

Making Love To Fans

Robb Bank\$

Ten 'round my neck, nga
Twenty 'round my wrist, nga
Fifty in my clip, nga
Blitz yo whole shit, pussy
Million dollar look, nga
Million dollar mwah, nga
Pull up on your bitch, nga
Hop out on yo sh-c'mon

(Damn son, where'd ya find this?)

Nga back to back my shit jumpin'
My time piece cost a hunnid
I'm rich and don't pay for nothin'
I'm stingy like nga fuck it
I'm hidin' behind these hunnids
You like it baby I love it
I'm flying way out the country making love to fans, in London nga

I ain't even met me yo bitch but if you said I did you know I f-
Only nga no TikToking, twitch but all the streams is jumping, nga
You ngas do all you can give it all you got, I do whatever I want, nga
Feel like Shaday with a pistol, I could've ghostwrote for Aliyah
G, got an iPhone 6 like it's 014
Tie my wicks up, corn syrup, mixed up, let me hit back my fiend
My savages taste my cup, next week they had to buck, they flooding the streets
Sandwich bag, full of Skittles like yo momma hooked to school with a treat
Young and paid, ready to watch them burn out for you reach my age
Ngas gay, bare these boys some calendars so they can learn to face
Fuck a rapper bitch's age, she was on my radar, nah I ain't watch you on the radar
They put anybody on the radar
Matter of fact, get the f-

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Yeah, nga
Lil Birdman, yeah
Baby Tunechi, yeah, yeah
Big Slim, c'mon, yeah
CMB, yeah, its all I need keep it G

Baby Pacchino, yeah
IG CMB though, yeah
Family, me though
430 faneto
Pussy

Evil Empire, New York Down South Supplier
We got it, for cheap
One thousand grams uncut to the gut
We ain't new to this
Way true to this
Business, Evil Empire