## 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 III 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!