

Feat Tity Boi, Young Buck

(Lloyd Banks Intro)

Clear the area imma let the cannon blow/  
Why you think i brought my cousins from atlanta fo  
Im used to stuntin keep a diamond and an antidote  
Im from the gutter motherfucker

(Verse 1)

To be honest i aint never visit the suburbs  
before the rap/  
nigga i'm from the hood where you can find them quarter waters at/  
and actin like you cant afford all that/ Please  
my whole click shops heavy aint no time for the stores to stack/  
we burn O's find a whole to clap/  
lately i've been on my eastcoast shit dealin with a florida rat/  
be fucked if i swing that blammer/  
it'll take your whole record lable to bring back hammer/  
damn near 40 a couple g's a pen/  
and i still get my 3 white tees for 10/  
you roll shit and roll dice till the cops come/  
which means they have to time to communicate which means they unite as a top gun/  
no ridin the emergency van/  
cuz i can take trips come back to New York City curved with a tan/  
blow 40 cal. curvin a man/  
ready to murder a man/  
thinkin hes tougher than Roberta Derann/ (Man)

(Tity Boi Chorus 2x)

See the do err we does/  
the liquor and drugs/  
life of a thug and thats keepin it hood/  
the girls who flow/  
who hustle for dough/  
enough to swallow some throat/  
is keepin it hood/

(Tity Boi Verse 2)

I'm hood by nature my habitat i stay brushed/  
like an Island/  
with trash shirts and pirates/  
some work the day and some work the night shift/  
some work for change and some for a night lift/  
the climate gets hot/  
these broads take they tops off/  
like the CL6 and ride till they get lost/  
i'm down for life my nigga got 4 strikes/  
and wont come out until he die and come back like hes born twice/  
his own price/  
i know that i confess that/  
if i loose my contacts i still bring the best back/  
like bought 9 of the pies/  
i eat 4 and give 5 to my guys/  
i like to ride with my eyes on the prise/  
get outa line i'll rinse this nine in your eyes/  
they thinkin im lyin but na luckily see i got buck and banks/  
and the feet got a pedicure cuz the truck got painted/ (yea)

(Chorus 2x)

(Young Buck Verse 3)

Extend the clip and finish my fith of hen/  
and here comes that tennessee titan hes at it again/  
roll up that green sticky/  
i brought my team with me/  
bring banks tell him to meet me up by magic city/  
we got more and more than rambo/