

Lloyd Banks, Where I'm From

Lloyd Banks:

America welcome to the land of the brave
America welcome to the land of the slaves
where to do anything for money the consequences is the cage
follow the path of a dummy hop a fence into their grave
you can either live to regret or benefit from your ways
the enemies get what they deserve the innocent get the strays
everything aint all gravy baby niggas are subject to change
and it gotta be the paper cause niggas is acting strange
I wake up to (momma missing?) head throbbing heart full of rage
Urine dirty from haze as strong as thirty grenades
when it comes to ammunition its thirty thirties and K's
and them treys hold me down like that du-rag that's on your waves
America welcome to the land where they kill
America welcome to the land where they steal
where niggas will call your bluff till you let them know shit is real
where material shit will make bitches head over heels
where drama appeals to most of the kids so they watch
where they shoot at cops and most little niggas don't know they pops
where peer pressure comes on you smoke weed get bent to be cool
where the girls loose there virginity in elementary school
where the ambulances are late club floors get left with stains
over step on sneakers and "nigga what set you claim"
where niggas are ghetto fabulous billings and nice whips
where cops will f**k you up with flash lights and night sticks
America welcome to the land where they frame you
America welcome to the land where they hang you
where it doesn't pay to live with out sin or be an angel
and a regular day of just chillen a bullet can rearrange you
where niggas will back stab you the first time they get the chance to
the envious ways of a coward will do nothing but amp you
I'm from South Side Jamaica where comics and stars are born
where you can wake up in the morning and your brand new car is gone
where niggas that you grew up with is speeding and smoking crack
play Russian roulette with their dreams and there is no way to get them back
where the hood rats will surround you, the constant trade on the stack
its kind of hard to keep your cool when there is constant hate on your back

Lloyd Banks: (Chorus)

New York City that's where I stay
where everyday is foul play
we got ours so you should have yours
cause it'll be no warnings when its time to go to war
New York City that's where I'm from
I got my vest, I got my gun
And you should run if you aint got one
cause it'll be no warnings for them niggas, wars come

Tony Yayo:

A yo Banks, let me shine

I got Timberwolves in Minnesota
and got them New York Knicks up in that baking soda, homie
I cross over with rugers in Vancouver when its Grizzly
And I'll Portland Trail blaze ya if ya ass don't hit me
You'll get shot in your Cavs in Cleveland and start bleeding
And now you're on the bench and can't ball all season
Yo I'm rolling Phillies up with the 76's
and got my Heat in Miami on the beach with my niggas
And them hoes from Atlanta is Hawkin' cause they see them
Denver Nuggets on my neck while my ass is walking
Stash the burner, Now I'm in Phoenix Sun
Cause I'm a Golden State Warrior that stay on the run

I'm in the truck counting up Milwaukee Bucks
And I, stay with the ratchet cause that's what's up
I got a Wizard in DC that chef up O's
So I'm living like a King in Sacramento
When I'm out in Chicago I'm on some Bullshit
You know semi automatics I stay with a full clip
For them Houston Rockets
baby nine in my pocket
Hypnotic and bomb chronic
lounging with the Sonics
I'm that nigga that will Los Angeles Clip ya
slow your Pace in Indiana while you counting them figures
You I'm out in New Orleans "wodie" ducking them warrants
You'll get stung by my mac like a batch of Hornets
Times up like the San Antonio Spurs
I got rings like a Laker but move Celtic birds
Disappear like Magic- Dallas Mavericks with the gat
I'll Detroit piss on you while your lying on your back
Strip shorty out her bra you know I get ass
Cause the kid big ballin' like the Utah Jazz
Toronto Raptor style Ya is a vet
I move like a Net so Cut that check