

Lloyd Banks, Homicide

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

What kind of nigga run his yap with no gat (you)
Shake his man hand and stab him in the back (you)
Then catch a little case and turn it into a rap (you)
Comfortable with the beefin as long as its on wax
What kind of nigga hits the precinct bitchin (you)
Spend all his hard earned money on a chicken (you)
When they lookin for jooks guess who they pickin (you)
And if you talk 'bout us guess who they stickin' (you)

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Look I could spot a fraud so don't try and bluff me
Trust me
We run New York longer than Puffy
These rap niggas pretend that they like me
Until they bent out they cycle
My words touch the kids like Michael
Niggas don't understand 'till we be on they vest pass
Or we wire they jaw like the Kanye West crash
We got the wratchets tucked
I'm from the hood where we was cold and it was the winter, niggas
Had to put the plastic up
I'm blowin bubble gum dro
And you a bum on the road
The type of nigga you pay to shovel your snow
Stop thinkin you the Man Of Steel
Cause the cannon will
Take your legs right from under you like bannana peel
Look at my hand on chill
The wheel won't stay still
Your boys smoother than the OJ kill
for real
The Queens know I'm a problem
As well as the Bronx, BK, Long, Staten Island and Harlem
I blew the game open
Came a long way from the train smokin
A nigga switchin' in ya lane smoke him
I keep them lames hopin'
The dames wishin'
My chain glisten
High as hell so I ain't got to feel the plane twistin'
Drunk off the Louey 3
A nigga violate me
You get a gooey tee
Word to Huey P.
You can't go cop chinchilla
With thin scrilla
And I ain't just get hot nigga I been iller
We ain't the same either don't try to play or push me
Difference is I make pussy pay you pay for pussy
Now you ain't really ready for war my side is bigger
I'll put a patch on your eye like a pirate nigga
I'm in a class of my own
Got model ass on my phone
No problem passin 'em on
They swallow fast and I'm gone
B-A-N-K- dollar sign click clack
The young gorilla out the cliques back

[Bridge: Lloyd Banks]

Yeah, theres alot of foul shit going on 'round here
Keep ya guards up cause niggas ain't playin fair
But if you scared of a collision nigga run and hide
Cause if the gunnas ride

It'll be a hom-i-cide

[Lloyd Banks: talking]

Yeah I'm so sorry ha ha The Hunger For More
May 25th The wait is over, fuck all you niggas