

# Lloyd Banks, Let Me In

Let me in

(50 cent)

Yeah, Its 50 cent, Young Buck

G-g-g-g-g-G-UNIT!

We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end

Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again

We party, harder than you can imagine

You can run wit losers, or run wit winners that win

(Verse 1)

(Young Buck)

I feel attention when I walk in the club

G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug

Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bub

I dont need security, ??

I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all

So bitches call ya hoes, n niggaz call ya dogs

If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight

She might neva come home again nigga, aight!

Teeth, neck, wrists all lights my lifes like

Ridin' in Ca\$hville runnin all stop lights

Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin

My momma jus hadda dream of seein me in prison

My daddys a dope fein, n i dont really miss him

Aint seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin

Tha same ol' 2 step we move to a rhythm

50 holla get em' Buck, you know im gunna get em'

Raaaaa!

(Chorus x2)

I know you gonna let me shine n get mine

I know you gonna let me in wit this nine

I know you gonna let me smoke on my weed

I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D

(verse 2)

(Young Buck)

I know im sinnin but im winnin at tha same time

Take a couple shots from a nigga tryin ta take mine

I'm back on tha block, wit a choppa n a tech nine

Niggaz shootin cops n the hood runnin stop signs

G-UNIT, The Game! Bitches doin wat tha thugs do

G's, D's, Vice, Lords, Crips n the Blooz too

Move lemme come through

Aint a pair of handcuffs, can hold me

I'm ridin' in the ol' school listenin to some oldies

My goals keep shinin, Them hoes keep cryin

The handle of my 45 outlined in diamonds

Just left Ca\$hville, bout to fly to Miami

Hopin Yayo watchin them, when they preform at the Grammys

Niggaz like ??, prolly cant stand me

I know money will make Halle Berry come outa them panties

Bitch!

(Hook)

Ya'll niggaz in trouble they shoulda neva let me in (in)

(Chorus x2)

(verse 3)

Bet ya I can make them bounce back

Teach em' how to stunt, teach em' how to counts stacks (yeah)  
Now where ya hood at? Buck  
If you want to, we 50 deep up in here watchu gonna do  
Who want beef, I aint come for no name callin  
Dont be mad 'cause we is n you aint ballin'  
Gettin' money is my motto for you broke folks  
Can't spend ya whole life payin on ya car notes  
It's alright if you still on the block boy  
See ima cold young thug, not a hot boy  
You know I do this for the streets, n my peeps thas behind bars  
As soon as they come home, I'll go n buy them all cars  
Young Buck!

(chorus x2)

(50 cent)  
We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end  
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again  
We party, harder than you can imagine  
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners that win  
AHH!