

Payback (P's and Q's) (feat. 50 Cent)

Lloyd Banks

Uh, I meet my [?] at the corner store
[?] rapping out here, I just want it more
Turn the music down, you can hear my stomach roar
Bagged a hundred [?] last year, just bagged a hundred more
They hatin' but everything that goes, comes back sticky green fun pack
Jewelery make me hump back
Back packers want that and they ain't bout the diamonds [?]
He gon commercial, who you think they rhyming with
I got the drama kid and my Obama whip
Running up on my stage, Lil mama shit
Ugh, lil mama thick
And my time is slim
Come bout thirty minutes after I put the condom in[Chorus]
Gettin' to the dough
Louie on my foot
Put the metal to the floor, is all a nigga knowPayback don't come around disrespecting
We don't take that
I'm on my leathers every secondAnd my hearts so cold I don't trust a soul
It's funny how the bullshit goes you never knowPayback don't come around disrespecting
We don't take that
I'm on my leathers every secondThey crown me with the punch hat, who better?
I hit red skins, smoke green and spit blue pepper
Benz blue leather, Jet cool weather
Cool meaning hot
So I don't need the top
Calm down, breath and stop
Start and I'm a skip your pulse
Mister my life's the shit
Calamari shrimp and boats
C-notes, 5 Ferrari, different coast
I'm a suits em up probably ain't gotta lift my toes
I shut my dogs on 'em like Jehova witness
I done made it to the top like I said
I told you bitches
They don't really want me they just want my riches
So motherfuck the law, firends, cousins and sisters[Chorus]I turn the club to TV, come dancing with the stars
Than I'm in ya ear, in her ear, amping a menage
Nigga make the money, but never knew how it felt
In a hundred pair pants, that's a hundred different belts

Dress kills, chronic helps
Pussy just for the moment
Ballin' like a Hornet
See I get it, I want it
Everybody knows, heat hurts you got to show me first
Magician, but I can turn them to a Holy Ghost
You can bring two, three, four of them, the wars won
Tick tock boom, make 'em all run, come on son
Big talks just talk, I let my money bark
Put my Ferrari in park, give them a running start
Go, cause I don't feel a single drop of pressure
No, [?] strap foreign guap collector
He better stop all the hate, he know my ends straight
I clap your girl make the bed break, leak the sex tape[Chorus]

Songwriters

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