Playboy

Bob Thompson

Aw man, can I get a raw beat?
Y'all ready, y'all ready
For the main man
The Lloyd Banks
Guess who's the man this winter, straight out the land of sinners
The Range is tan with spinners, check out the white mirrors
Blow with the damn winners, while you and your man's finished
Two in your Rams fitteds, turn off your light switch
Holdin' my torch down, even when the force 'round
You let your wife roam, she want a divorce now
You niggaz ain't this gully, play it I paint your skully
You never take this from me the riders and all the gangsters love me
You shouldn't be a problem, I ain't be a problem
See you later I read your head, you be a Robin
I know your type, hoppin' all over beat screamin'
You call it hypin' yourself up, I call it street dreamin'
I do it for all the haters, the players roll with the 'gators
They lookin' forward to favors, gossip is all they gave us
You niggaz wasn't quiet, meet the whales and the fishes
You leak the precinct up, play Tattletale with the snitches
Even my momma knows, I got all kind of hoes
They wait outside of shows, strict after the diner close
I'll get designer clothes, without the wine or rose
Take off my baby blue mink, and Carolina Vogues
Come here, take a look inside a entertainer's closet
I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorena Bobbitt
Niggaz stay in pocket, I know you're mad at me
But shit ain't all peaches and cream, and I ain't Sara Lee
Bitch
Don't ice me, you starin' at the wrong one
It's a lot of girls here, go and get a grown one
We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone
If you ain't leavin' here with us, you can walk home
'Cause someone else will, they know how we ride
If you a playboy, you got one on East side
Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride
(What)
Ride
(What)

Ride
(What)
Ride
(Right, damn)
(Let's go)
I do this for the hood, niggaz stuck in the slammer
I smile 'cause I'm good, you act tough for the camera
Run from the lil' kids, they fuckin' with Santa
'Cause they like 2Pac more, word? Word to my grandma
I figure I might as well leave here with my glock drawn
'Cause they'll take ya to jail, even when you're not wrong
Dawg, you're not this flashy, jux you got to blast me
Every rock is classy, nobody on your block can match me
You shouldn't wanna fight, unless you wanna fight
For your life in the hospital a hundred nights
I know your type, run behind your girlfriend rushin'
You call it quality time, I call it handcuffin'
I'm on a beach in Miami, so you ain't reachin' my family
All weekend with panties from Puerto Rican Cammie
You niggaz wasn't tough, I shoulda snapped two flicks
You wore your pants tight, played Pitty-Pat with the chicks
Even my father knows, where the revolver goes
I bring the beef to your front door like Dominoes
And my diamonds froze, that mean my time is froze
Me in the club from when it's poppin' 'til the time it close
Half of these so-called real niggaz'll probably sing
Nah, I ain't pullin' over, learned that from Rodney King
So tell your homey chill, you know I hold the steel
Everything be jabs and hooks, and you ain't Holyfield
Nigga
Don't ice me, you starin' at the wrong one
It's a lot of girls here, go and get a grown one
We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone
If you ain't leavin' here with us, you can walk home
'Cause someone else will, they know how we ride
If you a playboy, you got one on East side
Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride
Everybody on the left get yo' hands up
(Get yo' hands up)
Everybody on the right get yo' hands up
(Get yo' hands up)
Everybody up front get yo' hands up
(Get yo' hands up)
And everybody out back get yo' hands up
(What)

And if you in here with a strap get yo' hands up
(What)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
What, man fuck what he said man, put 'em up
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Now put 'em up
(Put 'em up!)
Ooh
Lloyd Banks, what?
Ooh!

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