

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 piled 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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