

## Lloyd Banks "Playboy"

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Aw man, can I get a raw beat?  
Y'all ready, y'all ready  
For the main man  
The Lloyd Banks

Guess who's the man this winter, straight out the land  
of sinners  
The Range is tan with spinners, check out the white  
mirrors  
Blow with the damn winners, while you and your man's  
finished  
Two in your Rams fitteds, turn off your light switch

Holdin' my torch down, even when the force 'round  
You let your wife roam, she want a divorce now  
You niggaz ain't this gully, play it I paint your skully  
You never take this from me the riders and all the  
gangsters love me

You shouldn't be a problem, I ain't be a problem  
See you later I read your head, you be a Robin  
I know your type, hoppin' all over beat screamin'  
You call it hypin' yourself up, I call it street dreamin'

I do it for all the haters, the players roll with the 'gators  
They lookin' forward to favors, gossip is all they gave  
us  
You niggaz wasn't quiet, meet the whales and the  
fishes  
You leak the precinct up, play Tattletale with the  
snitches

Even my momma knows, I got all kind of hoes  
They wait outside of shows, strict after the diner close  
I'll get designer clothes, without the wine or rose  
Take off my baby blue mink, and Carolina Vogues

Come here, take a look inside a entertainer's closet  
I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorena Bobbitt  
Niggaz stay in pocket, I know you're mad at me  
But shit ain't all peaches and cream, and I ain't Sara  
Lee

Bitch

Don't ice me, you starin' at the wrong one  
It's a lot of girls here, go and get a grown one  
We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone  
If you ain't leavin' here with us, you can walk home  
'Cause someone else will, they know how we ride  
If you a playboy, you got one on East side  
Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride

(What)

Ride

(What)

Ride

(What)

Ride

(Right, damn)

(Let's go)

I do this for the hood, niggaz stuck in the slammer  
I smile 'cause I'm good, you act tough for the camera  
Run from the lil' kids, they fuckin' with Santa  
'Cause they like 2Pac more, word? Word to my  
grandma

I figure I might as well leave here with my glock drawn  
'Cause they'll take ya to jail, even when you're not  
wrong  
Dawg, you're not this flashy, jux you got to blast me  
Every rock is classy, nobody on your block can match  
me

You shouldn't wanna fight, unless you wanna fight  
For your life in the hospital a hundred nights  
I know your type, run behind your girlfriend rushin'  
You call it quality time, I call it handcuffin'

I'm on a beach in Miami, so you ain't reachin' my family  
All weekend with panties from Puerto Rican Cammie  
You niggaz wasn't tough, I shoulda snapped two flicks  
You wore your pants tight, played Pitty-Pat with the  
chicks

Even my father knows, where the revolver goes  
I bring the beef to your front door like Dominoes  
And my diamonds froze, that mean my time is froze  
Me in the club from when it's poppin' 'til the time it  
close

Half of these so-called real niggaz'll probably sing  
Nah, I ain't pullin' over, learned that from Rodney King

So tell your homey chill, you know I hold the steel  
Everything be jabs and hooks, and you ain't Holyfield  
Nigga

Don't ice me, you starin' at the wrong one  
It's a lot of girls here, go and get a grown one  
We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone  
If you ain't leavin' here with us, you can walk home  
'Cause someone else will, they know how we ride  
If you a playboy, you got one on East side  
Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride

Everybody on the left get yo' hands up  
(Get yo' hands up)  
Everybody on the right get yo' hands up  
(Get yo' hands up)  
Everybody up front get yo' hands up  
(Get yo' hands up)  
And everybody out back get yo' hands up  
(What)

And if you in here with a strap get yo' hands up  
(What)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)

What, man fuck what he said man, put 'em up  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)  
Now put 'em up  
(Put 'em up!)

Ooh

Lloyd Banks, what?  
Ooh!

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