

Lloyd Banks, Change

Yeaaaa..uhhh

I like the way that sounds

uh uh N-N-N-N-N-N-Nooowww

Check Check

(Verse 1)

Nigga you feelin like a frog when you jump

One leap will bring ya from the bar to the trunk

From the trunk to the dump

Ima rain on em, put the chump on a slump

Like a rib shot, thats what the customers want

Dont ya?, This aint ya typical story

Thefore i dont fall in the category

Im cool, calm and collective, Yukon or the Lexis

Blue chronic for breakfast, to match with the necklace

Dimes all way down till the rats wanna check this

Reckless, born treacherous, sworn specialist

Especially, if ya rest next to me

Nigga come testin me youll get the gun recipe

These old niggas want the new born sound

Actin like they dont know who hold New York down

Yea i use to buy knicks, ten years later

Now im super fly slick without a roof on my whip, shit

I slip 100 proof till im ripped

And wave at the haters, got em root canal sick

Tell me you niggas like to make a scene so the lamas close

That kind of shit dont fly like Mama jokes

We got em long, short, all kind of toast

Boy i done left shit trails all around the coast

To places you gettin 'round by boat

I get a pound, i smoke, i put it down, im dope

Im on scope when i pass the block, i make traffic stop

A product of everything that made the apple rott

This apple jacks, way long before the platinum plaques

The pro-tools and the wax

Take a step back before ya catch a contact

The flow's like a M-16 wit the arm strapped

Ima bomb on these niggas till they cant bomb back

The hiroshima demeanor, microphone crack

(Chorus)

Alot of shit has changed since i came

Yall done came around here f**kin up the game

Therefore i aint servin nuttin but the pain

You playin, im hungrier than a mothaf**ka man

Rob a store before you walk around poor

Cause you aint gettin from me you grown boy

You fuelin up my fire when you hate

So Ima lean on you till you make a mistake

I cant wait

(Verse 2)

And to the curtains close

its just me, the tooly, and them purple O's,

Endo overload, drive like i own the roads

these niggas is puss, thats why my shoulders cold

Mac by the toilet bowl

Im ridin filthy in the Beamer

Cause i can have lima and a colina bring it to a misdemeanor

You drown in deep water

Every nigga around come from the street corner

Where you need your heat on ya

Im on recline while my next CD climb
South Side greedy dine, red wine, DB 9
NYPD grind, why?, it aint a easy grind
A nigga try to get mine ima feed him nine
And its graffiti time, niggas sprayin your mural
For tryin to be a muthaf**kin hero
Im fresh, fly and flashy, best guy if you ask me
Jet by on em nasty, nigga you in a taxi
I cant wait

(Chorus)
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Ha Ha haaaaaaaaaaaaa
Yeaaa, ugh, GGGGG-Unit
Boyyyyyyyyyyyyyy