

Lloyd Banks, Southside Story

(Intro)

Yea! Yea

I done learn from mistake from my men

Who's not whose gone run?

Who's not whose gone shoot if you shot?

Who gone hold they own who's not

Who's gone choose spots?

(Chorus)

In the streets of New York you can't trust nobody

Ni99a will run up on you wit a 12 gate shoty

When your Jaycobs freeze smokin' weed is my hobby

You wanna rob me your gonna leave here wit a body

(Verse 1)

When I was 10 years old I seen a ni99a take 3 in the head

Probably around the same time he used to pee in the bed

I stay a wake 'cause my nightmares of seeing him dead

The smell of burnt tire after leaving him lead

The killer fled wit a f**kin laugh

My heart pumpin on blast I just stare at him something to grasp

Arms moving figure shaking spitting up blood

DNA mixed in the mud another ditch to be dug

There I stood stiffer than wood

See homie use to buy me candy

Now he's gone whose provide his family

My ear ringing should have been runnin'

I never thought I could be that sick

Damn! I was suppose to see that sh*t

That's when I thought it was more than 3 shots

He could have been aiming for me

Maybe he circled around the block

I turn around to my pops

He like what happen?

This ni99a rolled up and started clappin'

I can still hear em' laughin'

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

It was a regular day in Southside

Sprink-aklers kids running all of a sudden

Heads turnin somebody did somethin'

This ni99a name I forgot

F**k it he lived around the block

Regular getting money ni99a

But love to clown a lot

Walked across the park stuntin' frontin'

Diamond in his hear diamond watch on

Eatin' a bag of popcorn

Walked up behind this shorty grabbin' her waist

She pushed him away so he threw the bag in her face

She felt disrespected shorty couldn't except it

Called him a p**sy told him she be back in a second

He didn't pay her no mind called her b**ch bout 4 times

Stayed in the park wit a ni99a wit a mano nine

Then in no time older ni99a

From behind swung a baseball bat

Left his face all cracked told him take all that

Hit him again popped his chain wit a frown

Love to clown wit his stain on the ground

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

And all my days go by blowin that sticky icky
California made me picky chicken heads tryin to stick me wit a hicky
If we go up quickly stick me
Somewhere tipsy the location don't matter
I'm Southside to they hit me
I'd be dead it foots can kill
I'm from the ghetto boys
But I don't know scarface
I'd push wit bill
My heart spills for the kids
That ain't got nothing
They gotta steal and
For my cousin I lost
Leftover I still remember you

(Chorus)