

I Got Bands

Stitches

I got bands
I got bands, bands, bands
I'm the man
These boys be broke, that's why they mad
Understand
I got a million in the duffle bag, that's just a span
Sell a hundred bricks, wake up, do it again
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Fuck a friend, I'd rather keep makin' these bands
Evil thoughts every time I got that choppa in my hand
In love with dope, you know I'm married to the coke
When you plugged in with the cartel your work gon' come straight off a boat
One day I was broke
In a week I got rich, Papi fronted me bricks
I was breakin' the rules, I ain't pay him back, homie
I hid a lick and I ain't give a shit
Ain't no fear in my heart, I'm a stupid child
Mama kicked me out, I was too wild
Next day I moved to my penthouse
They won't brush me off, I'm the man, now
You need a favor, you was a hater
Now you're tryna borrow some of my paper
You need a favor, you was a hater
Heard you told a bitch I was a player
I'm a drug dealer with an attitude
I'll catch a body, won't leave a clue
I'm really with the mob, sellin' dope, fuck a job

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Whippin' crack, cocaine in the pot, you know it's jumpin' back
I make a call and everybody's gettin' whacked
You just a tourist, pussy boy, you gon' get taxed
Don't talk on my phone, I know that my phone is tapped
What you need? What you need?
I'm servin' junkies and servin' fiends
Cream, no crim, talkin' 'bout a drug lord, I'm him

[?], we both got guns but your gun gon' squirt
Red blood on a white tee
I can see it in your eyes, you don't like me
Keep lookin' like that, get your head cracked
When I grab that gun I'ma relapse
All these damn drugs make me feel so numb
Every time I pull that trigger I don't really give a fuck
If I don't wanna dirty my hands then I'ma spend 10 bands

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