

## Rubber Bands

DJ Scheme

When I got the brick the shit was looking funny I had to rock it 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 for 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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