

Lloyd Banks

"Get The Fuck Up Now"

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Verse 1

Banks is gettin money money ain't gettin him
Him sitting his whip on 23 inch rims
why would i spend my money on tints
'cause i got my bombers hooded up in your lawndas
the cribs is bigger than my mama's
with that you can send your local high school or college
your year is expired you should pay knowledge
a hood nigga way out in the bahamas
on tour so you probably won't find us
in your barber shop i got a barber with liners
Banks grew kinda hard with piranhas
my closet is the size of a clothing designator
you're now rockin wit new yor city's finest
shuttin down the clubs a bunch of niggas went behind
us
now i'm dealin wit a bunch of pre-madonnas
take em to the crib and have em bend over for
recliners

Chrous

I need y'all to get the fuck up now
I know theirs gangstas in this town
so throw up your set, come to the front
show me somethin yea that what i want
I need y'all to get the fuck up now
I know how y'all get down in this town
so lit up your weed, come to the front
poke it out yea that what i want

Verse 2

i'm fresh breast like million bucks
see my green chinchilla and my trillion cuts
inspired by the niggas that i trust
so if you my shit then you should buy buck's
there alot of rappers let off steam
'cause i'm gettin money and my jewerly all green
some of the brightest shit you ever seen
my whole team so fresh and so clean

down south where they sipping on leen
little aks stray hit you wit the beam
i'm a bachelor i ain't lokin for a queen

a southside baller the "American Dream
bein nosey will get you behind beams
so if ain't your beef try not to intervene
i got a pack of mary jane in my jean
if i blow it in the sky we will all be high
Chrous

Verse 3

i'm hot nigga the fools ain't the same
i'm speeding you could fuck hoes in my lanes
i got a couple loose screw in my brain
i die on over this i ain't goin to move wit my chain
you caught brick but who is to blame
your fans turn their back now i'm you and that a shame
i'm thinkin about flyin to Hawaii
sippin on colatti lyin wit a hottie
uptop drinkin niggas in here schemin
so i ain't leavin 'cause i'm here wit my gat
lay low for a second and get your attention
and back on the bencin 'cause i'm back
and your famblades spinnin on a lac
and you can't see the side 'cause the window all black
i had respect but i take it all back
'cause you're celebrity wander around wit a rat
Chrous

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