

Last Of A Dope Era Dying

Lloyd Banks

All that shit together don't equal love to the work
I'm supplying
What you selling we ain't buying
You niggas got it watered down the most
I could see your ending already
And the timing is close
We done came too far to have a setback
That bullshit ain't flying
You done fell victim to all the lying
Your on your the way out and you know it, loaded
Last of a dope era dying

I asked God to bless me with the gift and he spoiled me
Kicking my shit for years now easy as time recorded me
My style as I rate quarter disorderly
Bars that will get you right on your feet
Quarter to quarter fee
You settle for crumbs not where you ought to be
Guarantee you light times slaughtery
In my warranty, uh
Chronicles of the last legends
Disrespect the veteran get you a sad exit
In the book of our relations they'll be a fast sentence
Louie rubber bands to compliment my bags preference
Soldier platinum army tag necklace
I love the game but it got corny ass stretchers, uh
Need the perfectionist appraise
Crowd around a walking ticket
Every breakfast is filet's
Will they spill and out my ears still
Rest when I hit the wraith
Further I go this memory connecting us to the pain

All that shit together don't equal love to the work
I'm supplying
What you selling we ain't buying
You niggas got it watered down the most
I could see your ending already
And the timing is close
We done came too far to have a setback
That bullshit ain't flying
You done fell victim to all the lying
Your on your the way out and you know it, loaded
Last of a dope era dying

Since my first mixtape I've cooked dime and the regular with no features
I've saw myself like Conor McGregor
They ain't yourself they cool you out here
Kinda an extra
Roll an L up in the heat of the battle chronic finesser
Sick to my stomach your cd's are ramen n ketchup
Put me next up to them boys in freebie
Find me a heckler
South Jamaica taker home of the grimiest threshold
Hold the title mind professor
Built shiniest as ever
Get your yeses from the weakest of man cheating your fans

Chin flips and middle fingers
The lips speak to the hands
Money signature control perimeter
Feet in the ground
Always sinister the global finisher
Week in japan
There ain't shit about survival steady
Can't be rhyming ready
Instinct made my timing daily
Frequent weapons collected who's bombs held me
Your working hard at your facade
Hardly at the bank
Partyin' in your job sorry's in your blogs

All that shit together don't equal love to the work
I'm supplying
What you selling we ain't buying
You niggas got it watered down the most
I could see your ending already
And the timing is close
We done came too far to have a setback
That bullshit ain't flying
You done fell victim to all the lying
Your on your the way out and you know it, loaded
Last of a dope era dying