

# Work N Rubberbands

Project Pat

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Fuck with my rubber bands, it's a murder man  
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It's money on the table, [?] he gon' die  
Finna take your chance to get this cash, [?] nigga gon' try  
Fuck police and them snitches, sons of bitches, bullets can fly  
Chopper bullets make ten canaries bake like chicken pop pie  
If you real like you say you is, the streets gon' tell it, no lie  
If you wanna get [?]  
I'm gon' always hustle on the low so my pockets stay high  
I got those who'll let them triggers blow, one snap my fingers, you die  
Blowin' gas straight from Mexico, that's why my brain's in the sky  
Talk about taking something [?] Colombian neck tie  
Coming straight up the banana boat, now I'm gon' put the town  
Making plays like the Superbowl, each one gon' be a touchdown

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My fingers tired from counting fetti  
Triple bands on a hundred, I don't fuck with 20's  
Unless they young and they hungry, for [?]  
More dig drugs, never [?] drugs  
Fucking two bitches with four bluffs  
Your nigga lost his bitch  
I'm walking in on some boss shit  
Juicy J, I talk money  
I don't talk shit  
I want it all, I don't care what the cost is  
I'm so motherfuckin' fly, I should star on Startreck  
And they should bring that show back, let me show niggas how to swag  
Money talk, I promise I heard your money last  
I ain't got no [?] my past  
All them niggas on me, [?] in the grass  
Catching my ashes  
From the end of my weed smoke  
Rubber bands my jewelry, nigga  
Diamonds is my weed, man

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