

Lloyd Banks, Breathe Freestyle

Your boy sick
So move or the germ might touch ya
I'm at the rucker, burning them trees up like Usher
When I teach you how to rap fam
I'm in that black van
Like Air Ones and Canaries the size of Pacman
Who gives a fuck if it's our brawl
Cuz my dog got the windows from the 24-Hour slawg
I'm on the verge of flippin
Lord send me a sign, before I empty this nine, and leave the board drippin
Me and 50 are like Michael and Pippin
Ryu and Ken, whoever you send, I'ma rip em'
I'm added to society, mainly wit my system
Run and put em' in the truck, like a kidnapping victim
I'm papa so they pushin me harder
My associates got interior motives like wishin his father
I figure, I rather play wit these blades before i pass
Build a ballcourt, and go buy Bentleys to go to crash
I'm headed towards my prime
Wit metaphors and mines
And I compliment my momma wit pedacures and wind
I'm nine for nine, the rap Einstein
Pound for pound
I'm Tyson a.k.a Icyin
Message for the record
I ain't sleepin for a second
So even if i make it theres tool under the pillow
I'm brought up, to the V wit a poolish from the window
I'ma smoker, so the brokas won't leave us wit the Indo
I'm always wit a pair, before the crew looks for the bimbo
A dead meats in ur daughter
I'll fuck her and won't support her
I'm matching on the pedal
Smile from ear to ear
Middle finger in the air
Before I catch her eye
Keep rydin behind your tens fuck
Niggas don't know no Denim
They'll rob you for the rhinestones and your pimp cup
They goin off of we say
Niggas is runnin off from my buzz, fatser than Jamaicans in the relay
I'm blowin the cush, driving lazy in the lane
Yelling money ain't a thang
Like Jay-Z and Jermaine
About 80 on the chain
Like Brady wit the aim
I'm the same
Whether the Mercedes or the train
And I may be on a plane
By the end of the night
But it's aight
Tho, I might throw
I'm rich off a Mic Hoe
My stamina's low
X-Rated is my type so
I keep the crib packed in, no telling where it might go
Living room, dining room, bedroom, bathroom
Upstairs, nuts smared all over your Sasoon
Ya on that fly shit
That Southside shit
Thet I'ma sit on these ten million before i die shit
I'm from the block where the heafers be
To doing shows out in Pinkston when they rocking where your peppers see
And being gangsta ain't enough

A lil' nigga that's stuntin will put a killa in a box like Chuck
CHEAH!