

Lost & Found

Lloyd Banks

Fuck around and get found round layed on the ground
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Another body in the lost and found

I'm holdin' up the city
Rollin' up a fifty
The number one option for hos that want a willy
I ball like a boss so the soldiers want to kill me
But i'm holdin on the milly
Jacob frozen nigga silly
Wide Masarati Giovanni or Pirelli
Po 9 want to wire me but i'm Gotti on the celly
Like Daddy with the rings Mr. T with the ropes
Carrying them things
Catch me in a coma
Before you find bitch in me you'll find a diploma
And I ain't make it far
Side tracked by the corner
I lost a couple niggas here
The hood is a sauna
Its hot niggas disappear
Keep the heat on ya
Ain't no use in being scared
We bleed the same color slip and you out of here
Keeper to my brother i'm hoppin' in and out of wear
Ain't nobody 'gon be disrespectful this year yeah

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The niggas I looked up to, look up to me now, its funny
how the game changes
And rearranges
The niggas that know me know you be the strangest
Thinkin' that you won't get popped cause you famous
The hard head make us all fast
And none of them rocks you got cut like diamonds cause
they all glass
Its all math
Nigga take these and add 'em
I'm pushin' a buck all the way to the bank cheese and
at 'em
Moved a mill off the single
Then they round with the lingo
Bingo
There the thing go
Back away from the window
Its the B-A-N-K- S with the lines
A.K.A. Blue Hef vest with the nine

I've been hot since a juvie
I knew niggas would scoop me
Since Biggie made "Juicy"
And Chris Rock was "Pookie"
I'm in my lower twenties livin' life like a movie
In the million dollar cribs swimming pools and jacuzzis

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Death before dishonor
Marijuana
For the dead
I move like Greyhound when its time to get the bread
Its all eyes on me the L-L-O-Y-D-
Heavy metal by me
In every ghetto I be
24-7, 365 high
I'll be the first one to show you 360 fly by
All drama Desy
Bright Bentley, white Bezey
I'll turn a regular bitch into an overnight celebey
My presence is heavy
Chrome guts grey Chevy
Out in New York City where most the murders seem petty
And the same ones yellin'
Be at the murder scene tellin'
While you huffin' and puffin'
We ain't seen or heard nothin'
These niggas is bluffin' they ain't down for the
scuffle
Beef is makin' you watch everybody die but you
So fuck around and get found round layed on the ground
On a side block in a town and face down

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