

Rubber Bands

DJ Scheme

When I got the brick the shit was looking funny I had to rock i
t up
How you let that bih tell you she sleeping but she here topping
us?
AK on my back and that revolver in my sock tucked
He fresh off a body that new Molly had 'em locking up

Blick up to your dome you better gon' head put that lil shit up
Thought I wasn't gon' spin for that? When shit die out we drill
shit up
Know we built for this shit but this shit might not be built fo
r us
Say you smoking that shit but that shit might now be kill to us
Pockets 'bout to bust bitch I'm snapping rubber bands
Once I get the ups bullets fly like Peter Pan
Pralines and cream coupe the inside pecan
Hella Glocks and beams too we looking for revenge
I was gon' wait till shit die out but fuck that shit I'm ready
They want that G shit I'm 'a give it to 'em I feel like webbie
They rap that street shit but they din't wanna do it when shit
get messy
Can't swim in that deep end I need my bread kuh

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