

# Lloyd Banks, I Don't Break

[Lloyd Banks:]

Yeah  
Queens  
Yeah  
Queens

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Fuck the limelight and the streamers  
I influence the dreamers  
Think like a genius  
And whiz it like Arenus  
I got the Ninas  
One shot gun  
The other ones by the penis  
Only balls come between us  
Hes a million fish in the water and i'm workin' the waves  
Man my G will make a nerd lady open her legs  
And if hip hops dead i'm the shot cups  
Like the system out the fan only the top cut  
Pop what?  
Pop open  
Get popped on  
Kind of like hot corn  
By throwin' ya block on  
A quarter mill of rock on  
Heated seats i'm long  
I'm strong  
Rap don  
Icon  
Slash pipe bomb  
To get my right hand back, I give my right arm  
Gangstas don't mourn all night long  
Right, wrong  
Now the industry is shakey as ever  
And everybody ass kissin' ain't makin' it better  
Lifes a bitch don't let her  
Slow down your cheddar  
You win some, you lose some go down? no never  
Whatever  
Ain't shit really changed niggas still actin'  
If you really had that many bricks you'd be still trappin'  
You must've got dummy all fitted  
Man fuck a rap buddy any one of ya'll can get it  
All money ain't good money but I want it  
You can give me a blood diamond with blood on it  
I'll wipe the blood off it  
Clean it and cut it 'till it shine then floss it  
I'm on my New York Shit  
I was told somewhere down the line I lost it  
And I had to raise my hand they forced it

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Its six in the morning awoke by the sound of the pound  
Something just went down  
Its hot out there, its hot out there yeah  
My cell phones ringin'  
My Blueberry is singin'  
And the messages is filled with:  
&quot;Hey&quot;  
I don't read, I don't read, I don't read

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Haters can't stand it  
But I'm G Unit branded

Thats what I ride for, go in the can with  
Don't run up on me with the Van Dam shit  
All mean muggin' when you really a fan shit  
I rather go out in the Blazer, uh fuck it  
Bury me in a Benz with big rims  
A pair of black Timbs  
And the Beverly Twins  
Money, a Mac-10  
And the heaviest gem  
In nineteen-eighty two  
I came through  
Bird's eye view  
In a Cortez shoe  
South Side nigga, nigga who the fuck are you?  
You in the wrong neighborhood theres nothin' I can do  
Next time bring ya thing matter fact bring two  
Niggas is all waitin' for dreams to come true  
I lost half a crew  
Before I turned twenty-two  
So I live life doin' whatever I want to do

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]  
My cell phones ringin'  
My Blueberry is singin'  
And the messages is filled with:  
&quot;Hey&quot;  
I don't read, I don't read, I don't read  
Its six in the morning awoke by the sound of the pound  
Something just went down  
Its hot out there, its hot out there yeah