

# Chasing These Bands

Don Q

Don  
Yeah  
PnB wusgood?  
Yeah, yeah  
Oh yeah  
Philly, NY

Yeah, fuck you, I don't need new friends  
Just me and my gang 'til the end  
No I'm not chasing no trend  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm tryna whip me a Benz  
Re-up and cop me a Lamb  
Catch me a lick on the scam  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
Fuck you, I don't need new friends  
I'm tryna whip me a Benz  
Re-up and cop me a Lamb  
I'm too busy chasing these bands

Hit the bank and take cash out it  
I don't come if I can't get stacks out it  
I used to hustle out of trap houses  
Now we live good and just rap 'bout it  
Like a Nascar, when I'm back out it  
I drop the top and I take the back out it  
We never fight over hoes, no  
We fuck 'em pass' em then we laugh 'bout it  
They try to come for the king, nigga the fuck do you mean?  
Fell asleep [?] and this stupid bitch drunk all my lean  
Hundred bitches for a sleepover  
Codeine soda, top lean over  
Nigga, I just can't sleep sober  
Ten pints before the week over  
Like damn, new niggas they was never around  
I know that papa will be very proud  
Smoking cigars with [?]  
Fuck is you niggas gon' tell me now?  
I be with the demons  
I whip the beamer where I'm sippin' steam  
And all these diamonds make me feel conceited  
If I tuck my chain, bet you could still see it  
Yeah, yeah

Fuck you, I don't need new friends  
Just me and my gang 'til the end  
No I'm not chasing no trend  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm tryna whip me a Benz  
Re-up and cop me a Lamb  
Catch me a lick on the scam  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands

I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
Fuck you, I don't need new friends  
I'm tryna whip me a Benz  
Re-up and cop me a Lamb  
I'm too busy chasing these bands

Bounty hunter for the bands  
I found another hundred bands (got it)  
I might of lost of couple friends (fuck it)  
But I found a lot of rubber bands (yup)  
I see you haters, throwing jabs  
I'm counting punches with the bands  
I called away for the money  
[?] for the bands  
Oh, oh, count the money while I dance  
Bust it, bust it, now she my number one fan  
I found the thumb through the gram  
Now we stuntin' in the Lamb  
The pound underneath the pan  
You sound like thunder with it blams  
Don't make me go Westbrook  
You got zero on me like Westbrook  
All three of y'all is a dub now  
That's a triple double like Westbrook  
That mean mug you rockin really just a I'm broke and stressed look  
I leveled up to my ice grill, it's just how the Rolex look  
Let's get it!

Fuck you, I don't need new friends (yeah!)  
Just me and my gang 'til the end (yeah!)  
No I'm not chasing no trend (yeah!)  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm tryna whip me a Benz  
Re-up and cop me a Lamb (yeah!)  
Catch me a lick on the scam  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
I'm too busy chasing these bands  
Fuck you, I don't need new friends  
I'm tryna whip me a Benz  
Re-up and cop me a Lamb (yeah!)  
I'm too busy chasing these bands (yeah!)