

Gettin' By

Lloyd Banks

I'm drunk, I'm high, damn near gettin' by (8x)

Stand up guy, pick the marro from the ground
I'm a south side nigga, fuck around fuck around
Jumping bitches off the vert
Throw these dollars make them work
Silly ass dancer think she gonna get me with all that mileage, no she won't
Easily broke you don't keep hope
Kill or be killed, that murder she wrote
World full of bread, who wanna be broke
Daddy done dead, ma gotta be both
Life's too short, gotta be close
Tryin' to get it big house out of these folks
Give me two years, it'll probably be three
4 door benz make my flee
On the regular tip, I'm hit
Your lit, I'm super
Dude don't like when they set that trap
Just like that like I ain't never knew ya
Treat them hoes just like manure
I maneuver like booyah
I'm too ill to slip, new wheel to whip
Necklace out the cooler
I've been drunk and high all day y'all
My weed loud as a AR
I heard money the only thing that holds weigh
A hundred and fifty pounds on the radar
Nine out of ten, there's a friend there's a snake
We all walk around with the same scar
Seems like it's real but it ain't
Bet these trips to the bank won't change naw

A pound of loud, smoke up
Everyday I'm getting stuck
In my city they get down
Watch the way I hold it up
Won't give in, won't give up
I gotta be rich as fuck
Racks tuck, nigga what
Baddest bitches getting touched
I'm drunk, I'm high, damn near gettin' by (4x)

Dear hater, a playa is definitely in your radar
My bitch goes to work, she fucks me on her day off
Laid off huh, why would she fuck with a nigga like you
She wanna fuck with a nigga named Q
Number 1 gangster can't be two
Gotta get dough I ain't tryin' to be poor
Nigga go broke cuz his rap many slow
Lie to my daughter like I'm chopping up soap
Gotta sell dope, every gram mean hope
Fuck you mean, what the fuck you know
Still ain't met another nigga like me
Sippin Hennessy, weed crumbs on the seat
Hollow tip shots motherfucker I'm a G
Let's get slow, slur relax
And have no worries 'cause I'm blessed

Made 20 thousand dollars through a fucking text
And I said yes before I stretch, she give me neck, your city next
So this your town, fuck your respect
I'm the headline you don't get my check
Back wood toke, let a real nigga smoke
Eyes bloodshot right behind these locs
Tryin' to get a house up out these folks
Pimped out ride with the new gold spokes
Spark a blunt, pass it around
Prowl the bitch and dick her down
Me & Banks was smoking loud
Bet your ho will leave you now

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