

BOUNCIN'

Bandmanrill

Look, wait-wait-wait
Look, look, ayy-ayy
MC, make another hit
On bro
Project X
Ayy, look, ayy, hold on, look, wait, huh

She throwin' them hips, shit bouncin'
I'm tryna dive in that water, fountain
Know I'm the bandman, money, I'm countin'
I got a freak bitch, she tryna mouth shit, wait
Knowin' I'm bangin' that south shit
She try her neck up, I call her mouth bitch
Grabbin' her neck while I'm beatin' her pouch in
Tell lil bro "Stop goin' for clout shit", ay

I'm in the party, I'm geeked up, wait
She in the back, tryna eat up, damn
I'm in the lounge room, my feet up
Niggas mad cause they bitch wanna see us, ay
"Bro pass me the blunt, get bussin"
Hit from the back, leg up she fussin'
Went on a race to the bag, shit runnin'
Niggas mad, turned somethin' to nothin' (On bro)
Wait, I got new checks, came from shit, I do flex
Shoutout to my lil bro BEG, know him and Doo next
I told my big bro to chill with spinnin', he should do less
Lil bro, he gon bring that shit right home in a new 'Vette, ay

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What, huh
Tell lil bro stop what, what
Tell lil bro stop ay, what
Tell lil bro like look, wait
Tell lil bro stop goin' for clout
Have lil bronem go in your house
He stay dickridin', name in his mouth
He stay dickridin', wait, wait
Ta-ta, ta-ta-ta
That bitch just a ba-ba-ba
Bro he throw like fa-fa-fa
He hit you in your top-top-top
Lil bro, whatchu bangin'? Where you from? Can't find your blo-blo-block, ay
Lil bro he was dissin' 'til he seen me he was shit, look
What, lil brodie ain't know I had big shit
Bro tried slidin', he try hit shit
Bro tryna tap that body, his stick
Don't got a V, huh, ripstick, wait
What's in her bag? Lipstick, sike, bitch that's [?]

I know some niggas that's prayin' on my downfall, lil bitch keep wishin', ay

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If fame gotta change [?] you can keep the bitch
Walk down in Christian Lou's on the opps, I'm on some demon shit
Stake out the house, I'm out back, I'm really on some creepin' shit
Lay him down, he couldn't even get up, we oversleepin' bitch
Hop out the car, I'ma do my diddy
Bop out the Glock, bullets stop his livin'
One shot had to stop him from dissin'
Two shots left his [?]
Three shots left a stain, he shitted
Four shots, now his brains missin', ay
We know he could take those, four shots out the draco

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Ay, on bro
On bro, on bro, on bro
Ay, what, what let me dive in that, what
Ay, ay let me dive in that, what
Ay, ay let me dive in that, what
Dive in that, ay, on bro
Look, on bro, on bro, on-, ay