

# It's Simple

Lloyd Banks

Now this rap shit has been good to me  
It pays my bills keeps me in jewelry  
Sometimes its conflicts cause theres usually  
A nigga tryin to get back where he used to be

Now I got to go and get disrespectful  
All cause niggas ain't recognizing that I'm the one  
Knowin' if I see 'em and hop out they gon' run  
visualizing the outcome  
Multiple lead showers  
Dozens of pretty flowers  
Memories, tears, screams and hollas for hours  
Fuckin' cowards ya bird brain should've stayed in college  
Now ya in a war zone where niggas die over dollars  
Now what you get? nothing but a moment of silence  
And old ladies screaming stop the violence  
Here we go another typical video  
Niggas screaming out a city that knows he's a ho  
really though take a look at you then look at me  
I'm a G and you a Y-S-S-U-P or P-U-S-S-Y it don't matter  
How ya flip it reaarange or move it  
Niggas die over music

It's simple ain't it?  
The D's tryin to find out if its gang related  
I'm ridin' in my old school candy painted  
The Unit on top and they mad we made it  
We can't be faded

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Here's a little story I would like to tell  
About a certain individual perpetrating like hell  
Well you seen him 'round imitating legends  
Tough as hell on his records  
But terrified of my presence  
Its tickin cuz his career only last a couple seconds  
Beggin' for attention droppin a name in every sentence  
A little slim punk from the other side of the water  
Is the target intended for the slaughter  
So call ya lawyer I get up on ya  
Ya enemies are rich  
Man think about it, you can't even control ya bitch  
These industry fucks don't want no drama  
Nigga respect me like a old timer  
Like Osama I'm a  
Keep my composure before I burn that nigga  
Radio rapper Howard Stern ass nigga  
And I'm a be on top with or with no hit

Cuz I'm so slick  
Ask them niggas ya roll wit yeah!

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