

Lloyd Banks, 1 Shot Deal

You can call me
Mr. one two three
Mr. One Shot Deal

I'm leaving out with heavy dough
After every show
That's why my chain, watch, frame and bezzy glow
I pull through the P's, whip 'round the chevy slow
I ain't gotta tell niggaz I'm hot, they already know

I got big rooms with walk-in closets
It looks like Foot Locker when you walk inside it
You're dead broke so you can't pop your collar
And you gonna spend the whole summer eating off the dollar menu
I'm a grown man, there still a little child in you
And he gonna come out as soon as the 40-cal hit you
It's either that or get your ass beaten once a day
You're gonna need a magician to wipe the bumps away

My car worth more than your deal
I got chrome on the wheel
And four in the grill
If my chick was in flicks, she'd be the girl all over my balls
Mean head game, she suck the corn on the cob off

I'm the man in charge
Look at the damn garage
There's old schools, white, blue and camouflage
My rings are heavy, I could use a hand massage
The hell with the law, the cap, judge and the sarge