

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 slumt over the steerin' wheel

(Chorus)x2