

## 10 Bands

Joyner Lucas

10 bands, 20 bands, she'll do anything for a couple grand  
Never had no money but she love to dance (What)  
I give all my money back to Uncle Sam  
My ex bitch still want another chance (What)  
Man, I swear I'll never fall in love again

I done came up, I'm the fuckin' man (What)  
Me and Timbaland got other plans  
You don't really know what you up against  
But you know I'll always have the upper hand  
You ain't never been through the struggle, man  
Homemade grits in the oven pan  
You don't run shit, you don't wanna dance (No)  
Two shots, make 'em do the 'Running Man'  
And they say love is a drug (Uh-huh)  
Man, I swear I'll never take drugs again  
Traded my bike for a hooptie (Hooptie)  
Traded my hooptie for a Honda (Honda)  
Traded my Honda for a Panther  
I just got a crib in Wakanda (Wooh)  
I never been into the drama (Drama)  
Never been a fan of designer (Ugh)  
All I really got is one wish (What's that?)  
A one night stand with Madonna  
Think I gotta hit 'em with the head bust

This is for them days when they made me ride the motherfuckin' spare bus (Uh-huh)  
And this is for them days when my teachers told me I should go and sell drugs  
Niggas went to jail, ain't nobody put the bail up  
Shorty had the money but she went and got her hair done  
Niggas hating on me, but I never really cared much (God damn)

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I done brought the hitters out to play  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
Fuck it, let's get it out the way  
What we gon' do? What it's gon' be?  
I just got a million out the bank (Uh-huh)  
Spoil my son, do what I please  
Fuck what any nigga got to say (Uh-huh)  
Lay in the sun, kick up my feet  
I just might pull up in a mink (Mink)  
Take my enemies out to drink (What)  
Toss my weapons in the lake  
Count up my blessings and I'm straight (Nah)  
I think I might go on a date  
Count all my dough in the safe, roll with the weight  
Lookin' my soul in the face, they don't even know what to say  
I just want

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Someone said love is a drug (Uh-huh)

Men lie, women lie, niggas lie, yeah  
I'ma ride long as I'm alive, woah  
Homicide, kill 'em like genocide (Yuh)  
Get it on camera, televised (Woah)  
ADHD, I identify (Ugh)  
Look at my feelings, I'm civilized (Yeah)  
Analyze and I might spend the night with a dyke  
And the right bitch if I hit it right  
I remember scraping up the quarters (Quarters)  
Drinking from the sink to get some water  
Tryna pay the rent, I couldn't afford it  
Stressing made a nigga bi-polar (Uh-huh)  
Washing machine out of order  
Nigga had to hustle on the corner  
Now, I'm back and forth from the border  
Saving up hoes like a hoarder

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