Lloyd Banks, Southside Story (Correct)

(Intro)

Yea! Yea! yea!

I done learn from mistakes like who's my man 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 Niggas will run up on you wit a 12 gauge shotty Loyalty comes free, smokin' weed is my hobby You wanna rob me you gotta leave here with a body

(Verse 1)

When I was 10 years old I seen a nigga take 3 in the head Probably around the same time he used to pee in the bed I stayed awake 'cause my nightmares of seeing him dead The smell of burnt tire's peelin after leaving him lead The killer fled wit a f**kin laugh My heart pumpin on blast I just stared at him slumped in the grass Arms moving fingers 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 gonna provide his family My ear ringing should have been runnin' I never thought I could be that sick Damn! I wasn't supposed to see that shit 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 nigga rolled up and started clappin' I can still hear him laughin

(Chorus)x2

(Verse 2)

It was a regular day in Southside Sprinklers kids running all of a sudden Heads turnin somebody did somethin' This nigga name I forgot F**k it he lived around the block Regular getting money nigga But loved 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 pussy told him she be back in a second He didn't pay her no mind called her bitch bout 4 times Stayed in the park with no niggas with him and no nine Then in no time older nigga From behind swung a baseball bat Left his face all cracked Told him take all that Hit him again popped his chain with a frown Left the clown with a stain on the ground

(Chorus)x2

(Verse 3)
Now 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 until they hit me
I'd be dead if looks can kill
I'm from the ghetto boys
But I don't know scarface
or Bushwick Bill
My heart spills for the kids
That ain't got nothing and gotta steal and
For my cousin I lost slumpt over the steerin' wheel

(Chorus)x2