

# Lloyd Banks

## "Hands Up Ft. 50 Cent"

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(Intro - 50 Cent)

I wasn't gone if you missed me

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up

[50 Cent (Lloyd Banks)]

Hands up,

Shorty when you party with me, we going way past  
quarter to three

(I said Hands Up!)

I'm good in the V.I.P.

I got my hammer right here with me

(I said Hands Up!)

You know when you party with crooks

You gotta learn to respect the jokes

(I said Hands Up!)

Everything ain't cruise to fame

This shit ain't sweet as it looks

(I said Hands Up!)

[Lloyd Banks (50 Cent)]

You know I'm putting something on me right before I  
leave out of the car

(We came to party)

You go tough talking' at me you gon' leave out of the  
club with a scar

(We came to party)

We pop bottles like it's all free, before I leave I'ma buy  
out the bar

(We came to party)

You can order what you want

It's on me

I'm a G

Take a look at star

(We came to party)

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

It feels so good to live sucker free

I'm soaking it all up

While your girl sucking me

It mean the world to her

It's nothing but a nut to me  
Look miss  
Get a grip and let a motherfucker be  
I'm a rap star  
Who also be riding around in that car  
Two in the front  
In the back got the plasma.  
This ain't a free ride  
You gotta have the gas ma  
I wouldn't buy a chick a pump that got asthma.  
And I'm busy so I move a bit faster  
You can't tell me yes if I don't ask ya  
Huh, I'm a bastard  
Damn near showing his hand over the plastic  
'Cause they want to see your man go in the casket  
Rule number one: keep your gun or get your ass hit  
That's it  
Lights off and your body's stiff  
By the same niggas you used to party with

[50 Cent (Lloyd Banks)]

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I'm a G  
Take a look at star  
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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

I cruise through the strip  
22's on the whip  
New rule: gonna hit  
Thousand dollar outfit  
Never snooze, never slip  
Follow rules, or get whip  
Nigga move, or get hit  
I don't care who's on the strip  
It ain't only the Ferrari  
Now the jewels got him sick  
Now it's 2006  
I need a new bottom miss  
It's aight  
They can talk  
I'm amused by the pricks  
I'm the news out the bricks  
Nigga who's hot as this  
I bet the mansion and the swimming pool got 'em  
pissed  
I ain't a cuddler  
I fuck the drool out a chick  
My niggas ice grill  
But it ain't the same  
They don't see the faces  
They just see the chains  
Like Ooo when you get 'em  
They don't know you with me  
They probably think the bouncers at the front door frisk  
me  
This is regular shit  
The everyday mentality  
They charged up  
Don't make me put in the battery

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