Bring It Back (feat. Fabolous)

Lloyd Banks

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]
Small paper forget it, big money I'm with it
I'm smoking good you can smell it though I got hella dough come get it
When you hot the hoes come with it they drop it low and split it
Then bring it back up and make it clap yup, she pitchin and I just hit it
Ho get off my fitted, polo horse I'm jiggy
You ain't gotta ask if she digg me, of course she did I'm witty
I'm a product of my city, that 2Pac and that Biggie
My jewels pop with that pretty and I'm shoeboxing that kitty
I'm too hot to fuck with me, I'll chamber you I'm flameable, untameable
Made a name for blue I done think I done find my own lane or two
Brake the brick what I came to do VVS's now chain is blue
Them niggas done got you gassed up, too much of that propane in you
My diamonds bright all kind of white rap JJ I'm dynamite
Niggas still writing them diss raps? niggas lame and I'm not that type
Sleep on me, let the mack pinch you please nigga yo swag simple
My flow hot as my last bitch, she a rat now her ass crippled

[Hook]
Hey, hey, hey
I think I finally done found my way
Yeah, yeah
I get some pussy Â‘bout 2 times a day
No, no
You ainÂ’t gon trap me, ain't no trap for macks
Go, go
Girl turn your ass around, and bring it back
Come here baby, we the niggas you wan be standing by
IÂ’m there, IÂ’m standing on sumthing so hold your cameras high
I got that street sound, IÂ’m gettin to it and I'm fly
Everything I got is sick, illest man alive

[Verse 2: Fabolous]
Hottest nigga in my city, ain't no way that I can possibly chill
Illest nigga around, that's one hell of a hospital bill
Can't seem to find my top, if you boys want proof listen
"Hello, 911 I'd like to report my roof missing!"
Last seen on my lambo coupe, look sick it needs Campbell soup
Bet your man ain't go these, I don't think you want to gamble boo

Studio with my hood chick, True religions and bamble hoops
Laid back coming up with shit, she give me head while the sample loops
Pussy on the low low, call my 'rari Polo
You obviously love my old hoes, new meaning for YOLO
All you niggas gon' learn today, I'm the teacher, I'm the tutor
Few Ray Allens couple cuties, and by Ray Allens I mean the shooters
Serious as a heart attack, your girlfriend said she aim groovy
Curious as a white girl, like hearing something in a scary movie
Don't get in that car girl, last time you're gonna hear from her
Lost his bitch, I bring her back like next time be more careful bro

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]
Old money is my lady, new money is my baby
Pimp cup, getting licked up by few bitches, I'm lazy
If its 2 tricks I want 80, these cool kids going crazy
You rocking with the most shady, keep tools gripped it and ready
All I know milk it and [?] she prolly gon' touch all of us
I'm in my own zone my flow is grown I made mine up in a short bust
Watch me hit my number again I'm out that slum I come to win
He with me then he fam dawg cross him and I'm jumping in
Homeboy I got [?] skin, that mean shit don't get to me
My bitch don't care about no other name, she just want no tiffany
If looks can kill we'd be all dead, speed boat trips I'm sick of sea
I asked her for some bomb head, she told me no diggity
One love to my family, you don't look like no kin to me
Back hand like the wimbledon, shes gone off my energy
So much soul Ima live again, ay girl go in the crib with 10
Play games I'll kick your ass out, put that on my timberlands

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