

Lloyd Banks

"Payback (P's and Q's)"

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I meet my forb at the corner store
Me and niggaz rapping out here, I just want it more
Turn the music down, you can hear my stomach roar
Bagged a hundred bitches last year
Just bagged a hundred more

They hatin' but everything that goes
Comes back sticky green fun pack
Jewellery make me hump back

Back packers want that
And they ain't 'bout the diamonds shit
He gon' commercial
Who the fuck you think you rhyming with?

I got the drama kid and my Obama whip
Bitches running up on my stage, 'lil' mama shit
'Lil' mama thick and my time is slim
Come 'bout thirty minutes after I put the condom in

I'm gettin' to the dough
Louie on my foot
Put the metal to the floor
Is all a nigga know

Payback, don't come around here disrespecting
We don't take that
I'm on my leathers every second

And my hearts so cold and I don't trust a soul
It's funny how the bullshit goes you never know
Payback don't come around here disrespecting
We don't take that
I'm on my leathers every second

They crown me with the punch hat, who better?
I hit red skins, smoke green and spit blue pepper
Benz blue leather, jet cool weather
Cool meaning hot, so I don't need the top

Calm down, breathe and stop
Start and I'ma skip your pulse

Mister, my life's the shit
Calamari shrimp and boats

C-notes, 5 Ferrari, different coast
I'ma suits 'em up, probably ain't gotta lift my toes
I shut my dogs on 'em like Jehova Witness
I done made it to the top like I said
I told you bitches

They don't really want me
They just want my riches
So motherfuck the law
Friends, cousins and sisters

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I turn the club to TV, come dancing with the stars
Than I'm in ya ear, in her ear, amping a mÃ©nage
Nigga make the money, but never knew how it felt
In a hundred pair pants, that's a hundred different
belts

Dress kills, chronic helps, pussy just for the moment
Ballin' like a Hornet, see I get it, I want it
Everybody knows, heat hurts, she got to show me first
Magician, but I can turn them to a Holy Ghost

You can bring two, three, four of them, the wars won
Tick-tock boom, make 'em all run, come on, son
Big talks just talk, I let my money bark
Put my Ferrari in park, give them a running start

Go, 'cause I don't feel a single drop of pressure
No, he go strap foreign guap collector
He better stop all the hate, he know my ends straight
I clap your girl, make the bed break, leak the sex tape

I'm gettin' to the dough

Louie on my foot
Put the metal to the floor
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