

Ayy, woah
It's fuckin' Bandman, you heard?
Y'all niggas stop cappin', God I swear
Niggas really broke than broke
Talk, talk, on bro
Talk, talk, on bro
Talk, talk, on bro
Ayy, on bro, on bro, on bro

Geeked up, shit takin' me out
Tell Ice Spice come back to the South
Do what you want, lemme' take you out
Bandman, know what I'm about
Folks tryna' diss, tryna' get him a clout
I never seen him, what that shit about?
He talkin' dumb, it's a punch in the mouth
I keep a gun, but I'm on the pills
In my hood I'm hated the most
I cannot give her no bookbag
Niggas be goofy, and they be doin' the most
Big boy, where yo' hood at?
Bitches be booty, and they be droppin' the lo'
Look on my side, where I'm good at
It get spooky, and I got a lotta dope, make them lil' niggas
Ayy, hol'on, look, ayy
Act like you don't understand
What niggas sayin'? Know my niggas ran
Just be real, niggas they be fans
ATM, betta' getcha' mans
'Fore my niggas make them scam
Take out a weapon, nigga, I'm a man
I been the richest since I used to scam
Don't gotta' flex, can run through the fans
Ode de la apes, he ain't makin' profit
He in the hood, bro needa' stop it
She pop dick, drawers get to lockin'
'Fore I did music, used to get it poppin'
Hand some action, talkin' while he drivin'
Gang in the party, gripped, and we rockin'
She got some bitches gettin' right behind it
She got me tatted, cuttin' too much
Niggas be lyin' to they bros and hoes
They must wanna' beef, go grab yo' pole
My bro tryna' get him a head tap, not just tryna' take a niggas soul
'Fore I go run up a bag off a AP, bitch, I ain't never had to hit a stove
In this club, shit, I'm like Jay-Z, free bro, he the hood Hov'
My niggas know I love all the bros
These niggas ain't tough, nigga, you just drove
She a bop, take my soul
She eat dick while we on the road
Tryna' throw in a AMG, I'm gettin' sick and tired of the Rolls
Tryna' wild in a AMG, I'm gettin'- look (ayy), look (ayy), look
Chi' with me, he a creeper
New Forces, make you crease 'em
Might fuck, that lil' shit decent
Got a thing for my bitch peaches
Her man Delaney Hall, lemme' fuck, like he don't need her

Lil' bitch been fuckin' the gang, you ain't know that bitch a eater
Glizzy'll hit him, you know how we do
I wish my nigga was here in the booth
Niggas be mad I be sayin' the truth
And I got in the booth, but what I look like, you?
I was 18, fuckin' them grown bitches
All the old niggas, they be blue
All this "opp this," all this "opp that"
Needa' stop that, niggas fu'
Go get some money 'fore a nigga die
I don't wanna have to make a mother cry
Throwin', I had to send him to Allah
I put that on bro, my niggas, they gon' ride
Don't got the money, you could never hide
I got enough money, get you niggas fried
Don't got the money, you could never hide
Got enough money, get you niggas fried
Ayy

Ayy, look
hide
Ayy, look
Got enough money, you could never hide
Ayy, on bro
Got enough money, you could never hide
Got enough money, get you niggas fried
Got enough money, get you niggas fried, ayy