

## Lloyd Banks

### "No Click"

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Feat. Jae-Hoffa

[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 it's the guns I get [Now]

G Unit niggaz is runnin this shit [Now]

If you aint reppin where you from this is [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 Jacob the jeweler ca-freeze me

Leaves me and it's bye bye gone/

We got guns like Pop-eye arms

I put a ring on their finger But the rats still askin/

Cause there's one in all they mind Im the Rap Phil

Jackson

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 it's back to da amateurs, 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:Jae-Hoffa]

I was told at a young age, to go let the gunz blaze/  
And don't believe the hype and be the one the front  
page/  
My name Jae-Hoffa and i know shit/  
When i drop, you gon' feel it like a rhino hit/  
Alotta dudes got mouths like they armed witta pistol/  
Til they see da burna in hand,arm out the window/  
Quit actin like my wrist don't glow  
,cause my rocks is yellow like it's winter and i pissed on  
snow/  
Dudes like to underestimate til they get a tech in face/  
And wanna be witnesses when a nigga get a weapon  
case/  
Album bout to drom so baby do-da-date/you ca-call me  
R.kelly i'll spray you in da face/  
Talkin bout you got a benz when you don't own no car/  
And my goons-a-lay you down like a porno star/  
Yeah, im lookin hotta, hey/wit a uzi two shots-a-a-  
knocka-way-two-cops-a-block-a-way,nigga!/  
[Verse 3: Tony Yayo]

[Verse 3: Tony Yayo]

(Ayo 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 don't swallow  
'cause 50 push bentleys and Dre push Diablos  
That Eminem money got cash in my eskro  
Screws Mcduck say 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  
Don't 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!  
Jae-Hoffa, The leader of the newschool Ngga, he only  
15 and bout to murder yall faggots  
The Rap Game Is Ours Nigga!  
Hunger For More!  
This For Them Gangsta, Them Generals, Them  
Comrades!  
Uh Huh!  
This Is Rida Music! (HaHa)

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