

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 hungier 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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Therefore i aint servin nuttin but the pain
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Ha Ha haaaaaaaaaaaaa
Yeaaa, ugh, GGGGG-Unit
Boyyyyyyyyyyyyyy