

## Function

OsamaSon

Pop out, I pop out and they all on me  
Yeah, I'm chasin' these bands, yeah, they sunny  
FN Five-seveN, dirty pieces on me  
Mama askin' how much Rick Owens jeans I need  
I told her I need everythin' 'cause I get the money  
Lean still fuckin' up my stomach, yeah, I think it's funny  
You can try to run off on all tens, I'm not no dummy  
We got all these beans for the junkies  
Bitch, you better leave 'fore this shit get ugly  
The function jumpin', I think I'm up to somethin'  
The function jumpin', I think I'm up to somethin'

Turn up just to bummin', I got Xans on me  
I got lean bookbag, I got beans on me  
In that whip, whippin', and them beans, okay  
Off the rip, run that shit, I'm gon' leave, lil' bitch  
I'm gon' leave, lil' bitch  
I got bands, you got bands, uh, yeah, let's get it then  
We ain't doin' that shit no more, oh yeah, let's get it then  
We ain't doin' that shit no more, oh yeah, let's get it then

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