

Bands

Ambjaay

Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang
Grrw, grrw, grrw hey
Yeah, yeah, AMB business, man
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ay, it cost live like this, you hear me

I like all these bands in a rubber band
Being broke don't think you understand
Hitech got me leaning like a kickstand
Buss down bitch, they call me the drip man

Deliver a nigga, shots like the mailman
I don't cuff bitches, bitch, I'm not your man
I'ma run up a bag, I need the bands
And if you reach, I'ma teach better get yo mans

I'ma blow these bands, just like a fan
Hitech got me slow like I'm walking in sand
If you ain't getting money, not part of my plan
Jump stick with a kick like we in a band

Ray Charles talk to broke niggas, I can't see y'all
Matter fact, bitch, I don't wanna be y'all
Up now, bitch, it's time to bleed y'all
Meek Mill, we ball, dick gon' knock her weave off

We get the money, bitch, we round that bag up
You niggas funny, you niggas really act up
They like you on some fuckin' shit, yeah, that pass up
Wake up in the morning and then I eat some Captain Crunch

Yall, on that cappin' stuff, hundred bands, add it up
In them trenches, just goin' through it, bitch, I had enough
Pockets, big, they looking buff, I want a Bentley truck
She gon' hop on my horse like Giddy Up

AMB buss down, bitch, we fuck the city up
Her and her friends, they drunk the Henny up
It's goin' down, she let me hit and I'ma beat it up
I be flippin' this money' like some nunchucks

You, you outta luck, just bought a chop for dumb fucks
AMB drip team, your bitch love us
Yeah, she wanna fuck us
Can't cuff a bitch if she let the gang fuck, gang

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I bag of ' money what I'm lookin' like

All black top, bitch, I look like West Snipes
I'ma give her a pipe, yeah, she can't spend the night
Fuck bein' nice, she gotta be fuckin' right

She gon' bite the fuckin' dick like a fuckin' bike
Lemonade bust down, no crunchy ice
Life ain't right, my buzzo, he doin' life
Life's lesson, take a chance, roll the dice

What'd you do for the dick? Fuck a Klondike
Diamonds moonwalkin' on my wrist, I feel like Mike
R. Kelly with the drip, believe I can fly
After I give her fuckin' dick, hurry up and buy

Niggas act like bitches and don't play to mind
My wrist expensive, it cost a dime
Bitch a young nigga drip and I swear to God
Chopstick finna hit em if he fuck with the opps

I' be ballin' on these niggas, NBA
Hop in the coupe, then a nigga gon' do the race
I don't save bitches, bitch, I'm not wearin' a cape
Bop for a hundred, I'm tired of minimum wage

Free all my fuckin' just lock up in a cage
Makin' all these fuckin' hits, I'm feelin' like Babe
Chop a fuckin' bang if he go against the grain
Wood kick back and forth like Liu Kang, gang

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High tech, got me leanin' like a kickstand
Bust down, bitch, they call me the drip man

Deliver a nigga, shots like the mailman
I don't cuff bitches, bitch, I'm not your old man
I'ma run up a bag, I need the bands
And if you reach, I'ma teach, better get your mans