

You Have My Word

Lloyd Banks

I'm like no other, glitches stutter, all performances clean
Lyrics are built to last like warranties on all my sixteens
This type of movie ain't for Tubi, I belong on big screens
I'm outta whirly, droppin' forty, and it's always big Queens
There's always more to every story now that all I's seen
For those whose pocket watchin', knots are poppin' all out the seams
Remember everything you said, all names and callouts between
There ain't no stoppin' once it start, I make it dark Halloween
Underrated to the masses, to my ego, I'm enormous
Tropic mornings, shots with orange, shootin' pics to Martin Lawrence
My emergence is upon us, no more hints and droppin' warnings
Rockets on us and they swarm us, on them New York City corners
Shoppin' like a Taurus, out here frontin', and I'm flawless
Money over (Uh), they taught us, and I'm on my Calvin Broadus
While you hatin', I'm creatin', you ain't had these styles before this
I'm a Taurus, bullyin' shit cloggin' their toilets

I say you can trust me, that means you can trust me for life
I'm always honest, but when I'm on commas, nothin' polite
There ain't no second homie, more than often, shit don't go right
If you should check out early, I'll make sure your kids is alright
But, if you cross me, you gon' have to cross me for life
There's no number for that blunder, I can't offer no price
Don't you try and do the Lion, and it's off with your lights
Sneaking's costly, any room I'm walking in right

Uh

Give a fuck for the one's that fail us, time they suffer the price
Haters hoping I burn in Hell when I'm a sucka for ice
I need head-crackin' back-to-back, hope Lady Luck's with my dice
I'll be that nigga after rap, I'm who I was all my life
It's been a minute, nigga's duck and divin' out in them hills
You hear me comin', heartbeat's drummin', hundred blue dollar bills
Watch who you trust in ya discussions, niggas two time for real
You need my vocals, send a thirty-ball and you got a deal
And still I'm fresh, dressed, like a million-and-one bucks
Attention-seekers need new speakers and they still on my nuts
I'm down here coolin', I'm Peruin' and your feelings are crushed
New albums leakin' every weekend, disappear with the rush
An open book to read through, masterpieces on my easel
If I need you wouldn't tell, I never took hand outs from people
If you slip up, they gon' sneak you, strikin' back won't make it equal
I'm still runnin' round illegal, get behind me I can lead you

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