

Lloyd Banks, Warrior, Pt2

Intro - Eminem
Whoo (echos)
Remix (echos)
Lloyd Banks! (echos)
Ha ha! (eches)

(Verse 1- Eminem)

It's like a throne that he dont even own
He wont sit down, give em a crown he just throws it around
It's like a joke he's like a king, but he dont rule a thing
He dont want the diamonds, want the gold dont want the jewelry
He dont want the fame dont want the loot he's in this for the sport
Runnin circles round his competition on the court
He appreciates your support but he aint beggin for it
And you cant love it you can hate it but you cant ignore it
You cant be that ignorant
but you can try to sell him short
But you cant f**k with his last joint or the one before it
And he was gonna raise hell like them country boys
And if I'm frontin then you better come confront me for it

(Chorus- Nate Dogg)

This is the story of a warrior and now you know It
True warriors go ahead make some noise
It aint healthy to be makin niggas paranoid
Hit your corner wit my weapon I dont need my boys
Im doin 120 in the fast lane
Kick back just relax let me do my thing
Dont give a f**k about you suckas gotta maintain
Money power and respect in this rap game

(Verse 2- Lloyd Banks)

He's straight out of a neighborhood where niggas hate
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate
thier stomachs ache while he's loungin at the big estate
And he hops in a 100 thousands with a niggas gate
House with just a bigger gate , houndin hims a big mistake
He wont surrender hell rather give up a rib to break
'cause he remembers when they wouldnt lend a helpin hand
So he was sittin on green like a Celtic fan
Created a buzz
til where you gotta mention his name
When you discussin the illest playas that's in the game
And he's ridin with Em, 50 cent, Doc and them
G Unit records aint no motherf**kin stoppin them

(Chorus- Nate Dogg)

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(Verse 3- 50 Cent)

Hes no magician man the kid makes somethin out of nothin
So now niggas from his hood act like he owe em somethin
They talk crazy til they send niggas in there to buck em
Ask him if theres a problem and he'll say nah its nothin

He was gonna help em out, but since they funny, f**k em
He dont care how they feel they can hate him or love him
He hold his own on his own the kid is really thuggin
He's rich now, he aint change so niggas think hes buggin
He bulletproof everything case niggas try and buck him
Keep two pistols on his hip I show you where he tuck em
niggas say they gon' get at him but they cant touch him
Try to catch em slippin, they creepin he start bustin

(Chorus- Nate Dogg)

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(Nate Dogg)

I can give you niggas somethin you can talk about
I can turn your smile upside down
You aint no G u a f**kin clown
I can take your girl and t-t-turn her out
dont hold it in let it all out
I can give you f**kers something to be mad about
invite her in send her back out
With my DNA all in her mouth