

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]