

## Next Up?

Bandokay

M1OnTheBeat

Your sweet one's tryna go on boujee  
Looking boogie, ayy miss, excuse me  
No Niners safe in the 9 'till they bake in the A  
Catch corn in their toupees  
Half it, half it, bruck it into two piece  
Age fourteen, started going on movies  
Fifteen, when I first robbed me twosies  
Sixteen, the 'rales dem tried do me

Aged fifteen when I stepped with the botty  
Chinged him three times, should've said sorry  
Get real close tryna push it in properly  
G check him when gang too bossy  
Get man down if you're moving oppy  
Kermit, back the wap and move cocky  
Me and bro blacked out, moving dodgy  
Bad B bruck her neck and move sloppy

I'm on the opp block like "let's find Wally"  
Sorry, I ain't never touched nobody?  
Dickhead, my blade has done touched bodies  
It's a big fifteen when I stepped in colly  
I'm in a bando with two brown skin hotties  
One give noddie and the other one copies  
Bando's tryna bill this hotty  
And I'm in a ding-dong tryna stuff this shotty

Free Boogie Bando, he got locked for murder  
Pissed, bro was a well know lurker  
Turna, that day should've had his burner  
Bandokay, I'm a real cash earner  
I heard that them boys want beef  
Me and DY made him drop his burger  
Probably laugh cah this beater small  
If I slap at your face, badman, it will hurt ya  
Yo, your olders should get their license  
Crashing cars on scooters, you're a learner  
All now Lil Jojo ain't turned up  
Face's hot and I need me a worker  
She brucks her back, she's a well-known twerker, twerker  
Mad brizz got my toes curl up  
When you hit red gates can't go no further  
I said no, you can't go no further

Young age when I stepped with the wap  
Didn't think twice, just gripped on the mash  
Lean out the ride or I Jump Out Gang  
Me and bro in the bruck down dinger, that's facts  
It won't take me long to itch it and backs  
Man back out the Rambs and unclip that  
Little did you know that I am sav'  
Man pop this door, watch your best friend dash  
A&E, where your brodies at  
Jump Out Gang, watch bro double tap  
Slap this wap, watch you Migraine Skank

Shh got slapped and he didn't ride back  
Oh well, I don't know for your batch  
We hop out, slap man right in his back  
When we pull up on peds with a fuck off shank  
Jump out the ride, ching man and then dash

They saw the OF's and them boy turned Casper  
Rapper, no, you better call me a trapper  
Kermit, known as a local crasher  
Map up, don't get lost in that Mazda  
If I reach for my waist, best back up, strap up  
Protect your chest or get stabbed up  
While the mandem was raving in Napa, mazza  
I was on the block 'til the packs done  
And no one can tell me about glidin'  
Ridin', on the opp block, bare mileage  
Hiding, where's Lampost? Can't find him  
I'm lying, I just saw the pic of him dying  
Fryin', fryin', this beef gets fryin'  
And I don't know why they ain't turned pack yet  
But word to bro-bro, of course we're tryin'  
Ching man up on his block and start smilin'

I'm on a Next Up getting told that I'm next up  
Heads up, don't get your rasclart head buss  
Ketchup, spilt all of that on my sweater  
I'm on the opp block in this bruck down Vectra  
Ten toes ting, peddle bike or a Vespa  
Lack like Swift and get your rasclart drenched up  
Man know I'm a OFB member  
Put down your phone and go ride for your friend cause'  
In the back of this four-door hoopty, booky  
It's me tryna make that movie  
Loosy, don't be picky or choosy  
I'm on the opp block tryna grab this groupie  
And them boy are funny, man have got jokes like Scooby  
And they heard I'm SJ and now them boys wan' do me  
And I'm in the bando with this brown skin cutie, booty  
If she wanna bang, she'll suit me

Big man come out your yard, get cabbaged  
Long ass dots and bro got the hand ting  
Don't be getting confused with rapping  
We slide on man, we move like assassins  
Stop this whip, hold corn in your fabric  
Chill on your block, no doubt we're attacking  
I'm up in the field like Nemanja Matic  
Back this wap and of course I'm slapping  
You don't wanna buck bro excited  
Bro get 'round, that's mileage  
Dip him, knife him, hop back in  
Then it's straight over my bits, that's how I like it  
He got bored, needed reviving  
Hold this corn if you fuck with the Niners  
Beef with tongues and internet typers  
Don't ride back when your friends get knifed in

Start of the year got nicked for a M  
No comment officer, all the way to the end  
Lil Jojo better cover his lense  
Chopper-chopper, he's hit someone's Benz  
The boy Creepz just circled for gems  
Didn't find 'em and so we circled again

You ain't scored on the O, can you tell me when?  
Slide on my block and you're getting ten  
This bad B needs to line up the opps  
And if she's with them, she can hold this flem  
This is real shit, no need to pretend  
Long live Neesh, that count was ments  
Ments, that didn't make no sense  
T bust up his face when he hopped that fence  
Black blade swing with all of my strength  
Swing with all of my strength