

# You Know the Deal

Lloyd Banks

Uh, Uh, Yeah

Ay I'm focused now, they notice now  
Shorty to ride with me you got to hold this down  
But you ain't got to worry cause we run this town  
A nigga run up on me will get his ass gunned down  
(You know the deal, it's all about a Dollar Bill  
You know the deal, it's all about a Dollar Bill  
You know the deal, it's all about a Dollar Bill  
You know for reals, the only way that I can chill)

Uh, niggas won't understand 'til they man fall  
From a exit wound big as a handball, damn y'all  
Can a nigga spend a mill for a house on the hill as tall as a Ferris wheel?  
Niggas better chill, for the Barretta peel  
Knock off your head and ill, whole bunch of red'll spill  
Nigga I'm rollin' up, system blowin', hater's glowin' up, frozen up  
Range Rover truck color Coconut  
I used to be broke ass fuck, 'til I woke 'em up  
I'll show you how to stroke a slut, get in her throat and gut  
Then it's back to postin' up, wheels pokin' out  
Smoke about enough to have you gaspin' and chokin' out  
I - do what I wanna when I wanna ball when it's summer  
Leave out the club, squeeze 'em all in the Hummer  
Stitching in the seats, interior Peanut Butter  
Brand new Pelle Pelle, Nine-millimeter under

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Uh, Banks is back yeah the punchline boy  
You've got to be a millionaire to touch my toy  
I figured, I'll let the haters see it one more time  
I skeet off zero to sixty in three-point-nine  
Besides, I gotta make the jewelery store on time  
I look like I bought the jewelery store this time  
And it's hard to live like a Rap Star on the cover  
I got three Magnums, the gun, car, and the rubber  
I got a fur fetish, a three-quarter cut habit  
Nigga that ain't chinchilla, it's plucked parrot  
Part rabbit, go find your heart faggot  
I prey niggas find your foot and toe tag it  
There ain't never a drought, I got the sour on tour  
So raw I gotta hotel towel on the door  
Hoes all around the hotel pilld to the floor  
They done followed your boss since two-thousand and four

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From here on out it's manslaughter for the masses  
And classics courtesy of Mr. Mathers  
You bastards heard of me I get the cash  
It's the American way I go to bed with the 'K  
I got red, blue and white don't even ask about ice  
I look like a cop car flashin' his lights  
All he want to do is chit chat and make tapes about him  
'Til they lost like Malcolm before the "Nation" got him  
Out in timbaland tearing the coup, my wrist chunky like Campbells soup  
Niggas shoot, I done been around the world  
And I'm right here you won't hurt me  
I'll put your ass on ice yeah, cold turkey  
I'm blowin' Purple, the Haze mixed with Hershey  
I done gave you style, now reimburse me  
And it ain't no more love you get the "Birdie"  
I'm a be in the number one spot 'til I'm thirty

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