

# Lloyd Banks, You Already Know

(feat. Young Buck, 50 Cent)

[Lloyd Banks]

Uh..  
Uh..  
Uh..  
Uh..  
Uh..  
Uh..

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

You already know, my mind is on my dough  
A millionaire, don't spend a dolla on a hoe  
And i'm still in here, tryna get a model out the door  
How am I bother with the bottle of that dro  
Slidin' on a roll, groupie in my vehicle that I don't even know  
And if I wasn't Banks, shorty prolly wouldn't roll  
From the Benz to the lobby, from the lobby til the door  
If you ain't with the program, now you got to go (go)

[Lloyd Banks Verse]

I move like there's popo behind me  
Cocoa inside me, so cold and grimey  
44 beside me, hoes know where to find me  
Where ever there's money, yeah i'm the shit honey (whoo)  
Hood nigga with that rubberband brick money  
If I go broke, I'll make you and your man strip dummy  
Yeah nigga, you don't want it with them, there bigger cross us  
Your on something, weed, their liquor, scared nigga, here trigger  
Teflon, chest con, G'z Up, freeze up and you'll end up in your lawn  
It's the protege of Fitty (uh huh), inspired by Biggie (uh huh)  
Burns more then Ziggy (uh huh), the lil' niggaz dig me (whooo)  
I've been stressed out lately, so i'm smokin' more than ever  
Then smacked in the hood, good pumpin' out my lever  
I'm a goodfella in a G-unit hood sweater  
If your bitch give me a sign, i'ma get her

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

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[50 Cent:]

There's always folks, moving around with the toasters  
Push the rock through the smoker's, warnin' do not approach us  
We in the club with the pokers, steppin' in Gucci loafers  
Stuntin' in testerosous, down in front with the vultures  
My clique be the coldest, baddest bitches they know us  
After the show they blow us and do all types of shit for us  
Now I can speak for me, cuz me everywhere I be  
Niggaz know i'm a G, got it locked, got the keys  
We movin' bundles of D, sippin' on Hennessey  
Buck rollin' the trees, Banks countin' the cheese  
We get the paper then breeze, nigga we overseas  
You stuck in the hood, ahh that ain't good  
Different town, different tour, different telly, different whore  
Triple x, wet sex, who's next, latex  
Condom, condo, i'm tight, my money long though  
You lookin' for a drink bitch, i ain't what you lookin' for

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

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[Young Buck:]

I'm out on bond, but the '40 still on me  
Bouncin' round like Lil Jon, thinkin' 'bout my dead homies  
Watch i hit me a lick, and go get me a brick  
I keep on losin' shootin' dice, and i'm sick of this shit  
Clienteles still poppin', so the druggies keep comin'  
And my neighbours is watchin', but we still gettin' money, on this block  
Till' the sun drop, i dont have a home  
I will not stop sellin' rocks, thug till' i'm gone  
Got a couple old schools and some iced out jewels  
Some G-Unit shoes, body bullet tattoo  
About to stomp me a bitch, put the pump to his lip  
Tell him talk that shit nowww, y'all wanna trip  
I keep it dirty on the Eastcoast, dirty on the West  
Jus' a dirty lil' nigga with a glock and a vest  
Banks tell me you dont like him and you know what i'ma do nigga

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

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