

## **Get Rich Or Die Tryin' Movie**

### **"You Already Know"**

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[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

You already know, my mind is on my dough

A millionaire that won't spend a dollar on a hoe

I'm still in here tryin to get a model out the do'

High blowin bottle after bottle of that dro

Slidin on the road, groupie in my vehicle that I don't even know

And If I wasn't Banks shorty probably wouldn't roll

From the Benz to the lobby from the lobby to the do'

If you ain't with the program ma you gotta go

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

I move like it's Po' Po' behind me, cocoa inside me, so cold and grimey

Fo' Fo' beside me, hoes know to find me

Wherever there's money, yeah I'm the shit honey  
(WOO!!!)

Hood nigga with the rubberband grip money

If I go broke I make you and your man strip dummy

Yeah nigga, you don't want it with them their bigger

Cross us, your on somethin we bare niggaz

Yeah nigga here trigga teflon chest gone G's up

Freeze up and you'll end up in your lawn

It's the protege of 50, inspired by Biggie

Burns more than Ziggy, them lil' niggaz dig me

I been stressed out lately, so I'm smokin more than ever

Dead smack in the hood good pokin out my leather

I'm a Good Fella, in a G-Unit hood sweater

If your bitch give me a sign I'm a get her

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

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[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Cause were always focused we move around with the toasters

Push the rock to the smokers, warnin do not approach us

We in the club with the pokers, steppin in Gucci Loafers

Stuntin in Testerossas, stylin in front of vultures

Ma quickly to call us, baddest bitches they know us

After the show they blow us, and do all type of shit to us

Now I can speak for me cause me everywhere I be

Niggaz know I'm a G, got it locked got the keys  
We move from bundles to D sippin on Hennessy  
Buck rollin the trees, Banks countin the cheese  
We get the paper then breeze, nigga we overseas  
You stuck in the hood, aw 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  
[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]  
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[Verse 3: Young Buck]  
I'm out on bond but the forty still on me  
Bouncin 'round like Lil' Jon thinkin 'bout my dead  
homies  
Watch I hit, need a lick, ain't 'gon get me a brick  
I keep on losin shootin dice and I'm sick of this shit  
Clientele still poppin so the junkies keep comin

And my neighbors is watchin but we still gettin money  
On thgis block till the sun drop I don't have a home  
I do not stop, sellin rocks, thug till I'm gone  
Got a couple old schools and some iced out jewels  
Some G-Unit shoes probably full of tatooes  
'Bout to stomp me a bitch, put the pump to his lips  
Tell him talk that shit, now y'all wanna trip  
I keep it dirty on the East Coast dirty on the West  
Just a dirty lil' nigga with a glock and a vest  
Banks tell me you don't like 'em and you know what I'm  
a do nigga  
[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]  
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