

Aw man, can I get a raw please  
Is y'all ready, is y'all ready  
For the main event, Damn  
Lloyd Banks

Guess who's the man this winter straight out the land of sinners  
The Range with hella spinners check out the white wrist  
Roll with the damn winners or you and your man's finished  
You and your Rams fitted turn off the light switch  
Holdin' my torch down even when the force 'round  
You let your wife roll she want a divorce now  
You niggas ain't this gully playas'll paint ya skully  
You'll never take this from me  
The riders and the gangstas with me  
(God Damn)  
You shouldn't be a problem I ain't be a problem  
See ya later, I read ya head you be a Rodman (What)  
I know ya type, hoppin all over the beat screamin'  
You call it hypin' yaself up I call it street dreamin'  
I do it for all of the haters the playas ball with the gators  
They lookin' forward to favors gossip is all they gave us  
You niggas wasn't quiet, meet the whales and fishes (Whoo)  
You lit the precinct up playin' tattle tale with the snitches  
Even my momma knows I got all kind of hoes  
They wait outside the show stripped after the diner closed  
I'll be designer clothes without the winer woes  
Take off my baby blue mink and Carolina bowls  
Come here, take a look inside a entertainer's closet  
I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorainna Bobbit  
Niggas stay and pocket  
I know you're made at me but shit ain't all peaches and cream  
And I ain't Sara Lee bitch (C'mon)

Don't ice me  
You starin' at the wrong one  
There's a lot of girls here  
Go and get up on one (What)  
We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone  
If you ain't leavin' here wit us  
You gon' walk home (Whoo)  
Go someone else where  
They know how we ride  
If you a playboy, you got one on each side  
Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride

(What)  
Ride  
(What)  
Ride  
(What)  
Ride  
(God Damn Let's Go)

I do this for the hood, niggas stuck in the slammer  
I smile cuz I'm good, you act tough for the camera (Whoo)  
Learn from the hood kids, they ain't fuckin' wit Santa  
Cuz they like Tupac more, (Word) Word to my grandma

I figure I might as well leave here with my glock drawn  
Cuz they'll take you to jail even when you not wrong  
Dog your not this flashy, dogs you got to blast me  
Every rock is classy, nobody on your block can match me (Whoo)  
You shouldn't want to fight, unless you wanna fight  
For your life in the Hospital for hundred nights  
I know your type, run behind your girlfriend rushin'  
You call it quality time, I call it handcuffin'  
I'm on the beach in Miami, cellular reachin' my family  
All the weekend in panties from Puerto Rican canny  
You niggas wasn't tough, I should've snapped some pics  
You wear ya pants tight, play pitty pat wit the chicks (Damn)  
Even my father knows where the revolver goes  
I bring the beef to ya front door like Dominoes  
And my diamonds froze that means my time froze  
Be in the club from when it's poppin' 'til the time it close (What)  
Half of these so-called real niggas'll probably sing  
Naw I ain't pullin' over, learned that from Rodney King  
So tell ya homey chill you know I hold the steel  
Everything from jabs to hooks and you ain't Holyfield, nigga (Damn)

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Everybody on the left get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)  
Everybody on the right get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)  
Everybody up front get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)  
And everybody out back get yo hands up (What)  
And if you in here wit 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)  
What, man fuck what he said  
Man 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)  
Ohhhhhhhh  
(what Whoo Kid)