

# Lloyd Banks, Work Magic

(feat. Young Buck)

I'm gon ride, I'm gon ride, they gon ride, we all gon ride, (yea)  
I come from the heart of southside (yea)  
Holdin it down for my niggas that died (yea)  
I gotta busy bird on my side (yea)  
Pop shit and get yo whole mouth wide (yea)

(Verse 1: Lloyd Banks)

Baby had tried to steal off the payroll  
Ill have niggas scrappin the skin off the ya face with the same shit they peel a potato (whoop)  
I thank the lord for my blessings and im glad he gave us the will power and reflexes of larry davis (whoop)  
You dont wanna see my block formin' (uh huh)  
Thats a 101 doggs and i dont mean the ones with the spots on em  
Were respected highly  
'cause you dont need to practice gymnastics to catch a body (oh)  
Me and moneys like Whitney, next to Bobby (uh huh)  
If i bring all my niggas ill need an extra lobby (uh huh)  
As soon as you aint around jake (jake)  
You getcha ass whipped for chips  
Now thats the real definition of poundcake  
I got the crownsnake  
And you can tell when im shoppin 'cause when the mall stampedin' you'll feel the ground shake  
I got a car i only drive on Thursdays (haha)  
Im a stunna, banks blows more cake then birthdays

(Chorus - Lloyd Banks)

Look at here, aint nobody 'round here scared (uh uh)  
I'm headin for the top and im almost there  
Oh yeeuh this shiny shit right here  
Ill work magic and make you niggas dissappear

Look at here, aint nobody 'round here scared  
I'm headin for the top and im almost there  
Oh yeeuh this shiny shit right here  
Ill work magic and make you niggas dissappear

(Verse 2: Young Buck)

You know how i gets down  
This pound hold six rounds  
I told you i'd be back bitch  
Talk that shit now  
You hear that fo fif (.45) sound  
Duck when i spit rounds  
'cause this aint beverly hills  
You in the bricks now  
We aint got shit down here but dope and guns for sell  
You get yo head cracked and niggas dont run and tell  
Its like we sell crack get caught head back to jail  
We on that fuck the police shit  
We livin in hell  
You betta guard yo grill homey  
And stand yo ground  
These bullets burn  
They hit whoevers standin around  
I never learn even after i took a couple shots  
I just got me some band-aids and bought a couple glocks  
Had to go on a rampage and hit a couple blocks  
Once they hear that 12-gauge thats when the trouble stops (boom)  
If its beef then im ready to ride  
Just come to casheville you can find me on the southside (mothafucka)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Lloyd Banks)

Now i aint from Michigan but im in the Fab 5  
You know, Yayo and 50, Buck and Game, You know my fuckin name  
Whether the truck or train  
My minds stuck on the grind  
'cause sumwhere down the line, alot of suckas came  
Yeahh aint talkin shit  
But we can all tell he ass  
Jags are black his eyes like the R-Kelly mask (ah)  
You gotta blast me yo (yo)  
'cause the louisville will have yo head lookin like the top of a pistachio  
The young gunner with a raspy flow  
Got every boyfriend thinkin they girlfriends a nasty hoe  
My heart laughin a small  
Maybe its 'cause my grandpop dropped right after the ball  
Banks hops out bulletproof this, bulletproof that, bulletproofs snorkle when you hot they hawk you  
I got the hood on my shoulda  
Chain big as a boulder  
The 357 tucka  
Mothafucka

(Chorus)

Yeeuhh (laughs)  
Muthafucka  
Im here.. yeeuh  
Lloyd banks  
G-G-G-G-G G-Unit!!  
Money by any means...nigga