

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

## Lloyd Banks

I meet my forb at the corner store  
Me and niggaz rapping out here, I just want it more  
Turn the music down, you can hear my stomach roar  
Bagged a hundred bitches last year  
Just bagged a hundred moreThey hatin' but everything that goes  
Comes back sticky green fun pack  
Jewellery make me hump backBack packers want that  
And they ain't 'bout the diamonds shit  
He gon' commercial  
Who the fuck you think you rhyming with?I got the drama kid and my Obama whip  
Bitches running up on my stage, 'lil' mama shit  
'Lil' mama thick and my time is slim  
Come 'bout thirty minutes after I put the condom inI'm gettin' to the dough  
Louie on my foot  
Put the metal to the floor  
Is all a nigga knowPayback, don't come around here disrespecting  
We don't take that  
I'm on my leathers every secondAnd my hearts so cold and I don't trust a soul  
It's funny how the bullshit goes you never know  
Payback don't come around here 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 topCalm down, breathe and stop  
Start and I'ma skip your pulse  
Mister, my life's the shit  
Calamari shrimp and boatsC-notes, 5 Ferrari, different coast  
I'ma suits 'em up, probably ain't gotta lift my toes  
I shut my dogs on 'em like Jehovah Witness  
I done made it to the top like I said  
I told you bitchesThey don't really want me  
They just want my riches  
So motherfuck the law  
Friends, cousins and sistersI'm gettin' to the dough  
Louie on my foot  
Put the metal to the floor  
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I'm on my leathers every secondAnd my hearts so cold and I don't trust a soul

Its funny how the bullshit goes you never know

Payback don't come around here disrespecting

We don't take that

I'm on my leathers every secondI turn the club to TV, come dancing with the stars

Than I'm in ya ear, in her ear, amping a mnage

Nigga make the money, but never knew how it felt

In a hundred pair pants, that's a hundred different beltsDress kills, chronic helps, pussy just for the moment

Ballin' like a Hornet, see I get it, I want it

Everybody knows, heat hurts, she got to show me first

Magician, but I can turn them to a Holy GhostYou 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 startGo, 'cause I don't feel a single drop of pressure

No, he go 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 tapeI'm gettin' to the dough

Louie on my foot

Put the metal to the floor

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We don't take that

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Songwriters

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