

# Ain't No Click

Lloyd Banks

Yeah Nigga!  
We fuckin back! Hunger for More!  
Tony's Home!  
Yo Banks I told these nigga's man  
(Ya'll done fucked up now)

Ain't No click like the one I'm wit'  
If the drama gets thick, It's the guns I get (Now)  
G-Unit nigga's is runnin' this shit (Now)  
If you ain't reppin' where you from then sit (Down)  
We gettin' doh' everywhere we go  
And it's killin' em' slow just to hear me blow (Now)  
G-Unit nigga's is runnin' this shit (Now)  
If you ain't reppin where you from-Sit Down!

By now I know you done seen me  
On ya' stadium or TV, with 380 on the EV  
I skeet babies on ya breezy  
And I ain't' stoppin', Only Jack the Jacob could freeze me  
Squeeze me and its bye bye gone  
We got guns like Popeye's arm  
I put a ring on every finger but the rats still askin'  
'Cause there's one on all of mine, I'm the rap Phil Jackson  
I built the rep for murder on every Who Kid  
Kay Slay, and Big Mike, admit it the kid tight  
And you ain't' even put up a fight, so its back to the amateurs  
Wrappin' ya' sandwiches, I'm hot now so the rats want to stand wit' us  
They hop in the van wit us and clap on cameras  
I hit the clubs, now I'm back tourin' Canada's  
Amongst weed smokers and crap floor gamblers

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Make sure the birds don't get brought to him  
I watched Kobe go from the Basketball Court to the courtroom  
Go'head try to do my harm solider  
And you'll be in a black bag like grass out the lawnmower  
And I'll be damn if I cosign a old snitch  
That was gangbangin' when Jaws was a Goldfish  
I've been named New York's screamin' on the street  
For bullying the baseline and leanin' on the beat  
I'm well known now so you see me on the creep  
Schemin' on a freak, fan base leanin' on the jeep  
They walkin' wit the fire  
So if you say banks in ya verse, Then you better be talkin bout Tyra  
From P.A. to L.A., Atlanta to Texas  
Nashville to Memphis, My buzz is tremendous  
I pass through the city slow, But hit the gas on a silly hoe  
Bounce like ass in my video

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Aye yo  
Uno, dos, tres, quatro'  
My click eat like the Twelve Holy Apostles  
We bust down models, and plush out Tahoe's  
Jewels froze, look like we hit the Lotto  
P89, My clip filled wit' hollows  
Stunt in the club, get hit wit' yellow bottles  
Don't speak ma if ya neck don't swallow  
'Cause 50 push Bentley's and Dre push Diablo's  
That Eminem money got cash in my Escrow  
Screws ???? swimmin' in my Castro  
Yay' rap is crack, and I got the best blow, best flow  
Banks' put me in the booth, Let's Go  
Think like Cestro, the games in a lasso  
Jump in the Benz without snaps on the petro'  
God gave me this flow, so I am special  
In 16 bars nigga I'm finished, Faneeco!

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We told y'all motherfuckers man  
Ya'll niggaz look like us, stunt like us, but y'all not us man!  
Lloyd Banks, Hunger for More!  
We back nigga!  
50 the General!  
Young Beezy Buck!  
Game!  
Rap game is ours nigga!  
Hunger for More!  
This is rider music nigga!  
This for them gangstas, them generals, and them comrades!  
This rider music! ha ha!