

Lloyd Banks, Southside Story

[Intro]

Yea! Yea

I done learn from mistake like who's my men and whos not
Like who's gone run and who's not?
Like whos gone shoot if you shot?
Who gone hold they own whos not
Whos gone choose spots?

[Chorus]

In the streets of New York you cant trust nobody
Nigga will run up on you wit a 12 gate shoty
Loyalty comes free and 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 nigga take 3 in the head
Probably around the same time he used to pee in the bed
I stay a wake cuz 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 hes 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
Thats 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 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 nigga name I forgot
F**k it he lived around the block
Regular getting money nigga
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 couldnt except it
Called him a p**sy told him she be back in a second
He didnt pay her no mind called her b**ch bout 4 times
Stayed in the park wit no niggas wit a mano 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 wit a frown
Left the 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 dont matter
Im Southside to they hit me
Id be dead it foots can kill
Im from the ghetto boys
But I dont know scarface
Id push wit bill
My heart spills for the kids
That aint got nothing
They gotta steal and
For my cousin I lost
Leftover I still remember you

[Chorus]