

Lloyd Banks "Wake Up"

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Chorus

Im Gettin To The Money, New Money Nice To Meet Ya
They Sleepin On Me Baby Time To Make Em A Believer
All Woman Right They Run To Me On Sight A 100 Bottles
Of Champagne We Poppin Those All Night
Not To Mention Im Out Here Representin
I Need Pretty Shit Around Me Put Them Models In My
Section(ima Sex Em)
All My Woman Right They Run To Me On Sight A 100
Bottles Of Champagne We Poppin Those All Night

Verse 1

My Pockets Swole Up
Haters Done Tried To Stop Me No Luck
Im Cocky So What
My Life Like 1 Big Party Rolled Up
Look How Im Smokin, Shorty Dont And She Still Chokin,
Im Talkin Potent, That Second Hand Got Her Open
Im Always Frozen
Louie Bags To Put My Clothes In
Im Back To Posin
Make Her Woozie From My Mack Explosion
Traffic Open
Im Runnin Thru My Rack Of Trojans
New Money New Girls Even Brought Back My Old One
That Street Crown Im Rockin
Ill Beat Down Your Down Top 10
Heat Round They Watchin
I Rebound Like Rodman
Out In Beantown Im Poppin
103,000 Options
Put The V Down I Hops In
With A Queens Style Im Boxed In

Chorus Once

Savage With That Hot Flow
Everything I Do Is Macho
Walk Round Wit That Yaut On Still Gota Get That Yaut
Doe
She Aint Hot She Got Go
She Goin Deep Flacco

Im To Ready
Pronto
These Shoes Heavy
Pothole
Im Hangin Out The Window With My Music Up
Rude As Fuck
We Dont Play, Boy U Gettin Money Get Your Shooters
Up
Everyday Im Movin Up
Liquor Got Me Tore Down
Booted Up
You Cant Feel Shit Improve My Luck
Fuck With Me Baby I Got The Dope Youve Been Needin
I Got That Soul You Can Feel
Thats Somethin You Can Believe In
I Gotta Pretty Selection
I Switch Em Up By The Seasons
The Clear Air To The Thrown
Nigga Be Happy U Breathin
Gone

Chorus X 2

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