

Killas Theme

Lloyd Banks

Ay the game is survival
You wouldn't know a real nigga if he walked up and robbed you
They gonna have to revive you
Cause if I slide thru, I wouldn't be there if I was you
You smokin', they gon' bet on us
You damn near retarded a small yellow bus
I pull a Porsche out in the fall for the rush
Careful the cops want us all in the cuffs
We put up houses and haul on the trucks
But I move smooth, ima ball til im dust
Plus, you niggas can't eat no more
Or, walk around in the street no more
We run the city, thats why my feet so sore
I got the whole hood hooked 'he so raw'
I pull up on your set, with bad intentions
Like a bullet in ya neck
Anybody can get it the code of respect
I drink away the pain, pop mo' on the jet
A bag of the goo rock the mall when im set
Jus got a new calico and a tec
Fresh haircut powder all on my neck
Next stop stop at the mall in the vet
The green gang with me and they all hold sket
Nah we ain't gonna send ya girl home yet
She a G B and we all want next
300 thousand we all no less
Unless it's more, a European tour
Charcoal handle on a European door
Niggas gettin' money but the Unit gettin more
Troopers on the roof, stashbox in the floor
Green and white bows with the matchin valour
Air hold muffler attached to the 4
And a batch of the raw

You niggas better move man when we come thru the door
Movin with the Uz' man, you'll be a body on the floor
We dont go by the rules and we break any fuckin law
Niggas gonna lose man

Im on the flyin spur shit, chinchilla that fur shit
40 cal watch me murc shit
Niggas out in the hood so im out in Cancun
Labels eatin off some garbage like some damn raccoons
Clap all ya goons, knock a barrell in the sky
Sun hit the watch and the bezel hurt ya eyes
G-unit is the team we the hottest group out
Got me in a Phantom, the hottest coupe out
Some live to the fullest, some never get ahead
O.G's doin life, young boys in the feds
Tough times dont last, tough people do
Crack and rap money thats my revenue
And you wanna stick who?, what the fuck is you thinkin
100 dollars from my ATM will have you stinkin
My chain blingin, VVS stones its all good
Southside, Bedstuy, catch me in the hood

Yeaa, Rotten Apple nigga, comin this Summer

I dont give a fuck who you are, what label you on
When Banks drop, Blue Heffner, Gangreen, you better push back nigga
Ya heard?!, you can be on Interscope, you can be on Def Jam nigga
And if I get on parol...im on parol
If I get off this probation yall niggas is in trouble man, For real
Lloyd Banks, Blue Heffner, Rotten Apple nigga the hottest shit out
Muthafucka, mixtape is better than ya muthafuckin album
Yo Banks man, fuckin run New York nigga you know what time it is
Fitty wattup, Buck wattup!