

Lloyd Banks

"You Already Know"

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(feat. Young Buck, 50 Cent)

[Lloyd Banks]

Uh..

Uh..

Uh..

Uh..

Uh..

Uh..

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

You already know, my mind is on my dough
A millionaire, don't spend a dolla on a hoe
And i'm still in here, tryna get a model out the door
How am I bother with the bottle of that dro
Slidin' on a roll, groupie in my vehicle that I don't even
know

And if I wasn't Banks, shorty prolly wouldn't roll
From the Benz to the lobby, from the lobby til the door
If you ain't with the program, now you got to go (go)

[Lloyd Banks Verse]

I move like there's popo behind me
Cocoa inside me, so cold and grimey
44 beside me, hoes know where to find me
Where ever there's money, yeah i'm the shit honey
(whoo)
Hood nigga with that rubberband brick money
If I go broke, I'll make you and your man strip dummy
Yeah nigga, you don't want it with them, there bigger
cross us
Your on something, weed, their liquor, scared nigga,
here trigger
Teflon, chest con, G'z Up, freeze up and you'll end up
in your lawn
It's the protege of Fitty (uh huh), inspired by Biggie (uh
huh)
Burns more then Ziggy (uh huh), the lil' niggaz dig me
(whooo)
I've been stressed out lately, so i'm smokin' more than
ever
Then smacked in the hood, good pumpin' out my lever

I'm a goodfella in a G-unit hood sweater
If your bitch give me a sign, i'ma get her

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

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[50 Cent:]

There's always folks, moving around with the toasters
Push the rock through the smoker's, warnin' do not
approach us
We in the club with the pokers, steppin' in Gucci loafers
Stuntin' in testerosous, down in front with the vultures
My clique be the coldest, baddest bitches they know us
After the show they blow us and do all types of shit for
us

Now I can speak for me, cuz me everywhere I be
Niggaz know i'm a G, got it locked, got the keys
We movin' bundles of D, sippin' on Hennessey
Buck rollin' the trees, Banks countin' the cheese
We get the paper then breeze, nigga we overseas
You stuck in the hood, ahh that ain't good
Different town, different tour, different telly, different
whore
Triple x, wet sex, who's next, latex
Condom, condo, i'm tight, my money long though
You lookin' for a drink bitch, i ain't what you lookin' for

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

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[Young Buck:]

I'm out on bond, but the '40 still on me
Bouncin' round like Lil Jon, thinkin' 'bout my dead
homies

Watch i hit me a lick, and go get me a brick
I keep on losin' shootin' dice, and i'm sick of this shit
Clienteles still poppin', so the druggies keep comin'
And my neighbours is watchin', but we still gettin'
money, on this block
Till' the sun drop, i dont have a home
I will not stop sellin' rocks, thug till' i'm gone
Got a couple old schools and some iced out jewels
Some G-Unit shoes, body bullet tattoo
About to stomp me a bitch, put the pump to his lip
Tell him talk that shit nowww, y'all wanna trip
I keep it dirty on the Eastcoast, dirty on the West
Jus' a dirty lil' nigga with a glock and a vest
Banks tell me you dont like him and you know what i'ma
do nigga

[Lloyd Banks Chorus]

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