

BULLET

Bandmanrill

MC, make another hit
Project X

Brodie be sendin' them bullets, bullets, bullets
Damn, better watch your motherfuckin' top
They say, "Lil' Bandman, goddamn, nigga, when this song gonna drop?"
Chill, you should know that it's comin'
No, I'm not blood, but you know how I'm bummin'
Load up a war, this lil' shit punchin'
Ain't lovin' no strags, ain't doin' no cuffin'

Damn, and she like how I bounce
She on my dick, so I put it in her mouth
Yeah, I'm from the north but I'm claimin' the south
Been feelin' Day Day, the talk of the town
Shh, uh
Gotta keep how I move on the low though
This lil' bitch weird, she tryna sneak pictures of me, I ain't takin' no photos
Old niggas be mad 'cause I'm up
You like thirty, you still smokin' huff
Better get your old ass outta here, them truey's been had enough, uh
How the beat got me hangin' on niggas
These niggas be too small, gotta keep a gun, I ain't fightin' these niggas
Ayy, lil' bitch, she a bop, a slut
Way she slop, she mop me up
Five a show, that's not enough
Said that he with it, we know it's bluff
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Ayy, these niggas they envy, go watch on your homie
Bro sendin' shots then he start getting phoney
Niggas on dick and they don't even know me
Sent you a drop, now I'm back in a stoley
Damn, aha, look
Sent you a drop, now I'm back in a-
Hold on, wait
Hold on, look, wait
Rock, rock, rock, rock, rock, psyche
Keep me a gun, I don't wanna fight
I got me a chop, damn
Catch me a body, then hop on a flight
Lil' bitch she a strag, damn
Work in the day, suck dick on the nights
I got me a bag, what?
Off of these beats I don't even write

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