen doors let up on a car before
Dont be mad at me dawg, thats all I know
Is how to show these fogaysies how its supposed to go

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