

# Lloyd Banks, You Already Know (Remix)

(Intro: Lloyd Banks)  
Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!

(Chorus: Lloyd Banks)  
You already know, my mind is on my dough  
A millionaire that won't spend a dollar on a hoe  
I'm still in here tryin to get a model out the do'  
High blowin bottle after bottle of that dro  
Slidin on the road, groupie in my vehicle that I don't even know  
And If I wasn't Banks shorty probably wouldn't roll  
From the Benz to the lobby from the lobby to the do'  
If you ain't with the program ma you gotta go

(Verse 1: Lloyd Banks)  
I move like it's Po' Po' behind me, cocoa inside me, so cold and grimey  
Fo' Fo' beside me, hoes know to find me  
Wherever there's money, yeah I'm the shit honey (WOO!!!)  
Hood nigga with the rubberband grip money  
If I go broke I make you and your man strip dummy  
Yeah nigga, you don't want it with them their bigger  
Cross us, your on somethin we bare niggaz  
Yeah nigga here trigga teflon chest gone G's up  
Freeze up and you'll end up in your lawn  
It's the protege of 50, inspired by Biggie  
Burns more than Ziggy, them lil' niggaz dig me  
I been stressed out lately, so I'm smokin more than ever  
Dead smack in the hood good pokin out my leather  
I'm a Good Fella, in a G-Unit hood sweater  
If your bitch give me a sign I'm a get her

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(Verse 2: Lloyd Banks)  
Uh! I'm fresh in my two thousand six whip  
Cool down with a sick brick fool 'round and get hit  
Move down the strip quick, two pounds of drip drip  
Smokin like it's legal, me and my desert eagle (WOO!!!)  
All the hoes eyein whem the whip come by flyin  
Got a Hustler's Ambition to Get Rich Or Die Tryin  
And that other guy is lyin he just lookin he ain't buyin  
He ain't flyin he ain't cakin everybody know he fakin  
I should let the hood bake him but I take him right to Satan  
Just for hatin leave him straight and run him over with a Dayton  
And burn rubber like the back tires on the leer  
Sapphires In my ear, yeah that's why they stare  
Yeah that's why they glare, I'm icy as it gets  
With a white tee and a six, a new wifey in The Ritz  
If it's junk get her drunk I pull over and roll a blunt  
And I shouldn't have to tell her what I want (Why)

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