

# 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 stamped in 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 <https://www.songarea.com/>