

Funkmaster Flex

"Rush - Lady Luck"

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[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 than 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 "f" 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)
'cause-on, 'cause-on, party on, party on
Uh ya ya yeah (x3)

Laughs

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