

BANDIT

Don Toliver

(I did it for love)
Ride the highway, rock the bus (Rock it, rock it)
Why my house look like Army Plus? (Rake it up, rake it up)
Walk in the strip, she gon' make it bust (Bust it, woo, bust it)

I do damage (Bust it)
And nigga can't stand it (Bust it)
Psycho bandit (Bust it)
Like it's Marilyn Manson (Bust it)
Got the cash, advance it (Bust it)
Get the Sprite and enhance it (Bust it)
Pull the Wock' out the pantry (Bust it)
Take a sip and I'm dancin' (Bust it)
She pop Perc' like a Plan B (Bust it)
Oh, she lit like a candle
Boot it up in the car seat
Hold a nigga for ransom
Want her back? Better call me (Bust it)
It's whatever, I'm geeked
'Bout to punch at the party (Woo)

You niggas ain't fly, this shit lookin' dummy (Yeah)
I popped to get fried, I look like a mummy (Bust it)
I'm gettin' this cash, it's Monday to Sunday
I guess you won't talk if it ain't 'bout the money
My boys in the trap, and it jump like a bunny
Got pounds and pills, it ain't nothin' funny
I fuck from the side and I keep the bitch cummin'
If I gotta reach up, I'ma keep the bitch dumpin'

Way I slide in that coupe, boy, I keep that bitch hummin' (Yeah)
We done went and rocked that bitch all the way to the summer
Get deep in the pot, get deep like a plumber (Deep)
Why would I keep her? I never will loved her (No)
I just went fucked her and gave to my brother (Yeah)
Eat her for dinner or eat her for supper (Yeah)
Why would you keep her, lil' nigga? You a sucker
Why would you keep her, lil' nigga? You a sucker

(I did it for love)
Ride the highway, rock the bus (Rock it, rock it)
Why my house look like Army Plus? (Rake it up, rake it up)
Walk in the strip, she gon' make it bust (Bust it, bust it)

I do damage (Bust it)
And nigga can't stand it (Bust it)
Psycho bandit (Bust it)
Like it's Marilyn Manson (Bust it)
Got the cash, advance it (Bust it)
Get the Sprite and enhance it (Bust it)
Pull the Wock' out the pantry

You niggas ain't fly, this shit lookin' dummy
I popped to get fried, I look like a mummy
I'm gettin' this cash, it's Monday to Sunday
I guess you won't talk if it ain't 'bout the money
My boys in the trap, and it jump like a bunny

Got pounds and pills, it ain't nothin' funny
I fuck from the side and I keep the bitch cummin'
If I gotta reach up, I'ma keep the bitch dumpin'

Ridin', this bitch got a TV, huh?
Belt on that boy like a BeBe, huh
Hide in the bush, you won't see me, huh
Put you underwater like seaweed, huh
Why lil' nigga wan' be me, huh?
.45 up when I'm creepin', huh
Drive-by, shootin' the demon, huh
Fuck is you sayin'? I'm geekin', huh (Woo)
(Woah-ahh, woah, ahh!)