

# Lloyd Banks, Who Shot Ya Freestyle

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Don't talk shit to the stars bro  
I'll have more niggas leanin' over your weight than a car show  
They bust you down like a Marlboro  
And i'm excited to see where your knee and ya arm go  
You don't want to know how much this cost  
Nigga i'm ballin' my dick been through every color lip gloss  
Around here that snitchin' get niggas pissed off  
That nigga front in the club he gettin' hip tossed  
We ride around everybody in the bricks saw us  
And them record execs pull out a grip for us

[Music stops]

[Snoop Dogg:]

Yo what up? this is Big Snoop Dogg  
The Big Snoopy D-O- Double Gizzle  
For shizzle dizzle  
Tellin' you to get the S-W-A- tizzle  
SWAT motherfuckers

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Don't talk shit to the stars bro  
I'll have more niggas leanin' over your weight than a car show  
They bust you down like a Marlboro  
And i'm excited to see where your knee and ya arm go  
You don't want to know how much this cost  
Nigga i'm ballin' my dick been through every color lip gloss  
Around here that snitchin' get niggas pissed off  
That nigga front in the club he gettin' hip tossed  
We ride around everybody in the bricks saw us  
And them record execs pull out a grip for us  
I'm the shit boss  
And on top of that you can expect me to win like a New York Knick boss  
You actin' like you want to lay where your mom stay  
I'll put red dots on you like Kwame'  
I'm blowin' Bomb Bay  
Cause it always pays off to make ya important decisions the calm way  
My hood bitch'll get you set up god  
Cause her milkshake brings all the boys to the yard  
You can't even get a show Lloyds on his job  
Jet Black tints on the 'Voy and the 'Sage  
Take a look at this enormous garage  
If you listen you can hear the noise of manage  
Shit i'm royalty like Bin Laden  
You been lyin'  
I got Siamese Glocks  
You gon burn 'till the boy gets rid of ya  
You'll be a ghost dog like Forest Whitaker  
Whoever thought they'd be askin' for his signature  
And tourists visit ya  
For all this literature  
Shit we ain't the cats from the movies we overlooked  
I'll put a cast on your ass like a broken foot  
You can't teach me how to stunt nigga I wrote the book  
A gourmet maids on the payroll to cook  
And if i'm travelin' off land the boat is took  
Cruisin' slow so all the old folk can look  
These little niggas is so so, i'm so good  
I got the crowd in a choke hold in your hood  
Quarter poundin' a low low the pro should  
Ya sales movin' slow mo ya go wood  
You want to see me handcuffed in the slammer  
Lookin' that tough in the camera

My suppliers married to a real Rasta  
All I got to do is hit her with the Kyllvassa  
No candles or chilled lobster  
Its a flat screen, a little BET  
Throw on a DVD  
Then its brain on my B-E-D-  
I pass her off to my nigga