

# Survival

Lloyd Banks

So you say you a gangsta, riiight  
Are you really a rider, yeeaa  
You dont take shit from no one, nooo  
And got ya mind on ya muthafuckin dough, lets go

I'll be a South Side nigga till i rot  
Even tho i got the yacht in the million dollar bot  
Superman armor on the '69 drop  
Out of every 70 rappers 69 flop  
i blowed a buck in the corner, just to get the feel  
My head light smooth when i move the steering wheel  
I aint runnin from nothing, its top dollar to chill  
I pop bottles for real, with pop artists that kill  
I move 2 mill, my backyard is a field  
I aint tough for the tube, I'll smack yall for real  
Go 'head hate on me now, you'll miss a nigga later  
Im hood like butterholes and pissy elevators  
I went from playin the same block to Bangkok  
So i can get money between raindrops  
And my piece so heavy i pop a chain a week  
And get so much pussy i cant sleep

Poppa was a rolling stone, never came back home now Im on my own  
So i had to learn a few things bout survival, Like the ice pick done off the  
bottom  
If you scared dont come 'round here, guns ammunition dont run out here  
As soon you get the paper you try it, a nigga try me he wont see tomorrow

I aint even got a liscence yet and got 7 cars, yep  
TV the same size as Kevin Garnett  
A brand new buzz, Mac 10 and a choppa  
White fan base cuz Eminem is my partner  
Im a Ferrari and Jag copper, you a glass shopper  
I blow marijuana the color of grass hopper  
I aint a regular nigga  
All the promoters pay 100 more to bring ya boy to Singapore  
My dress code got the best hoes jumpin on em  
Evisu's and Red Monkey with the monkey on em  
Shelves'll leave a niggas food stamps blue  
Like a full tube of acid in ya shampoo  
We dont tolerate the cock-blockin out the bricks  
We got fif's with the cop stoppers in the clips  
Watch ya mouth bitch, there's rocks poppin out the wrists  
And my outfits, a eyestopper for the chicks

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A nigga throw his hands up at me, i send a dummy harmed  
And had money wrong shoot him in his underarm  
Pick up a shell, that'll be his lucky charm  
I got a chunky arm, Im a fucking Don  
I burn big everyday, nothing but the bong  
I dont cuddle, as soon as i get the nut im gone

Im in a class all by myself  
I'll whoop ya ass all by myself  
I got white gold, rose gold, yellow gold, platinum  
Young hoes, old hoes, yellow ones and black ones  
I been patiently waiting to get on my shit again  
So this is for the corner they cornered a nigga in  
I wish you would try jump me, I'll wave the gat by ya  
And burn ya eyelashes off like a crack lighter  
Nigga you stupid ridin by tryna blast me  
Cuz my window got the glass from a taxi

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