

# Lloyd Banks, Bad Luck

(feat. 50 Cent)

[50 Cent:]

G Unit

If it wasn't for bad luck  
I wouldn't have luck  
If it wasn't for doing bad I wouldn't know about doing good  
It ain't safe down here in my hood  
It could be a beautiful day  
And you'll get hit by strays

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

This is what you do  
If a nigga stealing money out the crew  
Cut eight of his fingers off and leave a nigga with two  
Destinys beef its always escalate in the future  
You ain't tough cause ten probably aiming to shoot ya  
Puss enough to make a neighborhood bum pick up a pistol  
Fill the clip up and hit you  
In the face or use the pistol  
Alls it takes is aim a nigga really tried to diss you  
Its 'gon be an issue  
If you don't fry his tissue  
Whats a crack head thinkin' 'bout right before he takes a hit  
Hell if I know probabllly a whole lot of mistakes and shit  
What the fuck makes a nigga want to have a relationship  
When I could have a Caucasian, Spanish, or Asian chick  
Nigga you could run but the lights'll beat ya  
Put red dots on you like a slice of pizza  
Got a groupie on my lap nigga sun roof top nigga  
Chillin' on the scene  
With the gangsta lean

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

This shit is real drama in the hood boy you better stay strapped  
You need to wear a vest shit its on like that  
Niggas you think is cool'll stab you in the back  
I know for a fact

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

I got a Gem Star that'll open ya face  
The Mac'll make you open the safe  
I'm walkin' around with a open case  
Ya'll been on my dick a long time thanks  
Now i'm a introduce you to my man get 'em Banks

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

You might catch Banks in the city with that blue and gray shit  
Ropes as thick as the ones they hung slaves with  
Shorty ain't ya wife dog i'm blazin' after ya  
Got rocks on my neck from a cave in Africa  
Just bought a new bitch got beige and black in her  
Police watchin' us like a Asian Trafficer  
Go ahead front i'm dyin' to poke ya hater  
And put a patch on your eye like a Oakland Raider  
I ain't got a silencer just a Solt Potater  
I seen ya wife you had to be on coke to date her  
Its a problem when I get in  
So if its hate in ya blood you better find a way to hold that shit in

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

This shit is real drama in the hood boy you better stay strapped  
You need to wear a vest shit its on like that  
Niggas you think is cool'll stab you in the back

I know for a fact

[Verse 4: Lloyd Banks]

I'm lyin' to these hos

So if you bust in my room you'd probably catch a bitch tryin' to propose

From a block bang out I caught iron in my clothes

Stuck without my wratchet

Buck in my bread basket

Ear drums soft from lead to

Bounce off the floor injured my leg in traffic

Headed towards the Mackland

But its hard as hell to walk a straight line when ya eyeballs doin' back flips

Duck from the SK Special

Or i'm a leave ya fuckin' shirt lookin' like the ese's dressed you

It'll be a case when I catch you

I'm puttin' holes in ya face like a pretzel

Make jakes have to sketch you

Arm and legs'll break the same time your neck do

Throw you off a projects

For fuckin' with my set

I know you hate me and would like to jump me

Cause I play around acres like Michael's lunk

You ain't hurtin' me in Air Force

Cause my Nikes is comfy

Catch me out in the country

With lights and company

She can't be thirsty because all night she drunk me

See I made it convince me

Shes better than Lewinski

Whats the sense of holdin' on the metal if its empty?

You need shells in 'em

To leave swells in 'em

Catch Banks at the top of the globe

Pocket of dough

Rocks in the low

Lockin' and load

Cock and explode

I grew up pops and a O

Mix match socks on my sole

Cops on a stroll

Spendin' knots on my gold

I got Ns in my jeans

For Benzes and screens

Cause I take money like vending machines

I used to stick pens in my jeans

Now I got beams

That'll leave you bending with screams

Pressure turns men to Marines

King pins to pussys

And hard rocks into milk and cookies

[50 Cent:]

Motherfuckers

Ha ha

Lloyd Banks

This shit is hot Banks

Shit

Who recruits talent just as good as 50?

Ha ha