

## Refined

## Robb Bank\$

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And suck my fuckin' dick, boy

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I say, "Ask 'em what he 'bout."  
These fashion thugs'll never wear me out  
You ain't live, I fashioned myself as the best rapper alive  
It's the Savage, reincarnate  
Swordfish, South Florida  
Savage Life  
Wish a ho nigga would cross that border  
And I'm back puffin' on canna-b, you know "a year" mean a week  
Sesshōmaru pussy, I did it all single-handedly  
Look at the time, a nigga got famous over night  
Laughing at 'cho Robitussin lean, as I sippeth my Sprite  
Fuck niggas on my mind? I got one-two many  
So I turn to Disney Channel and think of what I'd do to Demi  
And boy shoutout to my Raiders  
Nigga, Purrr and Simmie  
And I'll sweat the fuck out yo' weave, bitch but only if it's Remy  
I need a, project bitch, with a, eighteen-inch sew-in  
That I can pull when I give her this infinite  
Shit, count that in inches  
Put a fo' in that lemon-lime, or a six  
And add about two mo' of them shits, lil bitch  
Robb Bank\$, Illuminati  
And I'm loadin' up Kamehameha Waves in the clip of my K  
Triple-six, I'm atheist  
You thinking "What did he just say?"  
Good  
Tryna remove all you dumb niggas from my fuckin' fan-base  
Bitch, I walk around North Lauderdale, like "Fuck err'body!"  
Added my lil twist, but ain't no age on this money  
Boi you fuck around with them folks, that's how Haze got his ass smoked  
And what the fuck you pussy ass niggas know 'bout bein' broke?!  
I can't relate, I'm trying to get more in touch with my fan base  
Cause I know a lot of these poor jits is saying, "Robb Bank\$ is just scrait"  
"Come again?"  
What I tell my Spanish lady when she speak that Daddy Yankee to my dogs  
Her name "Kilo", her sister name "8-ball"  
We can P.O.V if you turn up that MJG and take that ass out  
Why they call em "8-balls" if they don't bounce?  
All roses ain't red  
And if they violets, why the fuck is them shits blue?  
Boi, I'm burning purple flowers I'm finna' pass that ho to you  
Cause I shouldn't be this high  
Boi, I got shit to do  
Sixty pills that I got to sell and I can't get my bitch out the pool  
Cause she ain't never been to the islands or popped a Blue Dolphin  
So she think I'm Aquaman when I fuck her ass in that water  
Caught a body on my old jag, went back to the car show  
Dressed in Carharrt Michigan  
Fuck Big Sean though (Pussy)  
Ya lil' bitch  
Boi, suck my fucking dick  
I bet she say "Sure" to me  
And I swerve when she use her teeth  
Ketchup  
Marmalade and butter all up on my bread  
That's blood, copper and gold all mixed in with my money  
Dopeboy pic

Flick me up while I'm still stuntin'  
In that whip that I had yo bitch  
My nigga, she pop the Plan-B when I'm fuckin', nigga

"Fine, fine"

I say it twice to emphasize you boys is pie-pie  
Put it on my mama, pussy nigga, I'll take ya life-life  
I said "I'm finer than my bitch"  
She wanna live that Savage Life, so I knew that bitch was fine  
(Lil' bitch)  
Bank\$ like to drank  
Bank\$ like to smoke  
Bank\$ finna po' the Qualitest on his 'Ports  
Smoking and I'm sippin' at the same damn time  
Ashley say I'm actin brand new  
Damn right bitch, now I'm fine

And if I see a number I don't know, that means they want somethin' from me  
That means you stopped fuckin' with me, so you ain't gettin money, boi  
I decline my past, turn the TV on and Ash  
Might laugh while a nigga keep up with the life of Ash  
Said "I made it" when I started DMin err'day with Cadie  
Jus had mo' to speak on when she said she ain't keeping the baby  
It's all gravy, wasn't no thang but a chicken wing  
Cause I done made birds fly, fiends love Popeyes  
Y'all know what I do  
Well, y'all know what I did, bruh  
Hangin' on the roof like Bishop  
Dolo, if you don count Juuce  
I'm in Margate with' my family  
Boy, my hood is like a planet  
If I send some 8-balls to Frieza, I bet he won't come back to Namek  
I'm King Cold, bottles of King Cobra in the cooler  
Roll a dutch, you smokin' L's  
Boy, you a muhfuckin' loser  
Chocolate tree wrap, mixed with Canada Northern Lights  
Broccoli when the smoke leave the lip of that mocha  
My bitch, she playin' Soca  
Said she ain't like it 'til she was older  
'Round twenty-eleven then we cop the douja from her friend  
Bitch, show me love and a peace sign, get punani in the Benz  
Last I talked to her and when  
Now she complainin' to her friend  
'Bout how she always first to hit me up when it's time to fuck  
I tell 'er "Vibe.", Vybz Kartel, lightin' up  
Bathin' in cake soap, with a tub full of money  
And this new bitch pussy too nice, like it want somethin' from me  
Keep it Down South with' them mollies, boy I don't fuck around  
And only a ho put another ho's name in they mouth  
Now my ex-bitch too friendly, say she wanna get back with' me  
But ho I know when you kissin' Robb Bank\$ and when you kissin' Richard, bitc  
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... She wanted something more than "just us"  
But moanin' that loud ain't doing me no justice...  
Y'all forgot what real niggas look like, huh?