

# Cake

Lloyd Banks

I need the cake nigga

The Unit don't play, we rap but we strapped  
Buck got the shotgun, 50 got the mack  
Spida got the sweeper and you bound to hear it clap  
You won't have another birthday cake afta that  
Cause Yayo got a temper and he don't know how to act  
I've been gone all winter but now a nigga back

To get the money, the money  
The money, the money, the cake

And you mutha fuckas lookin' like steak  
Food on the plate for the wolves, follow wolves  
Don't get moved by the tools  
Blood will ooze on ya shoes wait, control ya hate

You ain't ridin' in dem 6s  
Cause you spendin' all ya cake on dem bitches  
I need the bread lil' niggas need Christmas  
Banks don't rap wit a back pack

I'm in it for the money, the money  
The money, the money, the cake

You heard Banks said so I know I got the mack  
I pull up, pull out spray hollows at your back  
I don't give a fuck, it's goin' down like that  
I done been through every hood, dead niggas gone rap

In the heart of a victim murda is monumental  
I don't complicate shit, yeah I keep it simple  
My bullet wounds will tell you a story 'bout wut I been through  
Southside trama drama wit' gallamas

I conversate wit' killas, it's usually about life  
Politiccate wit' lawness, it's usually 'bout white  
I'm da poster child of violence, I'm the boy on the poster  
When the shots start to rang out I'm the boy wit' the toaster

Yeah, listen up clicko, I hustle I get though  
You fuckin' wit a sicko, I spazz let a clip go  
Cannon out da rental, beam to ya temple  
I squeeze blow your mental, all ova ya friends

Me I'm from the street, where nothin' sweet  
The home of the hommies, there's a body every week  
Now I don't hear the sirens but they prolly gonna creep  
Plottin' to pull me ova, put the cake in my jeep

So I'll be skippin' cities seven states in aweek  
Can't a mutha fuckin' breathin' tell me I can't eat  
Show me the money, the money  
The money, the money, the cake  
Niggas slow down, pump ya breaks

No mistakes cause the jakes, run the plates

Then you headed up state for rollin' 'round wit' a steak  
Niggas start up the beef and run straight to the cops  
You a bitch ass nigga, the cupcake of the block  
Any nigga disrespect the click gettin' shot  
'Round here niggas get found upside down

Ova the money, the money  
The money, the money, the cake

Cake  
Money, money, money, money  
Cake