

Lloyd Banks, You Know The Deal

(feat. Rakim)

[Hook: Lloyd Banks]

I'm Focused Now, They Know This Now
Shorty, To Ride With Me U Got To Hold This Down
But You Aint Got To Worry Cause We Run This Town
A Nigga Run Up On Me And Get His Ass Gunned Down

[Rakim:]

You know the deal its all about a dollar bill
You know the deal it's all about a dollar bill
You know the deal its all about a dollar bill
Get dough for real is the only way that I can chill

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Uh..
Niggas Won't Understand Until They Man Fall
From A Exit Wound Big As A Hand Ball
Damn Y'all Can?t A Nigga Spend A Mill ?
For A House On A Hill As Tall As The First-Wheel
Niggas Better Chill Before The Berretta Peel
Knock off ya head and ill A bunch of red'll spill
Nigga I?m Rolling Up System Blowing Up Hater Throwin Up
Frozen Up Range Rover Truck Color Coconut
I Use To Be Broke As Fuck, Til I Woke Em Up
I'll Show U How To Stroke A Slut
Get In The Throat N Gut
Then It's Back To Posting Up
Wheels Pokin Out Smoke About Enough
To Have U Gaspin N Chokin Out
Ah Do What I Wanna When I Wanna, Ball Winter Summer
Leave Out The Club Squeeze Em All In A Hummer
Stitchin In The Seats Interior Peanut Butter
Brand new Pelle Pelle nine millimeter under

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

Banks Is Back, Yeah The Punchline Boy
You Got The Be A Millionaire To Touch My Toy
I Figured, I Let The Haters See It One More Time
N Skeet Off Zero To Sixty In Three Point Nine
Besides I Got To Make The Jewelery Store On Time
I Look Like I Bought The Jewelery Stroe This Time
N It's Hard To Live Like A Rap Star Undercover
I Got Three Magnums The Gun Car Of The Rubber
I Got A Fur Fetish A Three Quarter Cut Habbit
Nigga That Ain Chinchilla It's Plucked Parrot
Part Rabbit Go Find Your Heart Fagget
I Pray That U Find Your Foot And Toe Tag It
They Ain Never A Drought
I Got The Sour On Tour So Raw
I Got The Hotel Towel The Door
Hos all around the hotel piled to the floor
They Done Followed Ur Boy Since Two Thousand And Four

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Loyd Banks]

From Hear On Out It's Man Slaughter For The Masses
And classics courtesy of Mr. Mathers
You A Bastards Heard Of Me I Get The Cash It's
The American Way I Go To Bed With The K
I got red, blue and white don't even ask about ice

I Look Like A Cop Car Flashing It's Lights
All they wanna do is chit chat and make tapes about him
'Till they lost like Malcom before The Nation got him
I done Timberland tanned the coupe
My wrist chunky like Campbell's soup nigga shoot
I Done Beenn Around World And I'm Right Here U Won't Hurt Me
I Put Your Ass On Ice Yeah Cold Turkey
I'm Blowing Purple, The Haze Mixed With Hersey
I done gave you style, now reinburse me
And it ain't no more love you get the birdy
Im?a Be In The Number One Spot Til I'm Thirty
Ya Heard Me ?

[Hook]

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