

## Warrior Part 2

Lloyd Banks

Woo!!!  
Yeah!!!  
Remix!!! (Ha Ha!!!)  
Lloyd Banks!!! (Uh Huh!!!)  
Ha Ha!!!

Its like a throne that he don't even own  
He won't sit down give him a crown he just throws it around  
Its like a joke he's like a king but he don't do a thing  
He don't want the diamonds want the gold don't want the jewelry  
He don't want the ring don't want the loot he's in it for the sport  
Runnin circles round his competition on the court  
He appreciates your support but he aint beggin for it  
And you can love it you can hate it but you can't ignore it  
You can't be that ignorant but you can try to sell him short  
But you can't fuck with his last joint or the one before it  
And he was born to raise hell like them country boys  
And If Im frontin then you better come confront me for it

This is the story of a warrior I know you know it  
True warriors go ahead and make some noise  
It aint healthy to be makin niggaz paranoid  
Hit your corner with my weapon I don't need my boys  
I'm doin a hundred twenty in the fast lane  
Kick back just relax let me do my thang  
Don't give a fuck about you suckers gotta maintain  
Money power and respect in this rap game

Hes straight outta a neighborhood where niggaz hate  
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate  
There stomachs ache while he's loungin in the big estate  
And he hops in a hundred thousand where the nigga stay  
Houses with a bigger gate, houndin him a big mistake  
He wont surrender he'll rather give up a rib to break  
Cause he remembers when they wouldn't lend a helpin hand  
Till he was sittin on green like a Celtics fan  
Created a buzz so when you gotta mention his name  
When you discussin the illest playa that's in the game  
And he's ridin with Em, 50 Cent, Doc and 'em  
G-Unit Records aint no motherfucker stoppin them

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Hes no magician man the kid make something outta nothin  
So now niggas from his hood act like he owes him somethin  
They talk crazy till they send niggaz to ready buck him  
Ask him if it's a problem and he'll say nah it's nothin  
He was gonna help em out but since they front em fuck em  
He don't care how they feel they can hate him or love him  
He held his own on his own the kid is really thuggin

Hes rich now he aint change so niggaz think he buggin  
He bulletproof everything 'case niggaz try and buck him  
Keeps 2 pistols on his hip I'll show you where he tuck em  
Niggaz say they gon get at him but they can't touch him  
Try to catch you slippin then creepin he start bussin

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I can give you niggaz somethin you can talk about  
I can turn your smile upside down  
You aint no G you a fuckin clown  
I can take your girl and tu-turn her out  
Don't hold it in let it all out  
I can give you fuckers somethin to be mad about  
Invite her in send her back out  
With my DNA all in her mouth