

# BAND4BAND

Central Cee

[Verse 1: Central Cee]

I'm not in the mood 'cause my flight delayed  
So I jumped on a private jet and I'm askin' the pilot the ETA  
Lambo' parked on the landin' strip, everyone in my gang and my DJ paid  
Why's my man talkin' 'bout Insha'Allah? These times, he don't even pray  
Why's my man wearing a Jesus piece?  
How does she squeeze in them jeans?  
Big behind and petitest waist  
Take time with the GBG, we don't beef nobody like GBK  
Woke up on the wrong side of bed, so he's gonna get slapped if I don't have  
my P's today  
I love my young boy, I won't lead him 'stray, I'm stuck to Lil' Bro like PVA  
Paid already, I don't need no hit song  
We don't need ID, Lil' Bro seventeen in the club, he ain't scrollin' TikTok  
F's just saw him a thick one, "Which one? Who do you want, bro? Pick one"  
If I shoot my shot, I'll hit one, matter of time 'til I get them all ticked  
off  
Alright

[Chorus: Central Cee & Lil Baby]

We can go band for band, fuck that, we can go M for M  
Quarter mil' for the Maybach truck, double R with the factory rims  
I got the 90, the Urus, the Virgil, the Brabus, I'm really a threat  
It's got to the point that I don't even care, I got jewels in the safe that  
I don't even wear

[Verse 2: Lil Baby & Central Cee]

Uh, bro'll do it for some shoes and some clothes, you'll see what he'll do f  
or a necklace  
'Rari truck, it look like a spider, it's crawlin' a dollar on just accessori  
es (Damn)  
She made me wanna go harder, I like her whole aura, I think I'm obsessed wit  
h her  
They hit him up on his birthday, did him the worst way, he had a death wish  
I get right under they skin, I don't even try, I guess I can't help that shi  
t  
I'ma have love for bro for life if we talk or not, I step with 'em  
Of course you can beat me at talkin', ain't no back and forth, wait 'til we  
catch up with him  
Knockin' a bag and makin' the opposite mad, I done fell in love with it  
UK Selfridges with a cute one (Ooh)  
Bank account look good, this a new one (Yeah)  
You the type like to type on computers (Wow)  
Got a mask, but he ain't no shooter (Haha)  
Top ten, but she don't act bougie  
Me and your friends can go to Aruba  
Hit France, it depend on my mood  
This a Maybach Benz, this ain't no Uber  
We can go band for band, fuck that, we can go M for M  
Mama got a body like Kim and 'em  
Mama been killin' that gym  
We can go watch for watch, from chain to chain, the rings, I'm him  
I done got rich, but I'm still with the shit, land in London and go to the e  
nds

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