

Panda Remix

Spice

Panda!
To all the haters, a Spice

Panda, Panda
Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda

I got doughs in the banka
Shock up my pocket like blanca
Louis Vuitton, sponsor
Orange Hill, ganja
My chain color rose, amber
And my pendant fat like Santa
I used to carry my money in my purse
But now it's so much so I bring it in a tanker
Hating on me, you'll sink like an anchor
I'm sipping on tea, just chilling in chill-lanka
I'm VIP, everyday I get pamper
Like jets and cars, money nuff so I squander
Spice is the name that they try to slander
But I sit and wonder, like why the anger?
You vex thru my money tall like skyscraper
And my body so neat and my face so slender
Money, money, money that's all on my agenda
While them siddung in a mix up and blenda
Carry my name like a hamper, sitting like a camper
Brain freeze, when them see me it's like a fizzy soda
My brain used to money like baby to diaper
Ain't no push over, I'm a lady gangster
Killing them like cancer
Bow down, kiss my feet, you easily conquered

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Black X6, Phantom
White X6, killin' on camera
Pop a Perc, I can't stand up
Gorilla, they come and kill you with bananas
Four fillas, they finna pull up in the Phantom
Know niggas, they come and kill you on the camera
Big Rollie, it dancin' bigger than a Pandie
Go Oscar for Grammy, bitch pull up ya panty
Fill up I'ma flip it, I got bitches pull up and they get it
I got niggas that's countin' for digits
Say you make you a lot of new money
Know some killas pull off and they in the Wraith
CTD, pull up in the killa Bape
Call up Phillip-Phillip, gon' fill the bank
Niggas up in the bank, we gon' drill the bank
Fuck we gon' kill the bank, get it
I got broads, yea I get it

I get cards yea I shitted
This how I live it
Did it all for a ticket
Now Flex drop bombs when he spin it
And Bobby gon' trend it
Jeff The Don doin' business
Zana Ray fuckin' up shit and she doin' her business
I be gettin' to the chicken
Countin' to the chicken
And all of my niggas gon' split it