

# Jackpot

Lloyd Banks

Yeah, yeeeaaah!  
We ain't playin' no games, man; we spend money, nigga!  
Haahahahaa-ahh!  
Just do what you do best in life.  
That 2012 shit! (Jahlii Beats... holla at me!)  
Bank\$!

Maaaan, I'm just fuckin' these hooees - like I'm crushin' these shooows;  
100 dollar shoe strings, now I'm bucks for these hooeses!  
Look in my eyes and see cloouuds; - I'm puffin' them O's, (uhh!)  
A three-some ain't shit! - I need a couple of those. (uhh!)  
Mr. Touch-It-When-I-want, POW! Punch her with the rhymes, (rhymes!)  
Tell ya girl we said: "Whassup? " (whassup?) - We jump her all the time.  
You got next? I got next aaaf-ter, no need to gas her;  
She beokin' up cause I'm a rapper, skeet laughter.  
Catch me laughin' at a bank today, laughin' at a bank tomor'  
I do these niggas like my son. - Ya should thank my father! (uhh!)  
I make it rain harder,  
I was late and her ass still shakin' like I hit it with the teaser! (yeah!)  
I'm tryna get this money, show me what your mama gave ya! (yeah!)  
Appetite is animal, so pardon my behavior. (uhh!)  
I split a crowd of bitches at the Garden, I'm the savior (savior!)  
Hit after hit. - Knock the heart right outta hater!

Spendin' is my hobby. (u-huh!) - I'm ballin', - sorry! (uhh!)  
Lately I've been havin' dreams of crushin' e'rybody! (uh-huuuh!)  
I'm a see you muthafuckas at the top, (top!)  
Then come into my mind, see nothin' but the guap! (guap!)

They thought this shit was done; but the grind don't stop! (yeah!)  
I'm runnin' through 'em, one after gun cause I'm hot. (yeah!)  
I'm a hit ya hun like a drum make it drop (yeah!)  
Then I'm lookin' for another one to taker her spot. (spot!) - JACKPOT!

I'm the rawest in Queens. - It's all for the green! (uh-huh!)  
The chicks ain't mine! (naaah!) - They all for the team. (yeah!)  
I told her get in the six, - cause they walkin' to me;  
I'm 'bout to murk me a bitch. - White chalk on the scene! (yeeeaaah!)  
Money can't buy ya style; my style made to be fly (uh-huuuh!)  
I'm from the front so far. - My glass facin' the sky!  
She front? She out the same minute! (minute!) - Placin' fives;  
She ain't dope! - She don't get digits - or reach my supply.  
I'm in the rocket, chasin' paper. - My ego lead the anker;  
Ain't no way I'm gon' land this muthafucka unless it's major!  
Mami do me a lil' favor! - Don't go catchin' feelings;  
Don't you go complainin' cause I'm not used to hearin'!  
Uhh! - By 21, I made a million. (million!)  
Fast drops in my back drop chillin'. (chillin'!)  
Lettin' niggas see me I don't pass blocks spillin' (uh-uuuuh!)  
Roll up like a smoker with a bag chopped ceilin'. (ceilin'!)

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