

Lloyd Banks "Playboy 2"

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[Lloyd Banks Intro]

Whooooooooooooooooo.....

[Chorus]

Uh..

Two figures up yup, Henny in my cup yup
Semi in the cut yup, a very nice truck yup
I'm all iced up yup, pocket knifed up yup
I knock your wife up yup, man I don't give a fuck, nah
The Unit's in this bitch, yea
You know who I'm with, yea
Rollin' out the piff, yea
Six after six, yea
Hangin' out the whips rocks bangin' off my wrist, yea
I'll ball till I die, why, 'cause I'm a Play B-O-Y

[Verse 1]

Guess who's the man this quarter, the rich playin' the
boarder
Your papers much shorter, my safe is this big
Not from New York to Georgia, they recognise the
slaughter
Diamonds around the boarder, a platinum icepick
We in them Lambs the color of Candy Yams
The only niggaz in the city with Miami fans
I picked up my advance and took off out to France
Thousand dollar pants, a hundred thousand dollar
hands
Mami I don't dance, I rock, I bop
A half a ounce of sticky in my sock, I'm hot
If I like it I'ma cop it on the spot, why not
These haters still won't give me my props, I'm shocked
I do it for the concrete, the curb, the block
All I got is the street, my word, my glock
These little niggaz emulatin' me know why
Know why, know why, 'cause I'm a Play B-O-Y

[Chorus]

Uh..

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[Verse 2]

Hey..
Pull up in a Benz, hoodie and my Timbs
Hologram rims, a lotta Benjamins
I shop till I drop, I stunt when I want
Rollin' blunt after blunt blowin' bump out the trunk
Now I'm shittin on all of y'all, dump after dump
I'm high and I'm drunk, havin' lunch at the trunk
Don't front, i gets it rockin', and my clique is poppin'
Now my hits is dropping that's why the chickens flockin'
I ain't a come up, I got the Louis black
Hydraulics on the 'Lac, I pop a whooly that
Now we got enough toys to knock the city back
Beef and broccoli fitted cap, he's the rockiest in rap
They copyin' my moves I cruise on twenty-two's
Big pools, money and jewels, that's all a nigga do's
And it's never one at a time, it's by the twos
And oohhh, you should see what my song make em
do, uh

[Chorus]

Uh..
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[Bridge]

If you come from the bottom Put Your Hands Up
Your hood fucked up and rotten Put Your Hands Up
You and your clique get it poppin' Put Your Hands Up
And nigga front I'm leavin out of here in handcuffs
Now Put Em' Up.. Yeah..
Put Em' Up.. Yeah..
Put Em' Up.. Yeah..
Put Em' Up.. Yeah..
Put Em' Up.. Yeah..

Yeah.. Man I don't give a fuck what he said..

Now Put Em Up.. Yeah..

Put EmÂ' Up.. Yeah..

Put EmÂ' Up.. Yeah..

Put EmÂ' Up.. Yeah..

Put EmÂ' Up.. Yeah..

Put EmÂ' Up.. Yeah.. Yeah.. Yeah..!!

OOHHHHHHH...!!!

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