Playboy

Lloyd Banks

[DJ Whoo Kid:] Aw man , can I get a raw please
Is yÂ'all ready, is yÂ'all ready
For the main event, Damn
Lloyd Banks

[Verse 1]

Guess whoÂ's the man this winter straight out the land of sinners
The Range with hella spinners check out the white wrist
Roll with the damn winners or you and your manÂ's finished
You and your Rams fitted turn off the light switch
HoldinÂ' my torch down even when the force Â'round
You let your wife roll she want a divorce now
You niggas ainÂ't this gully playasÂ'll paint ya skully
YouÂ'll never take this from me
The riders and the gangstas with me
([Whoo Kid:] God Damn)
You shouldnÂ't be a problem I ainÂ't be a problem
See ya later, I read ya head you be a Rodman (What)
I know ya type, hoppin all over the beat screaminÂ'
You call it hypinÂ' yaself up I call it street dreaminÂ'
I do it for all of the haters the playas ball with the gators
They lookinÂ' forward to favors gossip is all they gave us
You niggas wasnÂ't quiet, meet the whales and fishes (Whoo)
You lit the precinct up playinÂ' tattle tale with the snitches
Even my momma knows I got all kind of hoes
They wait outside the show stripped after the diner closed
IÂ'll be designer clothes without the winer woes
Take off my baby blue mink and Carolina bowls
Come here, take a look inside a entertainerÂ's closet
I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorainna Bobbit
Niggas stay and pocket
I know youÂ're made at me but shit ainÂ't all peaches and cream
And I ainÂ't Sara Lee bitch (CÂ'mon)

[Chorus]
DonÂ't ice me
You starinÂ' at the wrong one
ThereÂ's a lot of girls here

Go and get up on one (What)
We at the bar poppinÂ’ bottles Â‘til they all gone
If you ainÂ’t leavinÂ’ here wit us
You gonÂ’ walk home (Whoo)
Go someone else where
They know how we ride
If you a playboy, you got one on each side
Keep your mouth closed, we donÂ’t let the beef ride

(What)
Ride
(What)
Ride
(What)
Ride
(God Damn LetÂ’s Go)

[Verse 2]

I do this for the hood, niggas stuck in the slammer
I smile cuz IÂ’m good, you act tough for the camera (Whoo)
Learn from the hood kids, they ainÂ’t fuckinÂ’ wit Santa
Cuz they like Tupac more, (Word) Word to my grandma
I figure I might as well leave here with my glock drawn
Cuz theyÂ’ll take you to jail even when you not wrong
Dog your not this flashy, dogs you got to blast me
Every rock is classy, nobody on your block can match me (Whoo)
You shouldnÂ’t want to fight, unless you wanna fight
For your life in the Hospital for hundred nights
I know your type, run behind your girlfriend rushinÂ’
You call it quality time, I call it handcuffinÂ’
IÂ’m on the beach in Miami, cellular reachinÂ’ my family
All the weekend in panties from Puerto Rican canny
You niggas wasnÂ’t tough, I shouldÂ’ve snapped some pics
You wear ya pants tight, play pitty pat wit the chicks (Damn)
Even my father knows where the revolver goes
I bring the beef to ya front door like Dominoes
And my diamonds froze that means my time froze
Be in the club from when itÂ’s poppinÂ’ Â‘til the time it close (What)
Half of these so-called real niggasÂ’ll probably sing
Naw I ainÂ’t pullinÂ’ over, learned that from Rodney King
So tell ya homey chill you know I hold the steel
Everything from jabs to hooks and you ainÂ’t Holyfield, nigga (Damn)

[Chorus]

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Go someone else where
They know how we ride
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Everybody on the left get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)
Everybody on the right get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)
Everybody up front get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)
And everybody out back get yo hands up (What)
And if you in here wit a strap get yo hands up (What)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
What, man fuck what he said
Man put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Now put Â'em up (Put Â'em up)
Ohhhhhhhh
([Lloyd Banks] what Whoo Kid)

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