

KEEP UP

Bandmanrill

It's Kaotic on the beat, we 'bout to walk 'em down
Stop going crazy, SpanishKid
Project-Project X

Niggas be thirty, still got no bread
What the fuck, you dumb in the head?
My only .30, I fill it with lead
I'm tryna send big boy right to his dead
Heard what he said on the media
I'm sending bullets, he makin' disses instead
I know the feds be hot on a nigga
True, that's why I don't be dissing the dead

But niggas stay ridin' dick, so there's some shit I can't hold back
I don't care if that boy a dreadhead, I'ma still push his 'fro back
I'll jack a nigga, with the loc homie, you could call my homie Loc Jack
And I been the richest in the city, and ya' big homie know that
I ain't gonna lie, there's a few niggas testing my patience
If you ain't know you been spared, you ever said my name
Thank allah, nigga you coulda been dead
MC hit me like: "Band, these niggas ain't even worth it"
Like damn'y, I gotta keep rappin', cause now I see I got a purpose
Why do these NY niggas keep rappin', like these niggas get active?
Nigga, I'm from Newark where it go down, any day it could happen
But I still be in Manhattan beach studio, with the gun, I ain't lackin'
Any nigga lookin' wrong, baow, I'ma pack him (huh)
I don't care nun 'bout this fame nigga, I'ma keep countin' up this money
I don't know why they call it New York drill, they ain't drillin', that's the part that's funny
In the A, coolin' with the five, they the real trends, they the ones that love me
Whole city know I'm a G at heart, long live Loc, that's the big cuzzzy

Long live Loc, that's the big cuzzzy, on bro
Long live Loc, that's the big cuzzzy, on bro
It's the fuckin' Bandman, fah
Aye, look

Thought it was over, bitch I'm right back
This nigga snappin' and that's a fact
All of the opps don't get no racks
I'm tryna put the whole gang, on the map
Stay with ya' G close, niggas be plottin'
Don't ask me questions, when niggas start dyin'
Paper and Fronto, that shit got me fryin'
Paper and Fronto, that shit got me fryin'
Damn, Paper and Fronto, that shit got me fryin'
Damn, what he sayin'?
Paper and Fronto, that shit got me fryin'
Damn, what he say? (On bro, on bro, on bro)

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