

Alchemist, Bangers

[Lloyd banks talking]

Yea! haha

im here nigga

BANKS! (A A A A Alchemist)

G G G G G-UNIT!!!

[Chorus - Loyd Banks]

Now, don't try to stand next to me(right)

Cause im the nigga that came here to see(right)

Aint nufin' round here for free(right)

And im here to let these mothaf**kas know

That ill do anythin for the dough(right)

A felony walkin out the front door(right)

Aint a mothaf**ka i gotta change for(right)

Therefore imma be this way until i go.

[Loyd Banks]

Guess who walk around with dimond chains and rings on him

A pair of throw-back Jordans wit the wings on 'em

With all this talking, I'm guessin' they got them things on 'em

Cause if not, milli's and .40 cal's will rain on them

I know your kind get in a bind and leave the city quick

Niggas bleed just like us, im on that Biggie shit

First of all, im suppose to ball, im suppose to have coast to coast to call

Even your niggas know your CD's garbage, yea, they shottin but they missin Sprayin up the wall lik

Some niggas go and buy the bootlegs, but go and cop the real shit

Because the fans love us, nicer than grandmothas

I wake up, get dressed, put on my Tan Buttas

I been this way since Pumas and Superman covers

A ice-pick will do your liver harm

And have you screamin in the back of the club louder than Lil' Jon.

[Chorus - Loyd Banks]

Now, dont try to stand next to me(right)

Cause im the nigga that came here to see(right)

Aint nufin' round here for free(right)

And im here to let these mothaf**kas know

That i'll do anythin for the dough(right)

A felony walkin out the front door(right)

Aint a mothaf**ka i gotta change for(right)

Therefore imma be this way until i go.

[Loyd Banks]

Your now lookin at the hood-meal ticket seven thou' on my wrist

It's kinda hard to keep the balance with this, it keeps the challengers pissed, I vacate the diffrent is

Nines, silencers, 5th's

We buy mileage as gifts as well as mans best freind

And I don't own no Rottweillers or Pits

It's gettin extremely hard, for the man to roam wit lil kids puttin his picture on the camera phone, sh

A bitch will jepordize their marriage, to f**k you when they man is gone

These niggas rambleing on, bout the paper that they gettin, Stop It

I have more money than you in my lil pocket.

And im stingey, so it stretch long, with G-unit sweats on

Thread, needle to teflon, desert-eagle and vest on

Cause everybody ain't amused, that your names surrounded by good news

F**K YA'LL!!!

[Chorus - Loyd Banks]

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[record scratching]

[Guy Talking]

Alright Al, here's the deal

You need to let me manage ya

You need to let swinndelle management

I, Jerry, from swinndelle management

You need to let me manage ya

Me, i can provide alota shit for ya'll ya here me?

Alota shit!

Who let the dogs out?

That was me kid!

I let the dogs out, ya hear me?

Alright, i can provide this for ya al

Your brother...He'll be part of the act

We can hook it up

It'll be like criss-cross, except we'll make ya put the hoodies backwards

Me, Jerry, from swinndelle management

I can provide that!