

Lloyd Banks, I Got A Story To Tell

Listen up I got a story to tell...
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This one's about Puerto Rican ruiz gold covering two teeth
Unpredictable nigga, always in some new beef

at school he plans robberies on his loose leaf
only 17 wit the mind of a true thief
never had the patience required to make it
so he takes it, flossin wit the next man bracelet
playin the block wasted
and nobody'll smoke wit him 'cause 9 times outta 10, he laced it
revolver in his back-pack
money blendin in 'cause he half black
movin through the hood like a lab rat
never been a good student
'cause his whole wigs poluted
similar to the niggas he recruited
like nappy head chris, pretty ricky, and ronnie
became best of friends 'cause everyone of em grimey
before they met, they all did they share of dirt
now that they together situations only got worse
see brew? he the mastermind always got a mission
but his trigger finger itchy so the average nigga listen
he said his neck glisten 'cause he caught a nigga slippin
in the benz wit a system with his lady friend kissin
but now this niggas sittin
breakin down chumps on top of they textbooks
gettin ready for they next jokes
and he a big timer, i know his girlfriend Rolanda
she live uptown by Pearl's Diner
the only thing left now is to find her
and get in her vagina, and send Ricky, the bitch picky
weeks passed with her is no quickies
and walkin through the city
his eyes tattooed on her titties
they stopped for drinks
drinks led to the crib
crib led to the bed
bed led to a head
he popped the question, she said exactly where he stayed at
'cause he cheated on her twice and this is a way of payback
now he on his way back to Queens
weapon in his jeans
goin over the directions to the cream
but while he was gone, Ronny and Chris got arrested
doing a side jinx nobody really expected
now shits gettin hectic
a 4 man army turned to 2 niggas
4 arms and 2 triggers
but they aint care, they can smell the money in the air
bust in the house, loaded chrome stuffed in his mouth
made him sit the f**k on the couch, snuffin him out
and ran to the back room, punchin holes through the bathroom
they found the stash
ziplock bags full of cash
along side of some potent ass hash
a week passed, brew actin funny
'cause he aint like the idea of another nigga wit money

yeah...