

Lloyd Banks "The Rush"

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Nah Nah, I dont do all that talking man
its one way or the either
you comin or you gonna watch another bitch leave wit
me
the way this shit go, ima fuckin rap star

[Verse]

Fresh off of the plane i jets off in the Range
First class seat but this west coast aint the same
The rap game will put stress, fortune, and fame
A slow drive-by when they aired out Kane
S55 all cleared out chain
They body me, you body them, support there out prayin
My only wish is to find ya catcher
Lay ya ass on a stretcher, betcha, getcha, ass out the
hood
All i got is rap for that, i spazz out for good
Thats my income, it keeps me in Paz and Hollywood
Im hardly home, when i leave the club the party gone
And im pissy off patrone, tryna get ma home
My name Banks baby, im top rank lady

I gotta go, grab ya coat, bitch you aint crazy
I speed off, gainin and rushin, and bend her over
somethin
And im pumpin, devyin till the macs and im frontin
All of a sudden she down on the humble for a feel
And im driftin in and out of lane, fumblin the wheel
A couple of miles later i be cummin on her grill
Then its back to the hotel and chill

[Chorus]

Ma i give you the rush
Damn ma, ya lil outfit got my third hand high
And i need ya to understand I
Aint really got alot of time, bitch out ya mind its me
Damn blood, dont you wanna get up out them
handcuffs
I aint gonna love you like ya man does
I aint got alot of time, bitch out ya mind

