

Man Down

Lil Mabu

Yo, where are you?
I'm at the studio, gonna call you back in like twenty minutes

Hey, switch up on my lanes and I'm into bands now
Rocking Cartier shades, I'ma pull my lens down (Yeah, yeah)
Big rocks on my watch, everything is bust down
Spent a six, made a tick like I scored a touchdown
Boy, he want beef, but this ain't no burger
Mixing beans with my lean, call me Timmy Turner
Big foreigners and they spit heat, like a burner
Big dubs in the rap game, like I'm Murda
Big watch, see the shine, I wish I could afford, uh
Making tracks, play it back, just like a recorder
Counting money got my fingers green on the board, uh
Step back, hit the fadeaway, the track, I murder

Pull up and wet the block, chasing the bands the
All of my diamonds, they shine, playing games that I helped they shot
Pull up and drop the top homies, you rock a lot
Pouring a four in cup [?], I'm getting lost a lot
Bands now, these bands now, yo' shorty, she a fan now, a fan now
BB Simmons on my pants now, my pants now
Want this ice all on me, drip or down, that's a man down (Yeah)

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Shawty never hit me, now she missed me
I'm a shark in the water you a fishy
All these bands in my hands, I'ma make a shawty dance
Finna pull up, big walk, cash out, Da Vinci

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