Lloyd Banks, Born Alone, Die Alone

(Chorus)
I came in this world by myself (uh huh)
So i don't need no friends (nope)
I rather have it this way (yeah)
It's ok, it's ok (it's ok nigga)
You motherfuckers gon' respect me (yeah)
Cuz i can take you off here today
I rather have it that way (uh huh)
It's ok, it's ok (whooooo)

(Verse)
Uh..
I'm on the prowl with the hammer, hardly smile at the camera
Too many niggaz is dyin', i'm spendin' time with my grandma (geah)
A hundred grand in the safe, a hundred grand in your face
A million plus in the bank, will scuffed in the paint (Oh!)
You handcuffin' that bitch, she dont wanna be with you
All she want is your chips, my lil' nigga beat it too (uh huh)
Stick the heaters through, so we can party good
Rare son will beat it through, brawl it out in Hollywood
The Boywonder will unravel your team
I'm TRL next to Avril Lavigne, all my carrots are green (uh)
The booda is purple (uh) we rule and i hurt you (uh)
You movin' in circles, we do it all, movies, commercials (God Damn!)
Stadiums, clubs, ladies and thugs, hood and the 'burbs
I'm on the red carpet cuz i'm good with my words
I'm ready for war, i'm stackin' my chips
You flappin' your lips, you niggaz ain' even hoodrich.. (Geah!)

(Chorus)
I came in this world by myself (uh huh)
So i don't need no friends (nope)
I rather have it this way
It's ok, it's ok (it's ok nigga)
You motherfuckers gon' respect me (geah)
Cuz i can take you off here today
I rather have it that way (uh huh)
It's ok, it's ok (Ghea!)

(Verse)
Keep your circle official, watch them niggaz thats with you (why)
Outsiders'll get you, hot shit in your tissue (sue)
All i need is my figures, i aint stressin' no hoes (uh)
Ridin' roudn with my niggaz, hand crushin' that 'Dro
Fiddy made me a star, now they know who we are
Album top of the charts, your condo is my car (Ha)
Income is my chain. stash box is my watch (huh)
You fairly new in the game, i ain't passin' the rock (na uh)
All i been sensin' is hate, ever since i been straight
Cuz they stuck in the hood, hand crumbs in their plate (Ha)
And i'm strappin' the nine, in case they wanna combine
Gather up on a nigga, i ain't rappin' in line
Keep your eye on your money, stop eyeballin' mine
Drop sumthin' every year, flop all of the time
Stop makin' your records, i ain't answerin' shit
Why don't you get off my dick... Bitch!

(Chorus)
I came in this world by myself
So i don't need no friends (uh huh)
I rather have it this way (uh)
It's ok, it's ok (it's ok nigga)
You motherfuckers gon' respect me
Cuz i can take you off here today (uh huh)

I rather have it that way
It's ok, it's ok

(Outro)
It's ok nigga..
I don't need no friends..
I got money.. Hahaha
G-UNit...!!!