

Lloyd Banks, If You So Gangsta

(Verse 1: Lloyd Banks)

Around here them boys, 'dem don't play (uh)
You can hear the sounds of gun spray err day
I give 2 fucks bout what a bird say (uh)
Playboy gon' do tings er way (whoo)
Im Raps Lebron Teflon Don (uh)
Baggettes On Arm (uh) the next Sean..John (g'ea)
By any means I protect my charm (uh huh)
Play to bubble you up like my west shawn don (uh)
Im only calm when im blowin that chron (uh)
Getting them flashbacks like baby hold onnn
I never thought I'd sweat so long (uh)
And re-enact the scene of my ghetto song (uh)
Eyes wondering off breath all gone (haa)
Stomach all swolled up neck all warm (uh)
Head still spinnin off that seagram vodka
Do you know who shot ya? BITCH GET THE DOCTA!

(Chorus)

If You So Gangsta
Then Why you tuck your chain in when you walk in the club
If You So Gangsta
Why you a grown man still getting you pockets dug
If You So Gangsta
Then how come every time you get into beef you tell
If You So Gangsta
Why niggas know you for that in the streets, so well?

(Verse 2: Lloyd Banks)

Now every now and then a new kid got win
Yeah, but unfortunately for you I'm him (sorry)
In my new tan Chucks with the blue dyed end
Hoppin out that big truck with the new wide Grin
While ya cramped up on ya jet blew ride in (uh)
We air the G4 let the crew dive in (shewww)
Before Lloyd Banks tell, pop wont sell
I feed a nigga a shell like taco bell (uhh)
Im flyin out to japan to attract new fans
Let em' get to know the man with the tattooed hands
Them gem stars leave ya face all fat
So learn to stash yours in your baseball cap (uh)
Im eithier getting money out of state off rap (uh huh)
So im tryin to figure out what made Mase fall back
And them niggas in New York know the man is a monsta (uh)
And I ain't from Atlanta but I'll A-Town Stomp Ya (Mo' Fucka)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Lloyd Banks)

It's like everywhere I look and everywhere I go
It's a bitch sayin something slick (slick) But you can suck my dick (dick)
Im grade A nigga you don't know who ya fuckin wit (uh)
They'll run up on ya ass , you think you drunk ya lip (whoo)
I got money bags big as a pumpkin get
And pistols as long as the hand shaq dunkin wit (yea)
I ain't the type that's desperate
I model with diamonds now you can call me "Icin" Bedford
My down bitch holds the metal
She got a coke bottle figure and an ass that shake like a bowl of jello
You ain't even almost rich

They fuckin yo ass like the models in my porno flicks (broke nigga)
Therefore you can't afford no six
So before you hop your ass on camera get your wardrobe fixed (haha)
Banks don't house warm not bitch
So if there was 5 of us (what?), Then she gon probably suck four more dicks (hah)

(Chorus)