

Frankie Gues To Hollywood

"Feel the Rush"

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Intro/Chorus:

Feel the rush, now they wanna bounce with us
As the money keep comin, in God we trust
And we only spread love to the women we lust
And when it all go down Vacant Lot will bust

[Kasino]

Bet it all, I bet I ball harder than them
Give me a year, I turned this block into the Carter for ya
Started off small, ended up larger than them
Prayed to me, and sayin "Our Father" for them
They can't win, they sittin on money they can't spend
I play my cards right, you throwin your hand in
Twenty-two years and I'm still standin
Put your deal on it if you're still gamblin
I'm holdin more wis than the cultural gremlin
It's no part of business I don't gotta hand in
Kasino, say it so the whole world can hear it
Live on the air, I bet your label won't clear it
Weak bloodline, niggas I fuck up your spirit
Rap is my hustle, you need guns to come near it
With God trustin, money lustin
I'm nasty with the hands but with the guns I'm disgustin

[Big Stan]

Rarely, heavily armed, ghetto-created Don
They wan' take it to the streets, we do it like Vietnam
We express thoughts with less talk but more action
Soon platinum reaction with full metal jacket rappin
I make it happen, you the jokers, we the last laughin
You wanna scream too, Wes Craven for all my people
Give you nightmares, roy-al lyrically lethal
Tape projections if you fiend for perfection
Excite rap addicts wathcin doe's go at it
This analogy's for savages living in drug palaces
If money got you misled, follow the realest
Face we fill, Vacant Lot, built from the rock up
Jam packed with chicks so I stay tryin to stock up
Like Bill Bigsby, chicks be waitin for queen backs
Not one for compromisin or barely survivin

Sex, Videotapes & Lies while I'm drivin

Chorus (x2)

[Mic Vandals]

Yo yo yo

Norman Bates, feeds off excitement, tightenin

Lead poison travel the speed of light and frightenin

Felt the bad vibes son, uhh

Griff, we out another one, uhhh.....

Yellow bus niggas, native gutters, me and my brothers

and others who don't know the map, see the path is
laid out

Prepare for the war cos I'm psycho, they're right do'
beat em down, brutally with pipes broke

It's subminimal and general form of criminals

and timid dudes who put gun plots and influence

Hopin joints is loaded, kickin fifty liners

for small timers and your minors

Transformin this, brainstormin this, live performances

Mic V-I, be a leader, see ya

Raise up lyrically, yo I blast mines

to the last rhyme and repeat it, the same crime

>From the heart comes every word spoken

Slip and you sleep with the box left open

Body full of fluid that'll keep your flesh fresh

til they put you in the ground where you rot like the rest

I done had the best, tried to hit me but they missed

If you get the thought (thought.....) think about the risk

Cos I could be the calmest motherfucker you know, or
be warned

Have you seen a hurricane em like the eye of the
storm?

When my guns are drawn, you're not able to flee

cos when your lungs are gone you're unable to breathe

I know you hear me, nigga do you feel my words?

This shit is eagle, spit the talons that'll shred your
nerves

Round 1 shatters your spine, leavin you numb

Round 2 splatters your mind, this leavin you dumb

And that third one sure to put you under

Last hearin you shout "Vacant Lot" before the thunder

Chorus (x2)

Outro:

What? What? What? What? (Yeah)

Mic V-I's, yeah, Mic Vandals

What? Yeah, Vacant Lot, ????

Niggas wanna bounce with us, uhh (Kasino)
Niggas wanna bounce with us (1-thru-9)
Niggas wanna bounce with us (O-F-O)
Niggas wanna bounce with us, uhh (Yeah, T-C)
All them niggas wanna bounce with us (They know!)
Niggas wanna bounce with us (Word up, Vacant Lot)
Niggas wanna bounce with us (Vacant Lot, can't dolo)
Uhh, niggas wanna bounce with us (Uhh)

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