

# Lloyd Banks, Ain't No Click&nbsp;

[Tony Yayo]  
Yee nigga  
Fuckin back hunger for more  
Tony's home  
Yo Banks I told these niggas man  
[Lloyd Banks]  
Yall done fucked up now  
Yee!  
Yeeeeeee!  
[Tony Yayo]  
Here We go

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Aint no click like the one I'm with  
If the drama gets thick its the guns I get (Now)  
G Unit niggaz is runnin this shit (Now)  
If you aint reppin where you from then sit (Down)  
We gettin dough everywhere we go  
And it's killin 'em slow just to hear me blow (Now)  
G Unit niggaz is runnin this shit (Now)  
If you aint reppin where you from sit down

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

By now I know you done seen me  
On your stadium or TV with three eighty on the EV  
I skeet babies on your breezy  
and I aint stoppin Only Jake the Jacob could freeze me  
Leaves me and its bye bye gone  
We got guns like Pop-eye arms  
I put a ring on their finger But the rats still askin  
cause theres one in all they mind Im the Rap Phil Jackson  
n I built a rep for murderin every Whoo Kid, Kayslay and Big Mike  
admit it the kid tight, And you aint even put up a fight  
so its back to da amatures, Wrapped in ya sandwiches  
I'm hot now so the rats wanna stand with us  
They hop in the van with us and clap on cameras  
I hit the clubs now I'm back tourin Canada  
Amongst weed smokers, and crap floor gamblers

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Make sure the birds dont get brought to 'em  
I watched Kobe go from the basketball court to the courtroom  
Go ahead try n do me harm soldier  
you'll be in a black bag like grass out the lawnmower  
And I'll be damn if I co-sign a old snitch  
that was gangbangin when jaws was a goldfish  
I'm the name they all screamin on the street  
for bullyin the bassline and leanin on the beat  
I'm well known now so you see me on the creeps  
schemin on a freak fan blade leanin on a jeep  
Aint walkin with the fire, so if you say banks in ya verse then you better be talkin bout Tyra  
From PA to LA, Atlanta to Texas, Nashville to Memphis, My buzz is tremendous  
I pass thru the city slow, but the hit the gas on the silly hoe  
Bounce like ass in my video

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

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[Verse 3: Tony Yayo]

(Ayo banks let me put some work in, its been a while)

Ayo, uno, dos, tres, cuatro  
my clique eat like the 12 holy apostles  
And bust down models in flushed out tahoes  
jewels froze look like we hit the lotto  
P89, my clique filled wit hollows  
stun in the club get hit with yellow bottles  
Don't speak ma, if your neck dont swallow  
cuz 50 push bentleys and Dre push Diablos  
That Eminem money got cash in my eskro  
Scrooge Mcduck stays swimmin' in my cash flow  
Yay rappers cracked man I got the best blow  
best flow, Banks put me in the booth lets go  
think like castro, Games in the lasso  
dont jump in the Benz without steps on the petro  
God gave me this flow so I am special and 16 bars nigga I'm finished, finito!

[Chorus]

[Tony Yayo]

We Told YAll Muthafuckas Man!  
Yall Niggas Look Like Us And Smell Like Us But Your Not Us Man!  
Lloyd Banks Hunger For More!  
We Back Nigga!  
50 The General!  
Young Dezzy Buck!  
Game!  
The Rap Game Is Ours Nigga!  
Hunger For More!  
Rida Music Nigga!  
This For Them Gangsta, Them Generals, Them Comrades!  
Uh Huh!  
This Is Rida Music! (HaHa)