

Cashing In

Lloyd Banks

Whooooooooooooooooooooooooohhhhhhh!

I'm back! {MO MONEY!}

Gang Green! {PART 3!}

Yeah! {"CASHING IN"!} Yeah!

Yo' boy's sick! - So move or the germ might touch ya

I'm at the rucker! - Burning them trees up like Usher. (whoo!)

When I teach you how to rap fam' - I'm in that black van (uh!)

Like Air Ones and Canaries the size of Pacman. {NONE STOP}

Who gives a fuckk if it's our brawl (uh!)

'Cause my dog got the windows from the 24 hours store. (shit!)

I'm on the verge of flippin'

Lord send me a sign! - 'Fore I empty this .9 and leave the board drippin'! [g unshot]

Me and 50 are like Michael and Pippin

Ryu and Ken! (uh!) - Whoever you send - I'm a rip 'em! (g'eah!)

I'm added to {DAMN!} society! - Mainly with' my system.

Run and put em' in the truck - like a kidnapping victim. (uh-huh!)

I'm papa so they pushin' me harder!

My associates got interior motives like - wishin' his father. (uh-'uh!)

I figure! - I rather play with' these blades before I pass

Build a ballcourt! - And go buy Bentleys to go to crash! (3RD!)

I'm headed towards my prime with' metaphors and lines (yeah!)

And I compliment my momma with pedacures and wind. (whattup ma'?)

I'm line from line, the rap Einstein!

Pound for pound (uh!) I'm Tyson (uh!) - A.K.A (uh!) Icyin'. (whoo!) {Whooooo !}

Message for the record I ain't sleepin' for a second. (uh!)

So even if I make it there's a tool under the pillow. {GOD-... } [gun cocks]

I'm brought up! {DAMN!} - To the V with' a poolish from the window,

I'm a smoker! - So the brokas won't leave us with the Indo. (ooooooooooooohhh !)

[gunshot] {Whooooo!}

I'm always with' a pair! - 'Fore the crew looks for the bimbo,

A dead meats in your daughter, I'll fuck her and won't support her. (uh-

huh!)

I'm matching on the pedal

Smile from ear to ear; middle finger in the air - before I catch her eye! (f uck you nigga!)

Keep rydin' behind your tens fuck! (fuck!)

Niggas don't know; no better. - They'll rob you for the Rhinestones and your pimp cup.

They goin' off if we say:

"Niggaz is runnin' off from my buzz. - Faster than Jamaicans in the relay."

I'm blowin' the Kush! - Driving lazy in the lane

Yelling money ain't a fame, (uh!) like Jay-

Z (uh!) and Jermaine. (uh!) {HAHA!}

About 80 (uh!) on the chain (uh!) like Brady (uh!) with' the aim (uh!)

I'm the same! - Whether the Mercedes or the train. (OOH! OOH!)

And I may be on a plane - by the end of the night. But it's aight throw;

I might throw! - I'm rich off a mic hoe! (uh-huh!) {Whooooo! }

My stamina's low - X-Rated is my type so

I keep the crib packed in, no telling where it might go.

Living room! Dining room! (uh!) Bedroom! (uh!) Bathroom! (uh!)

Upstairs! (uh!) Nuts smared, all over your Sasoon. (ooooooooooooooooohhhhh h!) {NONE STOP!}

Ya on that fly shit! - That SouthSide shit!

Thet I'm a sell on these 10 million before I die shit. (SouthSiide!) [shot]

I'm from the block; where the heafers be. (uh!)
To doing shows out in Pinkston when they rocking where your peppers see. (ha
!)
And being gangsta ain't enough - a lil' nigga that's stuntin',
Will put a killa in a box like Chuck! - CH'EAH! [gunshot] {Whooooooooooooo!}