

Lloyd Banks, It Ain't A Secret

[Chorus:]

Lately Ive Been Hearin Alot Of Things That I Dont Agree With
And It Aint A Secret
Everybody Know You Puss Nigga You Aint A Gangsta You A Wuss
What Makes You Feel Comfortable
Enough To Call My Name Out Like You Know Me
Nigga I Aint Yo Homie
I got A 4 Pound On Me
And You Can Have It

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

This Here Will Make You Piss In Ya Sweats
You Know Me Mitchell & Ness, Smithon & West, Pistol And Vest
I'll Take Ya Life Away With The Sound, I Got The Whistle Of Death
The Boy Flow Put The Crystal In Meth, Take the Listeners Breath
You Wont Believe What They Do For Cock,
I Hit The Telly Thrash, And Slide Off Before The Rooster Crock
Pour Out Some Liqour For Big Let Off 2 For Pac
Dont Linger Around Niggas Shot Off The Roof Alot
Fuck Rattin Every Tooth Is Locked,
And You Cooperatin, Helpin Them Damn Near Recruit The Block
I'm Blowin Heavy On The Sofa With A Desy (Desert Eagle)
just in case A Nigga Smooth Enough To Slip Through Cracks
I'd Rather Throw Somethin at U then get my shit moved Back
This Is Hardcore Pitbull Rap Right Out The Track
Look The Hood'll Bring The Bitch Out For Ya
Man I get the guap, My Money Flip Like Fish Out Water yeah

[Chorus]

I'm Startin To Feel Like I Got It All Sewn Up,
I Helped Raise A Few Of These Niggas,
Now They Think They All Grown Up
See These DVD Gs Is Pissed Off Behind The Scenes
spoon Fed Niggas cliques soft as Lima Beans
To Be Real I Don't Know Why I'm even Trippin
Cuz I'm runnin Shit Like Diarea Drippin
My Breads Long its like big
So I'm Comforable enough To Go To Court In My Pj's Like Mike Did
I Move Around With the Sket the Long Magees
So Chill cuz You Cant Block Throws with Shaun Bradley
I'm a Still Be Here When D-Block Flops
I Got More Cash Then Them In My Reebok Box
I Brighten Up A Picture I Shine Bright
Standin In My Way Is The Only Way you'll Be In The Limelight
I'm Lazy When I Hit And Run
Which Means You Dont Get To Come
Even If You Get To Come

[Chorus]

Niggas stiff when I pass cuz I'm on a spaceship on wheels
Fresh ta death, look dude couldn't slip on peels,
And you a bitch all you got to do is slip on heels
She ain't know me cuz the house on the cliff costs mills
I put pressure on ya
Give ya clique boss chills
Bet there won't be no more sores when the steak sauce spills
I get the bills a young black entropa nigga,
Strapped wit a vest armed wit a trigga
My buddy got a twin tag along
Ya bitch is a quarter, who am I to split them up bloods
thicker than water So I Capture All The Episodes On The Camcorder
She Lick It Off her Stomach right After I Blam On Her

I Turn The Corner With The Mack Daddy Limp
Young super Fly Black Larry Flint in the Bent
I Thought About Clappin Joe, But Why Hit him With The Iron
He One Big Mac Away From Dyin

[Chorus]

I got it on me nigga
Man fuck you niggas
Fuck around and buck you niggas
rap would be over
Man fuck you niggas fuck around and cut you niggas
My career would be over
Man fuck you niggas fuck around and buck you niggas
No more shows
Man fuck you niggas
Fuck around and touch you niggas
And you'll tell