

Unexplainable

Lloyd Banks

UH! Here's why I go in, back on the dough route
More money to spend, watch how I show out
Lamborghini doors out, that a bring the hoes out
Dollar signs bring in, that's what I know 'bout
Neck, wrist froze out, top five a no doubt
Talk of what you got now, old money don't count
Back what you kick out, the clip running your mouth
It's something flammable, my hunger is unexplainable

UH! Cool people, Knieval in my alto ego
Zero, tolerance we strapped wherever we go
Wife repo, 'bout a mil' and a half key holes
Bite marks from you slugs on track some kilos
Three loads, on my p's, q's, and my g hoes
G-G-G whizz my rise like the superheroes
Four, five, c-lo, look how good I reload
Right back at you bitch ass niggas abide the g code
Click clack deep hole, the industry Debo
We built these niggas ground up now what they figured we fold
Figure fours on the competition, I yoke 'em
Tell me your joking, my flow is like the levees open
Foreign trips four to five zips heavy smoking
Problem tips forty five clip Chevy smoking
He put all he got into this I bet he make it
Ain't gotta give me shit I'm a take it

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Here's how I show out
Even though I'm rapping with niggas that move the blow out (Salute!)
Let 'em pull the dough out
You can make it rain but I rather make the snow out
Run up in your crib with the big fo' fo' out (What's up!)
Here's how I show out
Watch when I show up getting chips off the strip with the piff and the blow
up
I'm a kill the block and then, leave when it slow up
Get your mind popped off, before a sign that you throw up
I just wanna lamp and see the weed plants grow up
Niggas get that money, legal or illegally
Bullets put these niggas, right where they need to be
Bitches never leaving me, Porsche pull up easily
Back on the dough route, grams and the o's out
Key and the pound wrapped, nigga where your pound at?
Top five in the booth, top five on the stoop
You could fuck around and I, pop five in your Coupe

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Uh! Getting money dancers and twenty five chancers
My camp is, crazier The New Black Panthers
Brush towards the canvas as I stroke my ego
Rap Picasso with my eyes closed a side that's too dope for people
Spark cohibas while I snicker at the non believers
I break the heart in hoes, I gave my heart to sneakers
I owe my life to Jesus, put my faith in God
I got a thing for beaches, getting my favorite job
Pain happens young scarred that's what made us hard
Money, drugs, guns ain't for soft shorty play your part
I'm part of the lucky to leave the part
Living luxurious lady layer, that's my art

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