

## Lloyd Banks

### "Touch It"

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[Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -  
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"

[Busta Rhymes]

See now you who the God be,  
back runnin the city and you know who the squad be  
Flipmode bitch look see ain't nothin changed  
Now I'm back with the remix with the Queens of the  
game (TURN IT UP!!)  
WHEN YOU SEE ME IN THE SPOT YOU NIGGAS BETTER  
RESPECT IT  
Y'ALL ALREADY KNOW WHERE I REP AIN'T NO REASON  
TO CHECK IT  
AND I KNOW THAT YOU AIN'T FUCKIN WITH ME JUST  
FOR THE RECORD  
SO INSTEAD I'M A LET, MARY J. BLIGE COME AND SET IT

[Mary J. Blige]

(Now get low Mary!) Maybe you can guess who it is (Uh  
huh)  
Mary J. Blige about to handle my biz (Uh huh)  
I'm on my grown woman still I rep for the kids  
In every hood, and all my peoples doin a bid (TURN IT  
UP!!)  
NOW YOU KNOW WHO'S REALLY THE QUEEN DELIVER  
THE MAIL  
SEVEN HUNDRED THIRTY THOUSAND FIRST WEEK \*ON\*  
MY SALES  
THE HATERS PLOT AND THEY WATCH LOOKIN ALL PALE  
WHILE I'M ON A YACHT, OVERSEAS DOIN MY NAILS  
(Get low Mary!) Well let me show you how we do (Ha!)  
I gotta thank everyone for coppin The Breakthrough  
(Uh huh)  
Bus did take one the remix is take two  
You love the way we reinventin how we just stay new  
(TURN IT UP!!)  
HOW WE SELLIN OUT \*THEM\* STADIUMS, ARENAS AND  
ALL (Ha!!!)  
ONLY LOUIS AND GUCCI WE DON'T SHOP AT THE MALL  
(Huh!)

GOT YOU PARTYIN AND DANCIN AND HAVIN A BALL  
AND YOUR LOVIN THE WAY WE REPPIN HOW WE DO IT  
FOR Y'ALL GO 'HEAD AND

[Rah Digga]

(Get low Digga!) See me rollin up in your hood {Uh  
huh}

These jokers scream, in damn Rah still be lookin good  
{Yeah}

They do they little mack he askin me who I tapped  
Ain't none of your concern you a G make it hap (TURN  
IT UP!!)

WHEN I GIVE A NIGGA SOME PLAY HE LOSIN HIS BRAIN  
(Uh)

ASKIN ME A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS ACTIN LIKE HE MY  
MAN

WANNA STRESS A BITCH OUT TELLIN ME I DID CHANGE  
THEY SAYIN DAMN MY BAD IF YOU FELL FOR THE GAME

(Get low Digga!) Now he sittin there lookin stuck (Ha!)

He thinkin cause he spent a little dough I'm 'gon fuck  
If money ain't a thang I'm sayin let a bitch know

\*Time\* to empty a account, how far you willin to go  
(TURN IT UP!!)

NOW HE \*HOPPIN\* ON THE JET HE AIN'T WASTIN NO  
TIME

\*TOTALLY\* ALL EXPENSE PAID ANYPLACE I COULD FIND  
HIT THE ISLANDS IN THE WINTER \*TRIPPIN\* ALL ON HIS  
DIME

AIN'T A SHORTY IN THE WORLD PUSSY BETTER THAN  
MINE, THEY WANNA

[Missy Elliot]

Bus this is serious man!!!!!!!!!! (Get low Missy!)

I'm jinglin baby, go 'head mami,

don't I look charmin put your lips \*upon\* me {Woo!!!}

Kiss it touch it, good, yes I wish you would (TURN IT  
UP!!)

YOU LIKE TO SEE ME WHEN I DIP BABY DIP (Ha1)

DON'T IT LOOK LIKE I GOT BEYONCE'S HIPS

LOOKIN LIKE I COULD BE NIA LONG

BOY YOU SMOKIN THAT \*CHEECH AND\* CHONG

(Get low Missy!) Have you ever seen thickness in a  
thong {Come on!}

You can hit it like a game of ping pong

If you give me two shots of \*Patron\*

Nigga bring it on I might let you take me home (TURN IT  
UP!!)

NOW BUSTA BUS {BUS!!} MISDEMEANOR IN HERE

THIS YEAR BE CLEAR Y'ALL BE BEWARE

FAKE MC'S Y'ALL CAN'T COME NEAR

I'M TOXIC BABY LIKE I'M BRITNEY SPEARS

[Chorus]

"Touch it- bring it - babe - watch it -  
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"

[DMX] WHAT, remix

[Busta] We 'bout to do it again

[DMX] WHAT, remix

[Busta] We 'bout to do it again

[DMX] WHAT, remix

[Busta] We bout to do it again

[DMX] WHAT

[Busta Rhymes]

Aiyyo dog, lets take it to another level

Get low Bus

You see them back with the smash

I told you niggaz I'm comin and bustin yo ass

A lot of niggaz is hype, but you know they hardly be  
trash

See I don't read through them niggaz, bout to step on  
the gas (TURN IT UP)

EVERYBODY WANNA KNOCK IT, SEE THIS SHIT OFF THE  
HOOK

GOT THE DOG WIT ME LIKE WE BOUT TO DO IT TO  
JOOKS

EAT A NIGGA FOOD, CALL ME BLACK CAESAR THE  
CROOK

AND WHILE I'M BACK BRINGIN THE PRESSURE

YOU NIGGAZ IS SHOOK

Get low Bus, aye nigga, gimme a second

See you ain't in my lane homie, just for the record

Everytime you see me, you need to, you better respect  
it

Cause when I bring it, you know I'm only comin to bust it  
(TURN IT UP)

BUSTA BUS, SWIZZ AND X, YOU CAN'T HANDLE US  
NOW

SEE I'M THE THRONE HOLDER BITCH, THE SHIT'S  
UNANIMOUS NOW

WHO THE FUCK WANNA TRY TO COME BANG WIT US  
NOW

NONE OF YALL, THAT'S WHY OUR BITCH WANNA HANG  
WIT US NOW

I LET 'EM

[Chorus]

"Touch it- bring it - babe - watch it -  
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"

[DMX]

Anything it's took, it's gon be a breakdown  
Come through like "hmmm, what I'm gon take now?"  
Whatever the fuck I want, trust me dog  
It gets ugly even when it comes to the hunt (TURN IT  
UP)  
NIGGAZ LIKE TO STUNT, YOU WANNA TO FRONT  
I'MA HIT YOU AND YOUR MAN  
AND IMA HIT YOU WHERE YOU STAND (WHAT)  
NIGGAZ AIN'T BUILT FOR NOTHIN BUT FRONTIN  
COME THROUGH, FAGGOTS HIT THE SECURITY  
FRONTIN (Keep goin X)  
Get that do, What that do? How that do?  
Fuck you faggot, I shot at you  
And what? You and you mans butt, you in your man's  
truck  
But your chance is up, not get up {TURN IT UP}  
YOU KNOW HOW THAT SHIT GOES, LET THAT SHIT GO  
AIN'T NOTHIN CHANGE, BEEN THE SAME FROM THE  
GETGO (WHAT)  
GET UP OUT THAT WHIP YO, I AIN'T GON' TELL YOU  
AGAIN  
FUCK IT, SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

[DMX]

Swizz is the monster, X is the beast  
Fuckin wit Bus, man everyday is a piece  
Stay off the streets, tired of talkin to y'all niggaz  
I'ma stick a fork at y'all niggaz (TURN IT UP)  
WHEN I HIT 'EM, MAN THAT CRUNK GON GET 'EM MAN  
FUCKED UP HOW I DID 'EM MAN (WHAT)  
AIN'T NO REMORSE BUT THE CHORUS, TRUTH IS  
CAN I BE THE BODY? NIGGA TOOTHLESS

[Busta Rhymes]

Get low Bus, just like peas and rice  
The way I cook, niggaz gotta have a Jesus Christ  
What the fuck you niggaz wanna do? Please, I'm nice  
I'm only gonna say it once, I'm ain't sayin it twice (TURN  
IT UP)  
YO I SWEAR TO GOD, YOU DON'T WANT  
NO PROBLEM WHEN I PACK OUT THE FULL CLIP  
BUS RHYMES, BACK ON THE BULLSHIT  
FUCK YOU WANNA COME AROUND, YOU AND YOUR  
CREW SPIT  
I'M HEAR TO FIX THE GAME AND I'M BACK WIT THE  
TOOLKIT, YOU CAN

[Chorus]

"Touch it- bring it - babe - watch it -  
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(G-Unit!!!) Yeah! Streetsweepers!!!  
REMIX PART THREE!!! REMIX PART THREE!!! REMIX PART  
THREE!!!  
Aiiyyo just imagine if they cut the lights off in the club

[Lloyd Banks]  
(Get low Banks!) Who you know that got a flow this sick  
Pump shotty nobody can hold his click  
Them hoes eyein they probably on my dick  
The chocolate would look good in my all white whip  
(TURN IT UP!!)  
AND YOU KNOW I STAY WITH THE SKITS SO DON'T EVEN  
TRY  
KISS YO' ASS BYE BYE YOU BE ALONE IN THE SKY  
AND THE FIRST HUMAN BEING NOW TO LEARN HOW TO  
FLY  
AND I BE LOW IN THE BM ON MY WAY OUT NY  
(Get low Banks!) I know it feels like I been gone for a  
minute  
But I'm back chinchilla Ice on with a fitted  
Everybody talk money everybody \*talk wit it\*  
with that bowl of bread smaller than the arm of a  
midget  
(TURN IT UP!!) AND YOU KNOW I'M DOIN MY THING IT'S  
BLUE IN THE RING  
IF YOU HAD IT LIKE THIS YOU PROBABLY DO IT THE  
SAME  
BUT YOU WON'T CAUSE YOU BROKE ALL YOU DO IS  
COMPLAIN  
AFTER THE CLUB, I'MA PUT A FEW IN THE RANGE AND  
LET 'EM

[Chorus]  
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[Papoose]  
(Get low Papoose!) Papoose, Pa-poose, had to get on  
this club banger  
Smack you in your mouth make you swallow your pulp  
razor  
Pop a couple bottles laugh about it with Bus later  
Bare witness I'm the young savior (TURN IT UP!!)  
I GOT STATEN ISLAND ON MY PINKY QUEENS ON MY  
\*THUMB\* DUDE  
THE BRONX ON MY MIDDLE FINGER SCREAMIN FUCK  
YOU  
ROCK ICE IN MANHATTAN SO THERE'S THE RING FINGER  
YOU KNOW I HAD TO KEEP BROOKLYN ON THE TRIGGER  
FINGER  
(Get low Pap!) Five boroughs of death, you don't

understand  
I got New York City in the palm of my hand  
Now I could make a tight fist and let it crumble  
ridiculous  
Or I could smack the world with a New York Nemesis  
(TURN IT UP!!)  
I FLIP THE MAG AND GET THE CLAPPIN IF IT HAPPENS RIP  
HIS JACKET  
SPLIT HIS BACK AND LIFT HIS HEAD I'M GETTIN AT HIM  
(Ha!!)  
PICK UP A DIFFERENT MAG AND THEN ATTACK HIM  
WHEN I GRAB HIM SHIT IS BLASTIN  
WITH A PASSION GET IT CRACKIN THE ASSASSIN, YOU  
LET 'EM

[Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -  
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"

[Busta Rhymes]

(Get low Bus!) You see me you love me the streets  
declare me God of the hood  
You niggaz is watchin and wishin you could  
Be claimin the throne the way I got it lock it mu'fuckers  
What's good you tryin to stop it I'm wishin you would  
(TURN IT UP!!)  
CAUSE THEM I'M GLAD TO HIT YOU WITH THE FACT  
THAT THE GOD IS IMMORTAL AS SPIT  
THE WAY I BE DOIN HISTORICAL SHIT  
INCASE YOU AND YOUR NIGGAS ACT LIKE YOU AINT  
KNOW WHEN I'M INFORMIN YOUR CLICK  
I TAKE YOUR BITCH WHILE I'M PERFORMIN MY SHIT  
(Get low Bus!) As I was sayin niggaz know I ain't playin  
There's no more delayin I'm comin and alyin  
The street with the heat now turn up the beat until you  
go deaf  
I eat a nigga food until nothin left (TURN IT UP!!)  
NOW THE WAY I'M KILLIN AT THIS MASS LIKE I'M DOIN  
(?)  
RESPECT IT YOU BETTER GETTHE SALUTIN ME WHEN  
YOU SEE ME  
LLOYD BANKS, PAPOOSE AND BUSTA BUS YEAH I'M  
GREEDY  
I PAINT THE ILLEST PICTURE FOR THE HOOD LIKE I DO  
GRAFFITI

[Chorus]

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