

Keep It Solid

Lloyd Banks

Let's bring the aura back, grindin''ll put us on the map
It's all a fact
Came out with this style, niggas can't order that
From where it's stormin' at
Watch for warnings, it's all a trap
Background, you gon' order that
Keep your honor, they taught us that
It ain't no way around it, gotta keep it solid
Honor is rare, don't ever think all people got it

Yo, all the paper in the world won't buy you character
Face'll fall now quick, now victims are my new calibre
They take kindness for weakness, forgettin' that I screw silencers
Thought about leavin', willin' to compromise with new challengers
Can't drop a crumb when being here comes with the savages
Ask for the tools to make it, how you know what the apparatus is
Legend and status, consistency's been a catalyst
Mellow'd down from a long-term love and marriage to cannabis
On the run from the scandalous, you should know what my handle is
It's cancerous to hang around bottom feeders, they can't exist
No lending hand from this, here from P&J sandwiches
Can't cancel this, they stamp me, bitch, NYC to Los Angeles
Stuck with the names that didn't minimize 'em, I memorized 'em
Penalize 'em, initials permanently embedded I've been
Thinkin' 'bout winnin', that's a better option
Long as I'm here, I'm never stoppin'
Givin' 'em sight, still be forever watchin'

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Yo, uh
Misery ain't the place to be
Livin'll make you take a knee
Spreading gossip is corny, don't call me unless it relates to me
Basically, you can write your own story, but rather make-believe
Stop fakin' Gs, some people'll apply some pressure, you'll take the cheese
Hard just to breathe here, the smell of death in Jamaica's breeze
You all deserve a return, the status determines who takes the keys
Take a leave 'cause I know the type of stress these tapes relieve
Cold-hearted, shit makes you freeze, mine has been -8 degrees
That'll turn your pace to speed, think I need a suitcase of weed
Put all my haters in the dirt soil, let mother nature knead
Bet you thought I'd be gone by now, guess you gon' have to wait and see
Tag my name through these cities, I been to 'em all from A to Z
Money anxiety, smokin', bumpin' The Diary
I ain't never seen a man cry, Seen a Man Die, in all honesty
My weak shit'll put all y'all on the wall, lyrical robbery
Gotta be where the dollars be, back by November, obviously

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