

Lloyd Banks, Victory Freestyle

50 Cent)

Yo, yo we can't stay alive forever
So if shit hit the fan then we might as well die together
I'm high as ever, more hoes and more chedda
G-Unit move around with them pounds and barreta's
Yea faggot, if I want it I'm gon' have it
Regardless if it's handed to me or I gotta grab it
Don't make a ass outta yaself tryin to stop me
I'm cocky, raps rocky, nigga you sloppy
You know that I'm, 8 levels above you nigga
I'll club you nigga, I never heard of you nigga, ugly nigga
I'm the wrong one to provoke
You rattin on niggas is only gon' leave you smoke
So the only thing left now is tools for these cowrads
I got no friends, f**k most of these cowards
They pop shit 'till we start approaching these cowards
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

(Lloyd Banks)

I got a intergangstress who argue and steams the reefer
And who flip when I call a bitch like she Queen Latifah
Not all the vehicle's is long enough to stash the streetsweeper
This shit can get uglier than the Master P sneaker
We slidin through the ruckus, wit prada on the chuckus
Soon as spring break ho's home from college wanna f**k us
I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckas
I'll sick rottweiler's on you f**kas, cops followin to cuff us
Top dollars to discuss this, whole lotta zeros
When it comes to paper I blow a soul outta aero
I'ma break before I lay floor buried
Besides, every rapper ain't a star, n every plad ain't Burburry
You can't tame Lloyd, smokin by the big screen
You changin the channel looks like I'm playin the game boy
I know to watch botherin ya vision
You reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like its part of yo religion
Why party wit a pigeon?
I'm blowin a 10 'cause Bush handin flyers for a party in a prison
I'm in the gucci vest wit the green and red straps
I'm the last rapper to scare niggas since Craig Mack
Now every morning's a fast start
And there aint problem gettin dressed 'cause my closet got more isles than pathmart
Run, move startin a wave
and leave wit 12 shells in ya mouth like a carton of eggs
I'm the young pimp pardon my age
I don't got long hair but if I did she be partin my braids
Niggas find what club they at
take 'em wit us, and run a train on 'em like a subway map
get advance is a grey Acura
see these record labels got most artists gettin f**ked like the gay rappa'
i go the college on the tour
I'm goin down in history nigga, next to Wallace and Shakur
I keep ya ammo clean, Tek's polished in the drawer
Camera's by the hamper that monitor the floor
by now, you probably heard of me
fresh outta surgery, flashy as a f**k, you gon' have to murder me
Burglary, I'm leavin wit cha nike's bugendy, White T, bergendy
you match now, back down
niggas love to hate you, but love you when you disappear
catch me on the boat wit weed smoke and fishin' gear
heavy when I tote, C-notes from different years
Bezzy on the rope, remotes for liftin chairs
You ain't rich, but we glad to snatch ya
I send cars to crib like I'm a cab dispatcha
you better off wit ya stupid guys, lookin for a coupe to drive

you ain't gettin nuttin but ya french fries supersized
it's a damn shame y'all still local
I'm in a million dollar studio layin my vocals
Nigga

(50 Cent)

Still in the projects nigga, you ain't goin nowhere
you gon' f**kin be there for the rest of yo muthaf**kin life
and yo momma said, I'm supposed to tell you somethin.....
to encourage you, somethin positive
aight well I ain't gon' lie to you muthaf**ka, he ain't goin nowhere
get yaself a beer, get on the f**kin curb...
f**kin dirtbag