

Fred Durst F/ Johnny Reznick

"Talkin' Bout Bank"

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King Saan:
Who ride with me?
King Saan and Mr. T
Out to clock G
Major deep with my folly
Bump the police
Them fools ain't knowin' me
The K the I the N the G
With crazy ass Mr. T
Doin' an Al Pacino over a C Note
We smoke we go for broke
Hit then choke smash on the gas
Faster than Road Rash
Strippin' rent for the cash
Shoot the shot and lay it off the class (whew)
Cause homey talkin' bullshit but we know
But you gotta recollect and respect the Hobo
We've been puttin' it down like major ah
Ballers in the town
Hoes get clowned
But don't try and stop you'll get dropped during the
operation
Cause you're playerhatin'
Cause we makin'
Major cash
Makin' fools major mad
But player haters don't really know the half

Hook: (x4)
Ride with me King Saan and Mr. T
Out to clock G (just
talk about bank) (x8)
Major deep with my folley

Mr. Taylor:
Most days I ride cut the B.S. to the side
Nothin' but pay
Each and every way
I say to the players and they ask
"What's goin' on Mr. Taylor?"
"Paper"

Big enough to fill a sky scraper
So much you think I pulled a caper no vapors and chase
Same people I find
You have to have a different state of mind
(Then what?)
I've never been stuck and is down to rich real quick
I stick to the calm the cool collective
Get back with my folley out blaze up a chom
Not flambroast but somethin' real close to divide
Shit man we came with a plan to make a grand
Got stand with my dice in my hand
Thinkin' I'm shootin' blanks?
Fool I'm talkin' bout bank

Break yourself playa. Fat lumps baby.

Hook

King Saan:

Everybody know it's all about bank
Playas ain't slippin' all day smokin' on dank
Gotta make sure I got security fuck the jury
So my fist of fury stay fired up
Everyday posted drawn blue print with Mr. Tay
Spend your scratch and let the hit play
And potna you'll see why we called the WhoRidas
Spittin' like choppers and snakes with venom
Make you react like gin in your system
Like adrenaline
If you're listenin'
You'll recognize that the lik is here uh
Fo life tightest new rhymes
When we come through and life up your life
Like ? flyin' through the night fool we strike
Yeah that's right
Cause when it really goes down
Funk mode all through the town
Bitch you gots to stay paid till you go against the grain
Got barrels to the brain
Jackers doin' they thang
Ballers in the game sellin' cocaine
Women yellin' your name with pictures in the frame
I'm just talkin' bout bank

Hook

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