

Get Jumped

Bandmanrill

Bankroll Got It

Look, wait, had to stack my bread up, huh
G-Locks and Berettas, bro might blow, don't wanna let him, huh
Wrist said it's 2.5
For the line 'member it was 2.5
For the dime, ain't have 2.5
At the time, now it's 2.5 for my rhyme, huh
Shoutout to my pops, most my mother
Mommy, you did everything, but pop showed me no other
Show me how to stay down, if they play it, don't play around
No 9m, it's K-Round
We laid up, don't lay down, ayy

I cannot fuck with a goofy, huh
I cannot fuck with a lame, huh
Little bro said he gon' do me, he must be dumb in his brain
He must not know all my niggas got unlimited aim
Have my lil bro off that score, he give a fuck 'bout the fame
Get to the money, I rack up, huh
[?] fucking her back up
Nigga be lame playing for the lackers
Can't go broke, won't happen, no
I wanna be, let's bankroll
I got a chop', came with a scope
Buddy gon' rob, but you a hoe
Niggas [?]

Said opps bitch lacked, we jumped her
Boom boom, beat a bitch unconscious
These niggas be trash and dumpster
Geekin', tweaking, fucked up the function
Wanted a [?] and he passed me a knot
Never tell on my nigga, he cray, he a thot
Never cheat on my nigga, in love with the Glock
Can't fight a lil bitch, so invest in the chop
Ayy, wanna be down with the gang so bad, these bitches be going out sad
187, get shoot through your mask
How you gon' beef when you know where we at?
Opps jump, bitches run
Niggas gun, catch your son
We don't do no 1-on-1
Just me and my Tommy gun
And I'm better, pussy wetter, diamonds ice cold
I rock Prada on my coat, so I put Prada on my toes
Don't invite me to no parties, I be takin' niggas hoes
If he think that I'm a player, I let this choppa wipe his nose

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