I got bandz
Don't need these hoes, money racks to blow
Nigga I got bandz
Lets get this dough, run the world fo' sure
I got bandz

Man I'm in these streets its been a long day

Bout to sign this deal and throw it all away
Bout to cop the crib that Dame lost today
Funny look at them niggas that slipping, you trippin', no fear, my ni
ggas, we get it
I'm looking at throwing the world thru these glass ceilings
And when I step outside bad bitches with me
Back in my section twisting that lala can't be stressing
Wake up, fall asleep to Dizzy Gillespie
Back it up and break it down
She gon' bust it on this dick you gon' take her out of town
I put ice in my veeners, I put rubies in my crown
Count them stacks and blow them racks, niggas know who they around

Okay, I walk in this bitch I fuck shit up then I leave ho Pay your car note or get some money for that weed ho 45 hundred, blow it, there go double c's ho Might go throw a Birkin bag if you tell me please ho She gon' throw that ass back, drop that on them real niggas I'm gon' throw that cash back, drop that on the real bitches Murder on that pussy, ho, I feel like I kill bitches You gon' get like every bag and every jewel if I deal with you Young nigga ballin' like I fuckin' hit the lottery You just want the money shorty, you ain't gotta lie to me All these niggas hatin' on me, know they wanna body me Cause every time you see a nigga, I look like a robbery Whoa!

Ooooh, I know you bitch niggas hate me now I got bandz, I got bandz, I got bandz, I got bandz

Lately I been goin crazy
Laughin', drinkin', find myself in arms of different women (huh)
Toast it, I need to use my cerebellum
Tried to tell 'em cut that rap shit all that wack shit is underwhelmi
ng
Times ticking, palms itching
Minds tripping, tired of living, mad decisions, I kill 'em
Ooooh, I know you bitch niggas hate me now
I got bandz, I got bandz, I got bandz, I got bandz

[Chorus - 2X]