

Lloyd Banks, Playboy 2

Whooooooooo!!!!

[Chorus:]

Uh

Two fingers up yup, Henny in my cup yup
Semi in the cut yup, a very nice truck yup
I'm all iced up yup, pocket knifed up yup
I knock your wife up yup, man i don't give a fuck, nah
The Unit's in this bitch yeah, you know who I'm with, yeah
Rollin out the piff yeah, six after six, yeah
Hangin out the whips, rocks bangin' off my wrists, yeah
I'ma ball till i die, why, cuz I'm a Play B-O-Y

[Verse:]

Guess whos the man this quarter, the rich plan the boarder
Your papers much shorter, my safe is this big
Not from New York to Georgia, they recognize the slaughter
Diamonds around the boarder, a platinum icepick
We in them Lamb's the color of candy yams
The only niggas in the city with Miami tans
I picked up my advance then took off out to France
Thousand dollar pants, 100 thousand dollar hands
Mami i dont dance, i rock, i bop
A half a ounce of sticky in my sock, I'm hot
If i like it I'ma cop it on the spot, why not
These haters still wont give me my props, i'm shocked
I do it for the concrete, the curb, the block
All i got is the street, my word, my glock
These little niggaz emulatin me, know why
Know why, know why, cuz I'm a Play B-O-Y

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[Verse:]

Pull up in a Benz, Hoody and my Timbs
Hologram rims, a lotta Benjamins
I shop till i drop, i stunt when i want
Rollin blunt after blunt, blowin bump out the trunk
Now im shittin on all of yall, dump after dump
WRONG- I'm high and I'm drunk, havin lunch at the trunk
RIGHT- I'm high and I'm drunk, havin lunch at the Trump
Dont front, I gets it rockin, and my clique is poppin
Now my hits is droppin, thats why the chickens flockin
WRONG- I aint a come up, i got the Louis black
RIGHT- I aint a come up, i got the milly black
Hydrolics on the 'Lac, i pop and whooly that
Now we got enough toys to knock the city back
Beef and broccli fitted cap, he's the rockiest in rap
They copyin my moves, i cruise on 22's
Big pools, money and jewels, thats all a nigga dues
And its never one at a time, just by the two's
And Oooh, you should see what my song make 'em do

[Chorus:]

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[Bridge:]

If you come from the bottom put your hands up
WRONG- The hood fucked, cop the Rotten, put your hands up
RIGHT- The hood fucked up and rotten, put your hands up
You and your clique get it poppin put your hands up
A nigga front on me you leav outta here in handcuffs
Now put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!

Man i don't give a fuck what he said!

Now put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Put em up.. yeah!
Yeah! yeah! yeah!

Oooooohhhhhh!!!