

Back At It Again

Lloyd Banks

I'm locked & loaded
Kay Slay what up nigga
I'm back at it man I'm on that shit
It's that nigga catch up
Lil' nigga catch up lil' nigga catch up

From QU through the Baton Rouge I'm that dude
You should think J. Arms for a full-time jack move
I'm anti-type with my paper the "Black Scrooge"
The black rules for black on black attitude
And shorty show me back to back gratitude
Appreciation reach through ventilation
I'm from the basement led leave permanent scars you can't erase it
And blades give face lifts
We drive spaceships, 300K shit, 500 horses, cause I don't have patience
So the police department wants me in their bracelets
But that's alright I got my own new face it
Too late to patch shit up
Nigga betta have your ratchet tucked
Get enough money to get your casket brought
The broad saw me down, cause I'm the shit flies fly around, I'm on the cali high by the pound
On top of that the spirits of Bob Marley around
As far as my bitch how does the "black barbie" sounds
Now I'm hardly round
The yard is like a jungle
Went from bicycle seats to Ferrari rumbles
Face you gotta luv it
Cause only God could judge it
I know the streets is blindfold I evolve from it
Now every bar is rugged, for honor of it, I make stadium lift like when Carter dunkin'
I got my father's features, my mother's speeches, the girls fell in love with me,
I fell in love with sneakas
Pumas with the creases
Creases with the preses
And my future is bright like lil' marquises
My mom's nieces like duck seasons
We travel all year long rip apart visas
Fleas are coming out their mouth like a queen bitch
But a tree to a giant is a toothpick
On my cool shit like show me the money for the coupe shit
Smack you with the gun to make your tooth chip
The bigger the show the bigger the doe
And do the math for what it takes a nigga to go
I done did green & blue so I figure I go
Turn everything yellow like cigarette smoke
I walk around well-known with a cig & coke
Some of the realest shit a nigga done wrote no joke