

# Anotha Dolla

Lloyd Banks

(Everybody I know) is waitin' to stumble onto somethin'  
A few niggas'll settle for nothin'  
(But I'm gettin' mine though)  
Slippin' around here is risky  
Especially if you gettin' it they hate on you quickly  
(And I know) that I should hit the top  
'Cause I been sittin' back watchin' this bullshit pop  
When these hoes see a nigga gettin' paid they wanna holla  
Another day, another dollar

I'm hooked to the smell of the slum of the Southside city streets  
The crookedest beefs is outside [?] sleeps  
Old ladies open they mouths wide in disbelief  
Little niggas wavin' they middle fingers to diss police  
The block bums got diseases and missin' teeth  
And the heat's off, so they freezin' and this completes  
My poor man sore guide, where they go to war, right  
The same shit the media glorified  
I'm on my way to PA, weeded before the ride  
And do my little thing then I'm gone, with me a whore to slide  
Check out my catalog, you gettin' bread, it don't matter dog  
I slide through with a better broad  
City expect that of me  
I'm hot, so they wanna let the sket splatter me  
I'm tryin' to do five, think of the check that'll be  
Banks don't walk, I let the jet carry me, yeah

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Yeah, it ain't nothin' like a hot summer day  
Especially if you on the block in a drop with trey  
The flow will get you open like a shot from K  
I am not wanna play, I am a shotgun away  
Okay, you sound sound's like you got it from me  
Lloyd Banks a.k.a. rubber band around a lot of money  
Yeah, the same nigga from the Karma song  
But nigga don't get it twisted, I got my llama on  
I ain't tryin' to kick knowledge, I'm tryin' to get dollars  
Whip polished, but they keep bringin' the shit out us  
I know dude don't think he me  
How can he, put on the same shoes as a G?  
You should recognize who's your boss  
Before you run off bitin' the same hand that put food in yours  
Now I floss in a European whip  
There's a gun in the hand of everyone you see me with, shit

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