

Work Magic (feat. Young Buck)

Lloyd Banks

I'm gon' ride, I'm gon' ride
They gon' ride! We all gon' ride! I've come from the heart of South Side
Holdin' it down for my niggaz that died
I gotta dizzy bird on my side
Pop shit and get your whole mouth wired Baby that's right, stay off the payroll
I have niggaz scrapin' the skin off your face
With the same shit that peel the potatoes
I thank the Lord for my blessings and I'm glad he gave us
The willpower and the reflexes of Larry Davis You don't wanna see my block formin'
That's a hundred and one dawgs
And I don't mean the ones with the spots on 'em
We're respected highly
'Cause you ain't gotta practice gymnastics to catch a body
Me and money's like Whitney, next to Bobby
If I bring all my niggaz I need an extra lobby
As soon as you ain't around Jake
You get your ass whipped for chips
Now that's the real definition of poundcake I got the crown snake
And you can tell when I'm shoppin'
'Cause when the mall stampedin' you feel the ground shake
I got a car I only drive on Thursdays
I'm a stunner, Banks blows more cake than birthdays Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there
Oh yeah! Shiny shit right here
I work magic and make you niggaz disappear Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there
Oh yeah! Shiny shit right here
I work magic and make you niggaz disappear
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 fo'-fifth 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 sale
You get your head cracked, then niggaz 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're livin' in hell You better guard your grill homey and stand
your ground
These bullets burn, they hit whoever's standin' around
I never learned 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

If it's beef then I'm ready to ride, just come to Cashville
 You can find me on the South Side, motherfucker! Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
 I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there
 Oh yeah! Shiny shit right here
 I work magic and make you niggaz disappear Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
 I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there
 Oh yeah! Shiny shit right here
 I work magic and make you niggaz disappear Now I ain't from Michigan but I'm in the Fab Five
 You know Yayo and 50, Buck and Game, you know my fuckin' name
 Whether the truck or train, my mind stuck on the grind
 Cussin' without a line, a lot of suckers came Yeah you talkin' shit, but we can all tell he ass
 Jazz and black his eyes like the R. Kelly mass
 You gotta blast me yo, 'cause the Louisville'll
 Have your head lookin' like the top of a pistachio The young gunner with the raspy flow
 Got every boyfriend thinkin' they girlfriend's a nasty ho
 My heart laugh and it's small, maybe it's 'cause
 My grand pop dropped right after the ball Banks hops out, bulletproof this, bulletproof that
 Bulletproof snorkel when you hot, they hawk you
 I got the hood on my shoulder, chain big as a boulder
 The 3-5-7 tucker, motherfucker! Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
 I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there
 Oh yeah! Shiny shit right here
 I work magic and make you niggaz disappear Looka here, ain't nobody 'round here scared
 I'm headed for the top and I'm almost there
 Oh yeah! Shiny shit right here
 I work magic and make you niggaz disappear Geah, haha, motherfucker, I'm here, yeah
 Lloyd Banks, G-g-g, G-g-g, G-g-g, G-g-g, G-g-g
 G-Unit! Money by any means, nigga

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>