Lloyd Banks, The Cake

(feat. 50 Cent)

[Lloyd Banks:]

I Need The Cake Nigga

G Unit Dont Play

We Rap But We Strapped

Buck Got The Shotgun

50 Got The Mack

Spida Got The Sweeper

And U Bound To Hear It Clap

U Wont Have Another Birthday Cake Afta That

Cause Yayo Got A Temper And He Dont Know How To Act

And I been gone all winter but now a nigga back

But Now A Nigga Back

To Get The Money The Money The Money The Cake

And U Mutha Fuckas Lookin Like Steak

Food On The Plate For The Wolves

follow moves

Dont Get Moved By The Tools

blood'll ooze on ya shoes wait,

Control Ya Hate

U Aint Ridin In Dem 6s

Cause U Spendin All Ya Cake On Dem Bitches

I Need The Bread Lil Niggas Need Christmas

Banks Dont Rap Wit A Back Pack

Im In It For The Money The Money The Money The Money The Cake

[50 Cent:]

you heard Banks said so you know I got the Mac

I pull up pull out spray hollows at your back

I Dont Give A Fuck

Its Goin Down Like That

I Done Been Through Ery Hood

Dead niggas gon rat

In The Heart Of A Victim Murda Is Monumental

I Dont Complicate Shit

Yea I Keep It Simple

My Bullet Wounds Will Tell U A Story Bout Wut I Been Through

Southside trama drama wit Llamas

I Conversate Wit Killas Its Usually About Life

Politicate Wit Lawness Its Usually Bout White

Im Da Poster Child Of Violence

Im The Boy On The Poster

When The Shots Start To Rang Out Im The Boy Wit The Toaster

Yeah listen up dick hole

I hustle, I get dough

U Fuckin Wit A Sicko

I Spazz Let A Clip Go

Cannon Out Da Rental

Beam To Ya Temple

I Squeez Blow Your Mental

All Ova Ya Friends

[Lloyd Banks:]

Me Im From The Street

Where Aint Nothin Sweet

The Home Of The Homies

Theres A Body Every Week

Now I Dont Hear The Sirens

But they probally on the creep

Plottin To Pull Me Ova

Put The Cake In My Jeep

So III Be Skippin Cities 7 States In Aweek

Cant A Mutha Fuckin Breathin Tell Me I Cant Eat Show Me The Money The Money The Money The Money The Cake Niggas Slow Down Pump Ya Breaks