

# Start It Up

## Lloyd Banks

Ladies and gentleman You know they mad 'cause of, 'cause of, 'cause I'm hood rich  
You never ever, ever seen a nigga good trick  
You want a problem? Start it up, start it up  
Start it up, wait a minute Big blue, cotton city shoe, cotton candy Coupe  
Hard knock, orphan Annie loop, off the stoop  
Play with me, see what the screamy do, my canary shoe  
High beams pointed right at you, peek-a-boo Benji paper made me hater-proof, all your family dues  
Mnage a trios, purple haze and Goose, got me loose  
Kick my way in and now I got the juice, Gucci bubble boots  
Thousand kicks, couple hundred boots, getting fuckin' loop My top down, I'm flashing on 'em  
I'm passing all 'em, pullover and hit the hazards on 'em  
The ratchets on 'em, paid my dues, now it's back to ballin'  
My raps are pouring dead men, I get the casket for 'em I'm back performing, I bag 'em, break they back, don't  
call 'em  
Look down on 'em like Dikembe, Patrick Mourning  
Cash is pourin', stunt stormin', got these bitches soaked  
Camera phones capture everything that pictures don't You know they mad 'cause of, 'cause of, 'cause I'm hood  
rich  
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Start it up, wait a minute We keep these G's in a alloy safe  
And stash the weed in a Altoid case  
They say good things come to those who wait  
So I'm be at least about a hour late I'm so fresh, bitch, I should be arrested  
New Cody Chester with my nuts on your chest, bitch  
She said "Hey, yeah", I said "Yes, bitch"  
Damn, I'm only asking you a question I met this MILF at the All Star getting action  
A cougar with more rings than Phil Jackson  
Told her beauty is why God invented eyeballs  
And her booty is why God invented my balls I'm a rock star, huh, start it up  
Start it up, huh, start it up  
So popular you should get a shot of us  
Niggas don't take shots at us that is only obvious The first album I vomited, the second I colonic'd it  
Ain't nobody fucking with me, I platonic'd it  
Bet I got some slippers on, bet niggas gon' honor it  
These ain't even real clothes, homie, I'm pajama rich Banks told me, homie, go switch the style up

These bitches on me, homie, only to arouse us  
Told her I ain't paying tonight I'm only browsing  
She pulled her blouse up, said "It's free", I said "Wow" You know they mad 'cause of, 'cause of, 'cause I'm  
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Start it up, wait a minute Ninja, Kawasaki  
Ducati, my old Harley  
Rock the party, move ya body  
Wassup, everybody Start it up, start it up  
Start it up, start it up  
Start it up  
Let's get it started, get it started, get it started, yeah, yeah Ladies and gentlemen Plenty hate, they be taking shots,  
never penetrate  
Money generated, if we ain't in the house, renovate  
Tryin' to eat, we ain't fixin' to wait, where's the dinner plates?  
BMW, ten to 8, interstate 95, passenger, baddest bitch in the states  
Half Spanish, half Trinidad, complexion Henny straight  
Y'all ain't got your business straight, track star, finna state  
Time is money and I can't afford to be a minute late It's time to make a movie let the haters watch  
Diamonds spinning round the bezel, that's tornado watch  
My independent chick, I like my ladies koch  
She got an appetite for dick, I guess her place my crotch Y'all soft as tater top, long niggas try me not  
Under the wing, fried rice at the Chinese spot  
I hear 'em talking it but they ain't really living it  
Opinions are like assholes, so, who gives a shit You know they mad 'cause of, 'cause of, 'cause I'm hood rich  
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