

Bust Down

SOB x RBE

Uh

Margiela's cost \$950
Fuck around and spend some time with me
Hold on, hold on, ain't gotta lie to me
Keep a bad bitch, I brought a dime with me
Bust out, Yeezy 950's
I don't want these broke niggas eyein' me
I don't want these broke niggas nowhere by me
How you bust down but yo time tickin'?

If you ain't gang you can't hang with me
Shit, I'm a lame, if a lame with me
These other niggas want the fame off me
I'd rather keep my 40 and my main with me
G-gang shit, but my brothers who I hang with
SOB the gang, and I could never lane switch (SOB shit)
How much that cost? A nigga's house rent
Thousand dollar shoes, standin' on the couch shit
Oh I need a rider, survivor
Oh I'm so glad that you signed us
I'm getting closer and closer
And I take you higher and higher
Baby show me what that cash bout
What that mouth bout
Made a nigga damn near pass out
While we talkin' let me tell you what my last bout
She start to feel a nigga end up letting all her past out
I'm not the nigga that'll emotionally hurt you
But I know some shit that can physically work you
I-I got some shit that can visually serve you
Get mentally prepared for what I got in store, girl you know..
Like hold on, nigga back, back
If it ain't about that cash you can have that
I'll leave your last nigga where he stand at
And just to see you happy, you know he can't stand that

Yeah

How you bust down but your time ticking (broke nigga)
Always talkin' bout a foreign never ride in 'em (nigga stop lyin)
Broke where? Bitch my shoes cost like nine hundred (these Margiela's nigga)
Red bottoms with the spikes and I ain't stand in line for 'em, bitch
I don't say shit, I let them bands talk
If you see me limpin', don't trip that's that band walk
Told the bitch to slide, and when she do take them pants off
I'm talking house rent if I tell you what these pants cost
Probably got you nigga's stash on me
Bitch I keep that cash on me
Rubber band stacks, and my shooter keep that mac on me
Fuck them broke niggas, come and blow this money fast with me
And I ain't trick or treating, but you know I keep that bag on me
Stitch lip to the grave, I don't drop I just knock dimes
And I don't twitter beef 'em, my clip longer than a timeline
B-bust down Rolly, fuck around and caught frostbite
And leave that lame nigga if you wanna live this boss life, bitch

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