

Lloyd Banks, The Rush

Nah Nah I Don't Do All That Talking Man
Its One Way Or The Other
You Comin Or You Gonna Watch Another Bitch Leave With Me You Know The Rush
Thats The Way Shit Go
Im A Fuckin Rapstar!!!

Fresh Off Of The Plane
I Jets Off In The Range
First Class Seat But This West Coast Aint The Same
The Rap Game'll Bring Stress, Fortune And Fame
An Slow Drive Bys Like When They Aired Out Kane
Im In The S55 With Blew Out Chains
You Body Me, You Body Them
An They Pull Out Prayin
My Only Wish Is To Find Ya Catcher Lay Your Ass On A Stretcher
Betcha, Getcha Ass Out The Hood
All I Got Is Rap
An For That I Spazz Out For Good
Thats My Income It Keeps Me In Paz An Hollywood
Im Hardly Home,
When I Leave The Club The Party Gone
An Im Pissy Of Petroleum
Trying Get My Own Home
My Names Banks Baby,
Im Top Rank Lady
I Gotta Go Grab Your Coat
Itch You Aint Crazy
I Speed Off Gainin And Rushin To Bend Her Over Sumthin
Then Im Bumpin
The Volumes To The Max And Im Frontin
All Of A Sudden Shes Down On The Humble For A Feel
And Im Driftin In An Out Of Lanes
Fumblin The Wheel
A Couple Of Miles Later Ill Be Cummin On The Grill
Then Its Back To The Hotel To Chill
Ma' Give You The Rush
Damn Ma That Lil Outfit Got My Third Hand High
And I Need You To Understand I
Really Aint Got A Lot O Time
Bitch Ya Out Ya Mind Its Meeee
Damn Blood Dont U Wanna Get Out Of Them Handcuffs?
I Aint Gon Love You Like Your Man Does I Aint Gotta Lot Of Time Bitch Ya Out Ya Mind!