

# Father Time

Lloyd Banks

Yeah!...  
I hear you...  
And Ima make you shut the fuck up!

Yeah they see me movin  
They gon need to stop drop  
Off the face of earth but Ima make it pop hot  
These niggas are not not  
Watch me take my spot got  
Money got power and respect baby  
I just hope times on my side  
I've been tryin all my life  
Every block someones dyin  
Always high heres our life  
Come inside

Energies my ammunition  
Like AK shells  
So think about that when you plan on dissin  
Go straight to hell  
Bred to be ballin since a baby kickin  
I had the smell (sniffs)  
Brand new money ladies sniffin  
They take a L  
I take a shit on rappers horse worth  
Can't die must conquer the world first  
Like a monster to media  
On my beautiful girls search  
High and low I am no thing u tamper wit  
Made the plan you should cancel it  
Make examples I trample shit  
Drop you here I am cancerous  
Answer this, who can handle this?  
Scandalous  
I dismantles these ants and piss on a trucer  
You think I seen the future  
How I wam crip recruper  
Fire hand  
Wam became a brand new man  
Big producer ugh  
Gift from heaven  
Livin legend and I come from queens  
Robbin leggin 3-5-7 in my fuckin' jeans  
Sufferin and fuckin' up schemes  
Twin Bentleys  
Matchin beamers on a couple beams  
Try my sentenc-in

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Murdered half of yall on my mixtapes  
Come rap up in my wrath  
Now I'm laughin look at ya rib cage  
Ya ass been in a slump  
Come blastin I lend ya bitch face  
Success is wut they want  
Tongue lashin'll get ya shit sprayed  
Have it how you want  
Blood bath  
I'm as sharp as switchblade  
You'll be smilin for life  
Love flashin I got the shit made  
Forget where I'm at now I passed em around the 6th grade  
Passion for my profession outlast anyone you could name  
Hood fame got me ridin in wood grain  
Look lame Stanten, Harlem to Brooklyn  
They know I'm cooked Cain  
Took aim rappin would bang  
I could change  
But this sport ain't a good game  
I'm strappin sir  
Back seat in the passenger  
Semi-auto massacre  
Shoppin while I laugh at ya  
Rappers feed my appetite  
Metaphors will tackle ya  
These niggas ain't half as nice  
Playboy in my afterlife  
Real nigga wit cash and ice  
Drop the bread pass the dice  
Hope I crack twice

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