

# LSD

Lloyd Banks

My man got rich doin' state time  
Didn't waste time, had 'em sniffin' like K9's  
In the day room, all he did was watch dateline  
Then heard through the grapevine, some cats wanna shank slime  
Audi A8, can't wait for that A9  
Rolly day-date, gold pearl and the face wind  
When it come to bars, y'all sing like a Drake line  
I don't need it hard, when you bring, don't break mine  
Royal blue 'vette, white seats with blue heff's  
Tangerine rims, bent brim on that new Mets  
Make the work slim, go in on that two-step  
Three necklace on crew necks  
I'm reckless like who next? Yes  
Soon as we do flex, they can't wait  
Weed farms, we eatin' off grass like plant-based  
'Bout to hear more bloodshed than Cam'/Mase  
Line of crackheads is what I call a fan-base  
Omi on my back, beggin' me for the fam rate  
Crooked but stayin' straight, since you and your mans fake  
Y'all just get the nod, word to God, no handshakes  
Put a strong stop to you niggas like lam' brakes  
I don't have a bit of that in me, I can't hate  
Type to don't owe none, I look up to no one  
Before a dude grow, under the wing put my own son  
Then put my dude right under the big 4 and 0 one

The shogun

Mo' money mo' problems, rather the rich ones though  
Being jealous and envious is a sickness so  
Those that couldn't be taught, I left back, watched my curriculum show  
Millions of dollars, yeah, find all my fingerprints on those  
Homie get ya seein', another birthday's a bonus nigga  
No need for sympathy, you can take your condolence wit' ya  
Problems will squeeze your life out ya, karma's a bonkers trip  
That shit if it woulda came, would you recognize when the moment hit ya?  
Rubber bands on dead people, for purple pan bricks  
We picked the armor depending on what the circumstance is  
Allergic to campus, my bitch do diamond and Birkin dances  
I birthed all of your mans's, baby burps and pampers  
Uh, desert E on the lips of hypocrites  
Touchin' down in 6's like I missed my kicks  
Feather ruffler, shake down the families and witnesses  
Never forget a number, I specialize in arithmetic  
Uh, I'm like a belt collector, wit for whip  
Bar for bar, realist nigga you'd sneak a picture with  
Mutant when you see us, my son is a baby genius  
Ever since a teen, it was visions of navy beamers  
Niggas talkin' reckless, but did a 180, seen us  
You know us for bringin' the steel in arenas like arenas  
Take the smallest torch to the tomb, I'm an extremist  
Rub me wrong, revenge is comin' full steam, my guillotine wish  
Have evil stay the fuck from my eulogy  
Cut the tail off you rat niggas for animal cruelty  
No bail money and murders was a good afternoon for me  
The nightmares come usually, I grew up on Krueger street  
These flip floppers will throw shit on your name without losin' sleep  
Don't bring no kamikaze, can't surround me, there's too much heat

Sometimes you gotta lose yourself when zonin', the music's deep  
Ain't no free rides to winnin' nigga, learn how to use your feet  
Don't trust nobody, I ain't showin' love to anyone  
Take it or leave it, this the realist song I ever sung  
It ain't a game here, anywhere I go a weapon's brung  
The neighbourhood's a battleground, watch where you steppin' son  
Go out and get it, if you waitin', it'll never come  
You gotta live life to the fullest, ain't no second one  
The hood'll take it from you, in a New York second son  
There ain't a book on this, the fuck you want acceptance from?