

## Bands On Her

Uncle Murda

(Synesthetic)

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Throw a couple hundreds, touchdown at the goal  
Say I'll shake it down if I throw a hundred more  
Say she ain't used to it, she don't go low  
Throw a couple bands and you watch her hit the floor  
Throw a couple bands on her, watch 'em land on her  
Make me hit your friend, have her come and dance on you  
I'ma throw these bands on you, they gon' land on you  
Make me hit your friend, have her come and dance on you

She gon' bust it open without hesitating  
She know not to keep a real nigga waiting (She know)  
I'm a shooter, no exaggeration  
Got a big dick, I'm intimidating (Ha)  
Got 'em turnt up in the telly  
They overage, no R. Kelly (Word)  
If the bitch bad, I probably fucked already  
This thug life and I'm Makaveli (Yeah)  
Tell your friends, I'll tell my friends, we could be friends for the weekend  
Bitches just wanna live they best life, they impressed by the money we spend  
(We got it)  
Do something strange for a little change, tell your homegirl come do the same  
Don't be acting like you're not like that, you know you like that, don't be ashamed  
Ayy, niggas looking at us dripping, I'm watching them just watching (I see y'all)  
Bitches on us like eeny, meeny, miny, moe, we got so many options (Woah, woah)  
I'm with Tasha and Tameka (Woo)  
Tiffany and Alicia (Woo)  
DMX, what they want from me? I'm with Stacey and Keisha

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He gon' go down without hesitating  
He know not to keep a real don waiting  
If the don waiting, that's money gone  
Dick better be bigger than a leprechaun  
He said, "Baby, can you keep it real for me?"  
Be bae and not steal from me  
I don't care what the fuck you say  
Just eat the cake, that's sak pase  
Money moola making Mitch  
I don't want you hard, I handle my biz  
Niggas on my like I just caught the prick  
I stay dripping like a patient who's sick  
If they hating, I'ma tell 'em, "Don't trip"

Load up the stick, then I just let it rip  
Rick the Ruler, but the chopper on hip  
Pussy little, so my ego real big  
Tippy toes when I'm riding the dick  
Vamanos, wrap 'em tight on my wrist  
On my knees, let me juggle that shit  
If they bummy, they ain't part of the clique  
Bitches old, but they moving like kids  
Ain't double tapping, but they preening my ting  
I don't trust nobody, cutting my ting  
Heart cold like it came from the six (Bitch)

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