

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