

# 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!