Lloyd Banks, Gilmore's

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]
We ain't got shit to live for
Your either headed for the pen
Or you're on your way to Gilmore
In the middle of the real war
Cause the five dollar bill is the shit niggas kill for
I make her mail ya out yeah
I don't care about a motherfucker out there
My heart cold and my wrist rock
You could fuck around and die over hip hop

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks] I treat a dollar like a mill Countin every bill Cause of I don't watch mine Another motherfucker will I went double but I still tuck the steel I'm the truth why the fuck you think 50 cut the deal? Rawer than a bag of D when you cut the seal And I bling like the paint job on a Coupe DeVille I ain't ever had a pop Poppa never had a son Nobody to go and get so I ain't ever run They chat behind my back but they quiet when I come They treat a little nigga like a giant with a gun I walk with a swagger like I always had money Cause I know, they rather see my black ass bummy Ain't nothin funny Just a whole lot of anger Mind of a leader drama of a gang banger If you come on my property I ain't 'gon call They'll be a splatter on ya shirt and it ain't paint ball (right)

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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks] I don't follow no rules I'm gettin in here with the pound And if I don't we gon' burn this motherfucker down I'm comin' through swingin' like they do in H-Town And I roll down the window and spin ya bitch face round I'm a stunna Hoggin' up the lane like the Hummer 'Till the wheel run dry like the rain in the summer Even a broke nigga can't afford to go to sleep Fuck around and get your head popped all over the street And I ain't got nothin' for 'em but the heat My little brother want jewelry and Jordans on his feet Now, they'll recognize if ya slaughterin' the beat And if it wasn't for rap I'd have ya daughter on the street I've been the same Since Kane and Slick Rick had it Now niggas die in they car my whole whip padded I work to hard to let a nigga have it So I pack a automatic for the sideline static (yeah)

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