Let's get it
I, I, yeah, yeah, yeah

Banana Man, Banana Man, these bitches call me 'Nana Man Banana kush up in my blunt, I promise you won't hit again Banana clips up out them vans, banana clips up on your mans Take you down for your bands, bitch, I am Banana Man Banana Man, Banana Man, bitch, I am Banana Man For them bands I'll take you down, pop you like a soda can Bitch, I am Banana Man, bitch, I am Banana Man

A-K forty-sevens in the back with the handles
Swishers in my lap and I'm rollin' up bananas
I got molly, I got white, I got Hannah Montana
Dirty Sprite with the ice, even mix it with a Fanta
And my doors [?] theyself, suicides on the Phantom
Ghost-ride the whip so I call it Danny Phantom
They say that boy Sah touchin' keys like pianos
I be gettin' cheese like I work at Giordano's
Big MAC on my hip but this ain't no McDonald's
I'ma hit you with that combo if I heard you got cilantro
Your bitch give me top like sour cream on some nachos
Red beams on your ass if you fuckin' with my vatos (Let's get it)

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Money green whip, call that bitch David Banner
Bob the Builder in the cut and you know we got that hammer
I come from Chiraq but I got niggas in Atlanta
That be bringin' heat like a millimeter scanner
The way these bitches on my nuts could've swore I made [?]
I ain't talkin' 'bout the camera but I'm bustin' with that cannon
I call her Payton Manning the way she throw that ass
I can tell these niggas salty, they hate when I throw cash
Face down, ass up, that's the way she like to suck
Bitch, you thought I'm tryna fuck? Hell nah, you a thot
I bet your head bop when these beat drop
I am Banana Man but these bitches call me Sah

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