

# Funkmaster Flex, Rush

(feat. Lady Luck & A Kid Called Roots)

[Lady Luck]

Uhh, what

Lady Luck

Def Jam

Shutting the game down from the whip

To the tunnel

You in da club

Yo

Bang this

What ya'll gonna do when we rush the door

Buy out the bar then rush the floor (niggas)

Touch ya whore, I puff the raw

Push a 4, wrist gonna crush ya jaw

Don't trust a broad who rocking the Timberlands

Criminal like Eminem don't act feminine

But talk slick and six hit your women friends

Ball like Wimbledon trucks like cinnamon

It's them again (who)

Niggas hotter then you

It's like cop car lights with my rocks in view

Pay homage to Luck a.k.a Chrissie Wallace

Chick about them dollars, be a queen like Hollis

Rockwilders, pop collars, glock hollers

At Any nigga out to stop ours

Cause we lug shots, mug shots, all at you blood clots

One spot, gunshots, get the body dem hot

[Chorus x2]

[A Kid Called Roots] (Lady Luck)

All my niggas and broads we rush the door (c'mon)

Grap your drinks and rush the floor (c'mon)

We keep it hot from wall to wall (c'mon)

From the front to the rear get it crunk in here (yo, yo, yo, yeah)

[Lady Luck]

I came in the door, said it before

Luck getting drunk till I fall to the floor

Come back for more, rock wall to wall

Ball till I score, then out by the morn

How I dip and ride that whip I drive

On I-95 getting hed in the ride

Me and Root sipping Gin and The Juice

Jewelry to loose, jeans hang over my boots

You keep think that you bullet proof

Till I put to your head give it a sunroof

Good God, my whole squad hard

And bank accounts is large

Puff Chron--ic (\*couching\*) Stay in Phat Farm and Sean John

Chick shake yo ass like you want some cash

Nigga pump it fast like you want some ass

We don't flash, we blast

Whip crash, we laugh

Got the game on smash, with my sexy ass

[Chorus x2]

(Bridge)

[A Kid Called Roots] (Lady Luck)

Watch them boys they riot here (ya ya ya yeah)

We came to fight in here (ya ya ya yeah)

Turn off those lights in here (ya ya ya yeah)

We snatch y'all ice in here

[Lady Luck]

I said me and my medicine  
High off Excedrin  
Luck spit better than half you veterans  
In a hundred degree whether she got leather skin  
Never deal with problems if the cheddar ain't in  
Let us begin on how y'all never again will win  
Vodka and gin will have my fist rocking ya chin  
Smoke till eyes like Lil Kim slim  
Light skin, fight men, life very exciting  
Move like lighting, can't do the wife thing  
Keep an ice ring, lips very enticing  
Look this is my thing, till the fat chick sing  
I sex tracks with Viagra and ginseng  
Love to bling bling, your glocks go Bing Bing  
Mines go BLOW BLOW, hater how you like me now  
The flow, the style, the dough, will pow  
For Def Jam, Kev Liles, now it's critical

[Chorus x2]

[Lady Luck]

Bounce, c'mon, Def Jam (yeah)  
(Ya ya yeah) Lady Luck, Roots, Roots (yeah)  
Cuz-on, cuz-on, party on, party on  
Uh ya ya yeah [x3]  
[Laughs]