

# Anything

Robb Bank\$

Hey, pass me that, um, lil soda

You tryna go to the, you tryna go to the store?  
They accept Apple Pay there

Yeah, for real, we might have to go to the store  
'Cause I need some more shit, need some water  
Need some more, though (Kehlani, hit my phone, I'm done)  
Water (Switch like OJ)

[?] (I'm tryna take you on a date  
You know what I'm sayin', candlelight  
Drip like André 3K, for real  
Hey, Chris, we gon' roll up some weed?)

Uh, uh, yeah (Yeah, yeah-yeah)  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Uh, uh, yeah (Okay)  
Uh, uh, yeah (Okay, okay, okay)  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Uh, uh, uh, uh (Okay, okay, okay, okay)

[?] (Okay, okay), go to Sicily  
Gave me Terrordome (Suck that dick), is you diggin' me?  
Better stop playin' with' yo' nose (Yeah), you steady fidgetin'  
Then I ran off on the plug (Okay, okay), he ain't gettin' me

I'ma ride a foreign down the interstate  
Hear that Demon roarin', rrah, rrah, I accelerate  
Molly on yo' tongue, huh, lick it off a dinner plate  
Valet rent-a-car, ate it hot like a dinner date  
Suckin' that dick, you like it, yeah, you got that talent, uh, uh  
Baby, you can sit on my couch, I'ma put you in that casket, uh, uh  
Two star pipe job, bitch, I'ma take ya ass to that Valley (Sick, sick)  
And our thots had tricks for the kid  
Pull the nine, nigga, where you gon' blast it? (Pow)  
I'm your daddy, bitch, I don't need you gettin' sassy  
The Gucci made of snake, the FN made of plastic (Swear to God)  
Lil' baby 28, 36 the baddest  
I bought a BMW, blue, I aim to crash it

Fuck your bitch 'cause she the baddest (Gang, gang)  
Uh, new Tom Ford jacket (Yeah, yeah)  
Uh, it my swag, yeah they jackin'  
Uh, I'm your dad, get a spankin', huh

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Pull up like we with all the smoke, just like a cigarette  
Lil' bitty bitch give me dome, uh, uh, mouthpiece feelin' it  
Hold like nine shots to his head, uh, uh, three Glocks getting it  
Yeah, nine shots to his head, what, what, three Glocks getting it

Came through oppositions, 21 bitches  
Wrap my dick just like it Christmas  
Make it count, this shit drippin'  
Bank account, yeah this shit drippin'  
I just came up from the tomb, out her womb, I'm on shrooms  
Checkin' these bitches like Nike, you know how I swoosh  
And my mama ain't raise no bitch, lil' nigga, this Draco got a broom  
I might sweep a nigga right off his block, his body disappear by 2  
Ooh, first.48 my vools  
Ooh, first.48 my vools, ooh

Thought that the gang gone cool, cool  
Teardrop gang like bool, bool

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He ain't gettin' me  
Uh, oh, mmm, mmm, mmm  
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm  
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm