You Already Know

Lloyd Banks feat. 50 Cent & Young Buck

[Intro: Lloyd Banks]
Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh![Chorus: Lloyd Banks]
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[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]
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 rubberband 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[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]
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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[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]
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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 gettin money
On thgis 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[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]
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