

Father Time

Lloyd Banks

Yeah!...
I hear you...
And Ima make you shut the fuck up!

Yeah they see me movin
They gon need to stop drop
Off the face of earth but Ima make it pop hot
These niggas are not not
Watch me take my spot got
Money got power and respect baby
I just hope times on my side
I've been tryin all my life
Every block someones dyin
Always high heres our life
Come inside

Energies my ammunition
Like AK shells
So think about that when you plan on dissin
Go straight to hell
Bred to be ballin since a baby kickin
I had the smell (sniffs)
Brand new money ladies sniffin
They take a L
I take a shit on rappers horse worth
Can't die must conquer the world first
Like a monster to media
On my beautiful girls search
High and low I am no thing u tamper wit
Made the plan you should cancel it
Make examples I trample shit
Drop you here I am cancerous
Answer this, who can handle this?
Scandalous
I dismantles these ants and piss on a trucer
You think I seen the future
How I wam crip recruper
Fire hand
Wam became a brand new man
Big producer ugh
Gift from heaven
Livin legend and I come from queens
Robbin leggin 3-5-7 in my fuckin' jeans
Sufferin and fuckin' up schemes
Twin Bentleys
Matchin beamers on a couple beams
Try my sentenc-in

Yeah they see me movin
They gon need to stop drop
Off the face of earth but Ima make it pop hot
These niggas are not not
Watch me take my spot got
Money got power and respect baby
I just hope times on my side
I've been tryin all my life
Every block someones dyin

Always high heres our life
Come inside

Murdered half of yall on my mixtapes
Come rap up in my wrath
Now I'm laughin look at ya rib cage
Ya ass been in a slump
Come blastin I lend ya bitch face
Success is wut they want
Tongue lashin'll get ya shit sprayed
Have it how you want
Blood bath
I'm as sharp as switchblade
You'll be smilin for life
Love flashin I got the shit made
Forget where I'm at now I passed em around the 6th grade
Passion for my profession outlast anyone you could name
Hood fame got me ridin in wood grain
Look lame Stanten, Harlem to Brooklyn
They know I'm cooked Cain
Took aim rappin would bang
I could change
But this sport ain't a good game
I'm strappin sir
Back seat in the passenger
Semi-auto massacre
Shoppin while I laugh at ya
Rappers feed my appetite
Metaphors will tackle ya
These niggas ain't half as nice
Playboy in my afterlife
Real nigga wit cash and ice
Drop the bread pass the dice
Hope I crack twice

Yeah they see me movin
They gon need to stop drop
Off the face of earth but Ima make it pop hot
These niggas are not not
Watch me take my spot got
Money got power and respect baby
I just hope times on my side
I've been tryin all my life
Every block someones dyin
Always high heres our life
Come inside