

## Mr. D.C.T. Pt. 2

Sha EK

Ha-ha  
It's the fuckin' Bandman, you heard?  
Ha-ha  
Aye, look  
Hold on, look, wait  
Hold on, look, wait  
Mr. Don't-Cuff-That, you heard?  
You know how this shit go  
Aye

Hold on, wait, baby girl, it's the Bandman  
Come and take you a ride to the band land  
Give you this dick, make you cum out your sweat lands  
Love when it slippin' and slide, feel like wetland  
Hah  
Let me stop talkin' macky  
Fuck all the lust, I just want to make you happy  
Love when you play in my hair, call it nappy  
Them niggas you fuckin' be givin' me wacky, wait  
They hatin' on me got vendettas, uh  
Put my trust in this Beretta  
Niggas be talkin', they hatin' I let 'em  
'Cause I really know if I wanted, could wet 'em, aye  
Ask about me, I'm that niggas  
Me? I be chillin' while gang pullin' triggers  
Tryna get mama a house and some figures  
I know the gold comin', I'm really a digger

Competition? They givin' me nada  
I'ma wetty when I'm off the casa  
Magic tricks on the uh, I'm like tada  
My bookie like it when I call him dada  
Just popped out, who poppin' like me?  
Savage X Fenty checks, who's pockets like me?  
Labels on my ass, who got options like me?  
Big AMG, who park it like me?  
Seven figures off of TikTok, that's a Richard Mill  
Catch steak, eatin' Richard Mills  
Can't name a bitch that's a bigger deal  
I get bands man, get my bread, for real  
Got my own parkin' spot in Saks, uh  
Bag addict, I pop tags, yeah  
All of these niggas I be steppin' on  
I might treat his face like a Peleton