

Overload

Lloyd Banks

More money, m-m-m-more money
More money, m-m-more money
Woke up in the morning with my thoughts green
Queens!

Banko prep for war already, clean out the store I'm petty
Half my life anticipating, fifteen years been touring heavy
Rappers in the mortuary, don't get to draw I'm deadly
Victim files are more than plenty, bring on the semi, uh!
Ferragamo no colors, my shit designer all the time
Benji dollar my covers, I'm fit for commas, born to bomb
Hand me all the newcomers I body bag 'em, mow the lawn
Every time it's a homi, shotty, magnum, forty-five
Bottles out with my niggas, congratulations to the mob
Wipe my ass with your favors, I got these haters on their job
Iron candy your flavors, you need some paper? Go and rob
Ain't no telling what the hell the money changes, oh my god

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Never cared for fame connected, came in the game respected
Fuck opinions coming from pennies, we got the same objective
Rollie out the window slowly, them coppers aiming reckless
Broken necks you reach the next level, make me a necklace, uh!
Diamond crown on my caesar, my dog can squeeze and knock you of
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Twenty in the [?] lit Cohiba like a boss
Everybody's somebody, another reason to lock the doors
Stamp me out of my Visa, Loubi' tees and lobster claws
Dollar sign in my social, my vocals trip to borderline
Busy lighting the purple, champagne in the morning time
Bitches hop on your wagon, ain't have the faith before the shine
Shh, think I hear them calling, money coming, more to find

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