

Lloyd Banks, Mutherfuckin' Star

broke ass motherf**ker
now mutherf**ker take a look at the kid
now take a look at the crib
no take a look at the car I'm a mutherf**king star
it's kinda hard for me to practice cause niggas aint up to par
and my paper stretch longer than abdul-jabar
get hit with a leaner and the grib of a lobster
with a pooched screen I gun a man with a chopper
you played me you musta had a frying pan full of vodka
I rode a bike now I land in a chopper
you should keep your head down if you got love for him
before you see his ass flying off the roof like nutso in above the rim
the kid is out for the gusto and I love to win
driving the industry nutso I'ma rub it in
you page me a trial every kid is spoiled
smell that nigga I just shit it on you
I pass bullets so the gun goes with me
and the bullets are the size of Mutumbo's pinky
and they automatic which means they unload quickly
I hit these niggas with a drum role 50 they make another song
get a bitch pregnant, wrong I don't trust myself walk into the hotel with the rubber on
then I'm gone
Designers think Im funny style coz I ain't selling nobody else shit
I wear my own
the industry for me some mutherf**king rap homie gimme a cheque
a couple mil. and a jet
see heavy smoking is a thing I do
that's why me weed supply could fill up the pouch on a kangaroo
we in the club with the daggers and razors too
I'm cool as ice water my earings are laser blue
you should cop a new vest
cause if I got a tatoos for every nigga that past there wouldn't be room left
and I'll be damned if I spend my afternoon stressed
when my sex partner is 5'9 with baloon breasts
ghost writing is a hobbie kid
so if a nigga shit sound like I wrote it I probably did
and you can tell you flopped on your last tour
cause your dressing room is the size of my bathroom
if I'm at the dealer I ain't browsing I'm buying
these rappers can't spend a 100,000\$ they lying
damn near sold 100,000 you crying
tell you what here's a tech
shoot yourself in the neck...