

Work Magic

Lloyd Banks

I'm gon' ride, I'm gon' ride, they gon' ride, we all gon' ride, (yeah)
I come from the heart of southside (yeah)
Holding it down for my niggas that died (yeah)
I gotta busy bird on my side (yeah)
Pop shit and get your whole mouth wide (yeah)

Baby had tried to steal off the payroll
I'll have niggas scrapping the skin off the ya face with the same shit they
peal a potato (who)
I thank the Lord for my blessings and I'm glad he gave us the will power and
reflexes of Larry Davis (oh)
You don't wanna see my block formin' (uh huh)
That's a 101 dogs and I don't mean the ones with the spots on 'em
Were respected highly
'cause you don't need to practice gymnastics to catch a body (oh)
Me and money's like Whitney, next to Bobby (uh huh)
If I bring all my niggas I'll need an extra lobby (uh huh)
As soon as you ain't around Jake (Jake)
You get your ass whipped for chips
Now that's the real definition of poundcake
I got the crownsnake
And you can tell when I'm shopping 'cause when the mall stampeding you'll feel the ground shake
I got a car I only drive on Thursdays (ha ha)
I'm a stunna, banks blows more cake than birthdays

Look at here, ain't nobody 'round here scared (uh uh)
I'm heading for the top and I'm almost there
Oh yeah this shiny shit right here
I'll work magic and make you niggas disappear
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You know how I gets down
This pound hold six rounds
I told you I'd be back bitch
Talk that shit now
You hear that for fif sound
Duck when I spit rounds
'cause this ain't Beverly Hills
You in the bricks now
We ain't got shit down here but dope and guns for sell
You get your head cracked and niggas don't run and tell
It's like we sell crack get caught head back to jail
We on that fuck the police shit
We living in hell
You better guard your grill homey
And stand your ground
These bullets burn
They hit whoever's standing around
I never learn even after I took a couple shots
I just got me some band-aids and bought a couple glocks
Had to go on a rampage and hit a couple blocks
Once they hear that 12-gauge that's when the trouble stops (boom)
If it's beef then I'm ready to ride

Just come to Casheville you can find me on the southside (motherfucker)

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Now I ain't from Michigan but I'm in the Fab 5
You know, Yayo and 50, Buck and Game, you know my fucking name
Whether the truck or train
My mind's stuck on the grind
'cause somewhere down the line, a lot of suckers came
Yeah ain't talking shit
But we can all tell he ass
Jabs will black his eyes like the R-Kelly mask (ah)
You gotta blast me yo (yo)
'cause the Louisville will have your head looking like the top of a pistachio
The young gunner with a raspy flow
Got every boyfriend thinking they girlfriend's a nasty hoe
My heart laughing a small
Maybe it's 'cause my grandpop dropped right after the ball
Banks hops out bulletproof this, bulletproof that, bulletproof's snorkle when you hot they hawk you
I got the hood on my shoulder
Chain big as a boulder
The 357 tucka
Motherfucker

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Yeah Motherfucker
I'm here.. yeah
Lloyd banks
G-G-G-G-G G-Unit!!
Money by any means... nigga