You Already Know

Lloyd Banks

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
You already know, my mind is on my dough
A millionaire that won't spend a dollar on a hoe
I'm still in here tryin? to get a model out the do'
High blowin? bottle after bottle of that dro
Slidin? on the road, groupie in my vehicle that I don't even know
And If I wasn't Banks shorty probably wouldn't roll
From the Benz to the lobby from the lobby to the do'
If you ain't with the program ma you gotta go
I move like it's Po' Po' behind me, cocoa inside me
So cold and grimey
Fo' Fo' beside me, hoes know to find me
Wherever there's money, yeah, I'm the shit, honey
(Woo)
Hood nigga with the rubber band grip money
If I go broke I make you and your man strip dummy
Yeah nigga, you don't want it with them their bigger
Cross us, your on somethin? we bare niggaz
Yeah, nigga here trigga teflon chest gone G's up
Freeze up and you'll end up in your lawn
It's the protege of 50, inspired by Biggie
Burns more than Ziggy, them lil' niggaz dig me
I been stressed out lately, so I'm smokin? more than ever
Dead smack in the hood good pokin? out my leather
I'm a Good Fella, in a G-Unit hood sweater
If your bitch give me a sign I'm a get her
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?Cause were always focused we move around with the toasters
Push the rock to the smokers, warnin? do not approach us
We in the club with the pokers, steppin? in Gucci Loafers
Stuntin? in Testerossas, stylin? in front of vultures
Ma quickly to call us, baddest bitches they know us

After the show they blow us and do all type of shit to us
Now I can speak for me ?cause me everywhere I be
Niggaz know I'm a G, got it locked got the keys
We move from bundles to D sippin' on Hennessy
Buck rollin? the trees, Banks countin? the cheese
We get the paper then breeze, nigga we overseas
You stuck in the hood, aw, that ain't good
Different town, different tour, different telly, different whore
Triple X, wet sex, who's next, latex
Condom, condo, I'm tight my money long though
You lookin? for a drink bitch I ain't what you lookin? for
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I'm out on bond but the forty still on me
Bouncin? 'round like Lil' Jon thinkin? 'bout my dead homies
Watch I hit, need a lick, ain't 'gon get me a brick
I keep on losin shootin? dice and I'm sick of this shit
Clientele still poppin? so the junkies keep comin?
And my neighbors is watchin? but we still getting? money
On this block till the sun drop I don't have a home
I do not stop, sellin? rocks, thug till I'm gone
Got a couple old schools and some iced out jewels
Some G-Unit shoes probably full of tatooes
'Bout to stomp me a bitch, put the pump to his lips
Tell him talk that shit, now y'all wanna trip
I keep it dirty on the East Coast dirty on the West
Just a dirty lil' nigga with a glock and a vest
Banks tell me you don't like 'em and you know what I'm a do nigga
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