

Cold Summer (Freestyle)

Lloyd Banks

(Uh)

You know who the fuck it is, Banks

Why would you get the credit for something that I could do without you?

Shouldn't show these bum niggas mercy the doors were suicidal

Figure I take you along with me, of course, you're too entitled

Using quotes to validate stupid shit don't confuse the bible

Forget the fact that I was dead nice I was dedicated

Losing my mind through the madness had to be medicated

At least I can say I got through it so many never made it

Wonder when this shit is really over will I be celebrated?

I had it right there for taking shouldn't have hesitated

My classification is heavy can't let them feather weight it

When in the room go with nothing the love is separated

I never hated in due time I was delegated

Don't catch your cloud attack conscious trade in your next deposit

Your reputation is solid why would you jeopardize it

The internet shit was cool I guess that they weaponized it

It's ok to fuck up as long as you recognize it

Skeletons piling up you need an extra closet?

You don't know what I'm saying, shall I exemplify it?

Happy to ride with a nigga long as he stays in place

Blaming somebody for some you've done saving face (yeah)

When they try to cover my roses the pavement breaks

A quarter lifetime of breaking the bread amazing grace

Don't get it mainstream a chase as long the ghetto listens

Sprinkle my dope on this track the instrumental is twitching

You get the upper hand on life that's when the devil kicks in

Being targeted jogging while black is terrorism

Watch out for leeches they'll stand around for what benefits them

You'll know what love is as soon as you flip the letter is different

Think about what I've done for you while you're reminiscing

Salute to all those supporting my independence vision (uh)

Two hundred k and fourteen neverminds everything is beautiful through design as new paradigms

Make a toast to battle time home was broken in tragic minds

One of the greatest pens yet, me and my little battle rhymes

I'm having flashbacks, me in the 'spital, scattered lines

Ain't no love in the heart of the city half the time

Shit is on fire now, back as soon as the block simmers

Probably lose the weather to COVID, make it a hot winter

The wrong hand will have you questioning, where these cards from?

Homework made me a specialist, practicing made me bar dumb

"Banks, why you ain't been smiling lately?", Nigga the job done?

I don't think it is, are you ready for albums?

Grinding getting these songs done, recipe for the long run

Just when you thought it couldn't get worse rest in peace Fred the Godson

Life is hard son