Lloyd Banks, The Cake

(feat. 50 Cent)

[Lloyd Banks:] I Need The Cake Nigga G Unit Dont Play We Rap But We Strapped Buck Got The Shotgun 50 Got The Mack Spida Got The Sweeper And U Bound To Hear It Clap U Wont Have Another Birthday Cake Afta That Cause Yayo Got A Temper And He Dont Know How To Act And I been gone all winter but now a nigga back But Now A Nigga Back To Get The Money The Money The Money The Money The Cake And U Mutha Fuckas Lookin Like Steak Food On The Plate For The Wolves follow moves Dont Get Moved By The Tools blood'll ooze on ya shoes wait, Control Ya Hate U Aint Ridin In Dem 6s Cause U Spendin All Ya Cake On Dem Bitches I Need The Bread Lil Niggas Need Christmas Banks Dont Rap Wit A Back Pack Im In It For The Money The Money The Money The Money The Cake [50 Cent:] you heard Banks said so you know I got the Mac I pull up pull out spray hollows at your back I Dont Give A Fuck Its Goin Down Like That I Done Been Through Ery Hood Dead niggas gon rat In The Heart Of A Victim Murda Is Monumental I Dont Complicate Shit Yea I Keep It Simple My Bullet Wounds Will Tell U A Story Bout Wut I Been Through Southside trama drama wit Llamas I Conversate Wit Killas Its Usually About Life Politicate Wit Lawness Its Usually Bout White Im Da Poster Child Of Violence Im The Boy On The Poster When The Shots Start To Rang Out Im The Boy Wit The Toaster

Yeah listen up dick hole I hustle, I get dough U Fuckin Wit A Sicko I Spazz Let A Clip Go Cannon Out Da Rental Beam To Ya Temple I Squeez Blow Your Mental All Ova Ya Friends

[Lloyd Banks:] Me Im From The Street Where Aint Nothin Sweet The Home Of The Homies Theres A Body Every Week Now I Dont Hear The Sirens But they probally on the creep Plottin To Pull Me Ova Put The Cake In My Jeep So III Be Skippin Cities 7 States In Aweek Cant A Mutha Fuckin Breathin Tell Me I Cant Eat Show Me The Money The Money The Money The Money The Cake Niggas Slow Down Pump Ya Breaks