

Funkmaster Flex

"Rush"

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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 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 y

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