

R.I.P.

Ms Banks

She brown and cute
I'm Loski Loose
Stepped in my botty
Who's that Donny?
Barbie's move
That gyal want wokie
I ain't not jokey
Slow down boo
I'm young and cocky
I ain't no rocky
I'll drill dat yute
I can make a lot new
In Italian shoes
She be looking like me
I got more than a few
BEZ we splash and boot
They took poles but there mash on mute
But she peng like uh uh, I'm gone jeet dat too
Loose

No they ain't fuckin' with me
I keep it real in the streets
I could no way to it in me
Make a hater Rest in Peace
I do not fuck with you, no
Stacking it letting it grow
You could not flex me, no
Pull up and shut down a show

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They ain't fucking with me
That's real rap, I've been that
Bitch, been up in the streets
Talk tough on the internet
But real sweet when we meet
I've been low, like real low
And still ain't seen the feet
All dem niggas on us
Don't trust niggas in money I trust
I don't want to hear no shit when I buss
We weren't ever like that, your nuts
Talking shit I'm burning dat bridge
Can't try drop me out I'm leg
Gucci the bag, and I'm killing the wig
Stunt in real life, like I stunt in the vid
Yeah

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Dem gyal der can't do what I does
Bucked out once with the 40's and love
All up a spliff get lit and get touched
Banks link up with the Spartan t'ug

I don't wanna ride or die
I need a gyal to hold my beater
Talk on my name get touched
If I was them I wouldn't like me either

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