

Warrior, Pt. 2

Lloyd Banks

[Intro: Eminem]

Woo!!! Yeah!!! Remix!!! (50 Cent: Ha Ha!!!)
Lloyd Banks!!! (Lloyd Banks: Uh Huh!!!) Ha Ha!!!

[Verse 1: Eminem]

It's like a throne that he don't even own
He won't sit down, give him a crown, he just throws it around
It's like a joke, he's like a king, but he don't rule a thing
He don't want the diamonds, want the gold or want the jewelry
He don't want the room, he don't want the loot, he's in it for the sport
Running circles 'round his competition on the court
He appreciates your support, but he ain't begging for it
And you can love it, you can hate it, but you can't ignore it
You can't be that ig-nor-ant, though 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 I'm fronting, man, you better come confront me for it

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

This is the story of a warrior, I know you know it
True warriors go ahead and make some noise
It ain't healthy to be making niggas paranoid
Hit your corner with my weapon I don't need my boys
I'm doing a hundred tween in the fast lane
Kick back just relax let me do my thing
Don't give a fuck about you suckers gotta maintain
Money, power, and respect in this rap game

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

He's straight outta a neighborhood where niggas hate
To see you blow and eat your dinner off a bigger plate
Their stomachs ache while he's lounging in the big estate
And he hops in a hundred thousand where the nigga stay
Houses with a bigger gate, hounding him's a big mistake
He won't surrender he'll rather give up a rib to break
Cause he remembers when they wouldn't lend a helping hand
Till he was sitting on green like a Celtic fan
Created a buzz to where you gotta mention his name
When you discussing the illest players that's in the game
And he's riding with Em, 50 Cent, Doc and 'em
G-Unit Records ain't a motherfucker stopping them

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 3: 50 Cent]

He's no magician man the kid does something out of nothing
So that niggas from his hood act like he owes him something
They talk crazy till they send niggas to where to buck him
Ask him if it's a problem and he'll say "nah, it's nothing"
He was gonna help 'em out but since they fronted 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 thugging
He's rich now, he ain't changed so niggas think he bugging
He bulletproof everything cause niggas try and buck him
Keeps two pistols on his hip I'll show you where he tuck 'em
Niggas say they gon' get at him but they can't touch him
Try to catch him slipping they creep in and he start bussing

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

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[Outro: Nate Dogg]

I can give you niggas something you can talk about
I can turn your smile upside down
You ain't no G you a fucking 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 something to be mad about
Invite her in send her back out
With my DNA all in her mouth

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>