

Guess who's the man this winter, straight out the land of sinners  
The Range is tan with spinners, check out the white mirrors  
Blow with the damn winners while you and your man's finished  
Two in your Rams fitteds, turn off your lightswitch  
Holdin my torch down, even when the force 'round  
You let your wife roam, she want a divorce now  
You niggas ain't this gully, play it I paint your skully  
You never take this from me the riders and all the gangsters love me  
You shouldn't be a problem, I ain't be a problem  
See you later I'll red your head, you'll be a Rodman  
I know your type, hoppin all over beat screamin  
You call it hypin yourself up, I call it street dreamin  
I do it for all the haters, the players roll with the gators  
They lookin forward to favors, gossip is all they gave us  
You niggas wasn't quiet, meet the whales and the fishes  
You leak the precinct up, play tattletale with the snitches  
Even my momma knows, I got all kind of hoes  
They wait outside of shows strict after the diner close  
I'll get designer clothes, without the wine or rose  
Take off my baby blue mink, and Carolina vogues  
Come here, take a look inside a entertainer's closet  
I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorena Bobbitt  
Niggas stay in pocket, I know you're mad at me  
But shit ain't all peaches and cream, and I ain't Sara Lee  
Bitch!

Don't ice me, you starin at the wrong one  
It's a lot of girls here, go and get a grown one  
We at the bar poppin bottles 'til they all gone  
If you ain't leavin here with us, you can walk home  
Cause someone else will, they know how we ride  
If you a playboy, you got one on the Eastside  
Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride

... (what) right... (what) right... (what) right... (right, damn!)  
(Let's go)

I do this for the hood, niggas stuck in the slammer  
I smile cause I'm good, you act tough for the camera  
Run from the lil' kids, they fuckin with Santa  
Cause they like 2Pac more - word? Word to my grandma  
I figure I might as well leave here with my Glock drawn  
Cause they'll take to jail, even when you're not wrong  
Dawg you're not this flashy, jux you got to blast me  
Every rock is classy nobody on your block can match me  
You shouldn't want a fight, unless you want to fight  
For your life in the hospital a hundred nights  
I know your type, run behind your girl rushin  
You call it quality time, I call it handcuffin  
I'm on a beach in Miami, so you ain't reachin my family  
All weekend with panties from Puetro Rican Cammie  
You niggas wasn't tough, I shoulda snapped two flicks  
You wore your pants tight, played pitty-pat with the chicks  
Even my father knows, where the revolver goes  
I bring the beef to your front door like dominoes  
And my diamonds froze, that mean my time is froze  
Me in the club from when it's poppin 'til the time it close

Half of these so-called real niggas'll probably sing  
Nah I ain't pullin over, learned that from Rodney King  
So tell your homey chill, you know I hold the steel  
Everything be jabs and hooks, and you ain't Holyfield  
Nigga!

Everybody on the left get yo' hands up  
Everybody on the right get yo' hands up  
Everybody up front get yo' hands up  
And everybody out back get yo' hands up  
And if you in here with a strap get yo' hands 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!) Now put 'em up! (Put 'em up!)  
... man fuck what he said man, 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!) Now put 'em up! (Put 'em up!)  
... ohhh-OHH!

Lloyd Banks, what?  
Ooooooooooooooh!