

Gilmore's

Lloyd Banks

Yea, Whoooooooooooooooooooo
You niggas know what time it is
Its time for that gangsta shit

We aint got shit to live for
Your either headed for the pen or your on your way to Gilmore
In the middle of the real war
Cause a five dollar bill is the shit niggas kill for
I make million out yeah
I dont care about a muthaphuka out there
My heart cold and my wrist rock
You could fuck around and die over Hip Hop

I treat a dollar like a mill, countin every bill
Cuz if i dont watch mine another muthaphuka will
I went double but i still tuck the steel
Im the truth, why the fuck you think 50 cut the deal
Rollin in a bag of D when you cut the seal
When i bling the paint job on a Coupe De Ville
I aint never had a pop. poppa never had a son
Nobody to go get, so i aint never run
They chat behind my back but they quiet when i come
They treat a lil nigga like a giant with a gun
I walk with a swagger like i always had money
Cuz i know, they rather see my black ass bummy
Aint nuthin funny just a whole lotta anger
Mind of a leader, drama of a gangbanger
If a nigga come on property i aint gonna call
There'll be a splatter on ya shirt, and it aint paintball

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I dont follow no rules im gettin in here with the town
And if i dont, we gonn' burn this muthaphuka down
Im comin thru swingin like they do in H-Town
And i roll down the window and spin ya bitch face around
Im a stunna, hoggin up the lane like the Hummer
Till the wheel run dry like the rain in the summer
Even the broke nigga cant afford to go to sleep
Fuck around and get ya head popped all over the street
And i aint got nuthin for em but the heat
My lil brother want jewelry and Jordans on his feet
Now, they recognize if ya slaughterin the beat
And if it wasnt for rappin, I'd have ya daughter on the street
I been the same since Kane and Slick Rick had it
Now niggas die in the car, my whole whip had it
I worked too hard to let a nigga have it
So i pack the Automatic for the sideline static, Yea!

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