

# Lloyd Banks, Turnin You Into A Customer

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

I'll show you how to do this dummy (Uh)  
Watch me as I run through this money (Uh)  
Even when its cloudy my jewels is sunny  
Your girlfriend gets her knee bruises from me  
The names Banks (Yea) I'm a million dollar nigga  
we both rollin but my wheel a lil' bigger  
I get mine if there's a will, then there's a way  
And it won't be no tommorow if I don't hit today  
I'm kind of tired and I ain't here to play  
So if you don't cooperate then I ain't gon stay  
I'm real flashy but I don't give a fuck  
This shit cost to much money to keep it tucked  
Most of these industry niggas is all butt  
Talk but soon as you see them they ball up  
We ridin round in that BM and the long truck  
You see me in ya hood  
my ghetto pass good

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

I'll Turn U Into A Customer  
I've been thinking all night about touchin ya (come here)  
I'm tryin ta get this shit goin and you frontin  
I'm from New York ma show A nigga somethin  
My clothes are fresh my Bentley's clean  
My knot's on swole I'm ready to roll  
I'm blowing on green my whip's on lean  
I just found another way to get that cream

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Looking at my Roley it's about that time  
To snatch one of these bitches off that line  
Man home girl must've lost her mind  
Hoppin all around my interior design  
I'm finnin to slide to the telly  
Then it's 1, 2, right in ya belly  
You might see me fly through in that Jag toy  
You know what it is G-Unit and Bad Boy  
My own mama used to say I wasn't shit  
Now I'm rich mama don't remember shit (remember what?)  
You little niggas couldn't handle what I smoke  
It'll feel like I lit a candle in your throat  
And I could understand Hammer gon blow  
As soon as it gets cold, you're everybody's Cole  
And when they ain't got no weed, you're everybody's smoke  
And I'm everybody's favorite  
The wrong one to play wit yeah!

[Chorus]

[Long Pause]

[Chorus]