

# Automatic Pilot

Lloyd Banks

Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen, you are very welcome to Royal J flight  
In the event of emergency, floor pathway lighting will illuminate exits as the  
cabin crew are now demonstrating  
In the seat pocket in front of you, you will find the flight safety card which  
we now ask you to read before take-off  
Thank you for your attention and we wish you all a pleasant flight  
Uh

I put so much work in this game, few thousand days to catch me  
Rewards are hoppin' off the plane, Jamaica waves and jetski  
They raised me better, look around, grown men behave in Bessy  
Me, V and East is De Niro, Pacino, Pesci, nigga  
My pockets hefty, Desert Eagle lefty  
Respect me, so far ahead, I still be past you if I leave a century  
Your demons sent me, Benz or Bimmer Bentley  
I got a C-Note recipe, and the machine is full of key notes, test me  
Long as my niggas from the Curbs support me  
I'm straight, 'cause swervin's costly, I pin these sixteen's up in purgatory  
That punch title does a disservice for me  
I'm more than words, that's gaudy  
Here for a reason, that's what the surgeon told me  
My younger Mackin' got the birds to stalk me  
Frequently replicated, my triumph made my other versions salty  
Cue the Milwaukee in suburban saucy  
On my return, I'm poppin' all the shit, fuckin' with Blue, you lost me nigga

We ain't cut from the normal fabric  
Throughout the turbulence I'm headed, pilot automatic  
They made new sheets for all the static  
Gettin' the spot is all that mattered  
Don't give a fuck who had it  
My presence got the hoes ecstatic  
My haters got a trollin' habit  
With signs of panic, you know it's tragic  
We ain't cut from the normal fabric (Huh?)  
Throughout the turbulence, I'm padded (Uh), pilot automatic

Yo, every package lost be a backpack, we sent it back across (Uh-huh)  
Platinum cross, eat in Rao's, like I'm an actin' boss (Yes)  
Rappers grab a force, niggas out in the Pescators (I know)  
That's the sport, food for thought, they wouldn't pass a fort (At all)  
Harlem icon, Dhaslam mixed with Dylan (Tell 'em)  
I spit fire and make coke stretch with my right arm (Uh-huh)  
So fast, pitchin' 8-Balls, should be watered to Cyan (Uh-huh)  
Pelicans get they fley on (Uh-huh), definite like they Zion (Ha)  
You players stop, put money on you like player props  
Silence a potato pop, turn this shit in the tater tots (Uh)  
Tryna shake the block, played the block 'til 'round eight o'clock (Uh-huh)  
See the ones I gave the rock to, well who I paid to watch?  
Be the lookouts, Council meet at the cookout  
Let's get drunk and discuss all the bad bitches we shook out  
Chicks the last we took out (Ha), candyman the hookout  
Niggas ain't hot-hot, just another fire to put out, nigga

We ain't cut from the normal fabric  
Throughout the turbulence I'm headed, pilot automatic  
They made new sheets for all the static

Gettin' the spot is all that mattered  
Don't give a fuck who had it  
My presence got the hoes ecstatic  
My haters got a trollin' habit  
With signs of panic, you know it's tragic (Panic)  
We ain't cut from the normal fabric (Not us)  
Throughout the turbulence, I'm padded (Careful), pilot automatic

Took out my watch, nice  
These niggas play security, they top flight (Uh)  
Crackin' Dédé, I kick it like Pelé, got your mom tight (Tight)  
The time right, some powder in the sky like I'm LeBron knight (What)  
Stack that paper 'til it look down on you, like LeBron height (Huh)  
Black leather jacket, Fonz's type, this is a Don's life (Don)  
Chocolate outsides, leather seats white, look like a Klondike (Bing)  
This Cuban look like shattered glass, remind me of a barfight  
Project bitch that answered the phone and know how to talk white (Ha)  
I caught flights, on the line with Gervonta, we talk fights  
I done ran the spots, so it's nothin' for me to walk light (Light)  
Street fight like Vega, Sega, I begged my moms for (My mama)  
Now I cop Bottega, played Vegas, seen shit that 'Pac saw ('Pac)  
I look important, Rick Owens on me, we on the top floor (You seen me)  
Slimin' Banks, I'm smokin' this popper, listenin' to Shabbah Ranks  
Gallery department, got me lookin' like I probably paint (Paint)  
I used to hop the train, now a Celine umbrella block the rain (Uh), pop

The guy in Queens, multiple personality dreamteam  
The thousand dollar jean fiend, you cut me now, I bleed green  
I made my comeback in the muds, done made it out and squeak clean  
I'm lucky to live so long, we learned about the struggle pre-teen  
When I come on, the streets scream, a New York City jeep scene  
Two-hunnid thousand seat lean, a pound allowed, I keep steam  
I get the rollout when shoppin', a twenty in receipt king  
Call me at all but disloyal, a champion's a speed ring  
Call the photographers, I make it rain with my deposit wrist  
I'm on the poppin' list, turned all my losses to positives  
All my heat calls are anonymous, we're here to alter this  
I'm goin' be showin' up regardless, make all of 'em hostages  
I hoarder body count collages in my closets  
You catch me sleep, you see dollar signs through my eyelids  
I've been around the world nice, check out my mileage  
Without a stylist, merchandise for my pilots, nigga