

# Lloyd Banks, Survival

[Intro:]

So You Say You A Gangsta...Right  
Are You Really A Ridah...Yeah  
You Wont Take Sh\*T From No 1...No  
You Gotcha Mind On You Mutha F\*\*\*In Dough...Lets Go..

[Verse 1:]

I Be A Southside Ni\*\*A Till I Rot Even Though I Got The Yacht  
And A Million Dolla Bach Superman Armor On The 69 Drop  
Outta Every 70 Rappers 69 Flop  
I Blew A Buck In The Cooler Just Ta Get The Feel  
So My Head Lights move When I Move The Steering Wheel  
I Aint Clubbin Fo Nuttin Its Top Dolla Ta Chill  
I Pop Bottles Fo Real Wif Pop Artists Appeal  
I Move 2 Mill My Back Yard Is A Field  
I Aint Tough Wif A Tube I Smack Yall Fo Real  
Go Ahead Hate On Me Now  
Youll Miss A Ni\*\*A Later  
Im Hood Like Bullet Holes And Pissy Elevators  
I Went From Playin The Same Block Ta Bangkok  
Slick Enuf Ta Get Money Between Rain Drops  
And My Peice So Heavy I Pop A Chain A Week  
And Get So Much Pu\*\*Y I Cant Sleep

[Chorus:]

Poppa Was A Rollin Stone  
Never Came Back Home Now Im On My Own  
So I Had Ta Learn A Few Things Bout Survival  
Like The Ice Pick, Gun Or The Bottle

If You Scared Dont Come Round Here  
Guns Ammunition Dont Run Out Here  
As Soon As You Get The Paper Then Try It  
Or N\*\*Ga Try Me And You Wont See A Tomorrow

[Verse 2:]

I Aint Even Got A License Yet And Got 7 Cars Yep  
Tv The Same Size As Kevin Garnett  
A Brand New Buzz Mack 10 And A Choppa  
White Fan Base Cos Eminem Is My Partna  
Im A Ferarri And Jag Coppa Ur A Glass Shoppa  
Im Blowin Marajuana The Colour Of Grasshoppa  
I Aint A Regular Nigga whore  
All Promoters Pay A Hundred Or More  
Ta Bring Ya Boy To Singapore  
My Dress Code Got The Best Hoes Jumpin On Em  
Evisu's And Red Monkeys Wif The Monkey On Em  
Shells A Leave A Ni\*\*A Food Stamp Blue  
Like A Full Tube Of Acid In Ya Shampoo  
We Dont Tolerate The Cops Blockin Out The Bricks  
We Got Fifs With The Cop Stoppers In The Clips  
Watch Ya Mouth Bitch Theres Rocks Poppin Out The Wrists  
And My Outfits An Eye Stopper Fo The Chicks

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

A Ni\*\*A Throw His Hands Up At Me I Sent That Dummy Harm  
I Had Money Ron Shootin In His Under Arm  
He Pick Up A Shell Thatll Be His Lucky Charm  
I Got A Chunky Arm Im A Fu\*\*In Don  
I burn big everyday nothin but the balm  
I Dont Cuddle As Soon As I Get The Nut Im Gone  
Im In A Class All By Myself I'll Whoop Ya Ass All By Myself

I Got White Gold, Rose Gold, Yellow Gold, Platinum  
Young hos, old hos, yellow ones and black ones  
Ive Been Pateintly Waitin To Get On My Sh\*T Again  
So This Is Fo The Corner They Cornered A Ni\*\*A In  
I Wish They Would Try Jump Me Ill Wave A Gat By Ya  
And Burn Ur Eye Lashes Off Like A Crack Lighter  
Ni\*\*A You Stupid Ridin By Tryna Blast Me  
Cos My Windows Got The Glass From A Taxi

[Chorus]