

Power Steering

Lloyd Banks

Uh, camouflage arms for sneak approaches
Can't defy eyes, don't keep the focus
Nigga, ain't no more punchlines, I keep explosives
Monkey see, monkey do, MC hypnosis
You'll have an army as long as you feed the soldiers
Standing on top of my opps for sneaker poses
Make it, then push a few buttons, release the vultures
Twenty plane seats with street diplomas
Handle your destiny solo, decrease the middlemen
Wake up, pray, and get to it, repeat that shit again
Can my dog go to Heaven? At least consider him
I knew he's ten slots under a decent citizen
It's a punk's prime, real ones keep diminishing
Poverty hits hard, knock off of your equilibrium
I ain't going nowhere as long as I keep delivering
They know I'm back out harder than keep from trembling (Yeah)

Money bags holding up the ceiling (Uh)
Anything to do to make a million (Yeah)
Can anybody tell me why we building? (Uh)
Think I really care 'bout how you feeling? (Nah)
This time around, I'ma make a killing (Killing)
And when I'm gone, leave it to my children (Children)
Haters mouthing off, I don't hear 'em (Nah)
Leave him through it all, power steering (Haha)

It's simple, I just gotta catch him on his menstrual (Uh-huh)
Put the hawk either through his neck or his temple (Hmm)
You get a funeral, nigga, him too (Yeah)
Couldn't imagine the shit I've been through (Uh-uh)
Eat what you kill, the street shit is real
Might need new cleats if you deep in the field (Woo)
Long way from a hunnid pack (Uh-huh)
I'ma run it up 'fore I run it back (Yeah)
We reside where the sun is at (Hot)
Headshots, we ain't coming back
The death wishes is coming, the left wrist is a hunnid
The best bitches among us (Best)
Close to who I'm close to
If I don't know you by now, I ain't supposed to (Nah)
I'm a big stepper (Yeah), you a young dancer (Yep)
Smoke with me's only gon' lead to lung cancer

Money bags holding up the ceiling (What?)
Anything to do to make a million (Yeah)
Can anybody tell me what we building? (Huh)
Think I really care 'bout how you feeling? (Nah)
This time around, I'ma make a killing (Killing)
And when I'm gone, leave it to my children (Children)
Haters mouthing off, I don't hear 'em (Nah)
Leave him through it all, power steering

The thuggin' stands out, so does your pick and choosin'
The screwface got a filter, consider this amusing
Money stacks getting recycled, the sick allusion
Been underrated too long, now, this shit's confusing
My wait is up, anybody in my division is losin'

Power moves to be made and I ain't tipping to 'em
Shorty, my ears and my eyes, I hear a vision brewin'
I get you back to the room later it's pictures movin'
Louis V sleeve knacks from princess cuttin'
Designer weed bags don't guarantee the shit you puffin'
Just rolled off on the dock, another shipment coming
You niggas wanted hairlines, I got the clippers buzzin'
Lil' pens won't be qualifying for this discussion
My link's cruisin', the chain's Cuban, the grip is Russian
Fuck is you lames doing? The shit's disgusting
Nigga, with that kind of aim you ain't hittin' nothin' (Yeah)

Money bags holding up the ceiling (Uh)
Anything to do to make a million (Yeah)
Can anybody tell me what we building? (Uh)
Think I really care 'bout how you feeling? (Nah)
This time around, I'ma make a killing (Killing)
And when I'm gone, leave it to my children (Children)
Haters mouthing off, I don't hear 'em (Nah)
Leave him through it all, power steering