

Come on man, you know how I rock, man
Bands, bands, bands, bands
I want bands, bands, bands, bands
I want bands, bands, bands, bands
I want bands, bands, bands, bands

Pull to the party, I came with the K
Pull to the party, I came with the K
Play with my money, I aim at your face
Boom at medulla, and aim at your brain
These niggas think I'm insane
These hoes think I'm insane
'Cause I got me a chopper?
And I aim straight for your brain
I pull up off of the the curb
Don't make no noise
There go the boys, aye, there go the boys
We out, we out
We jumping the gates and we hopping the fences
These niggas know how I get it, because I came straight from the trenches

You could get hit with the hollows
All of these bitches so shallow
All of my niggas they say
"Fuck it, fuck it, we straight from the Gallows"
All of these bitches on hoe
All of these bitches on go (on go)
All of my niggas they know, they know
They know, we straight from road
Bitch, I got me a pole
You cannot try me, I got me a pole
Extendo clip, I'm all in on go
All of my niggas we came for the show
All of these bitches with me for the show
All of these niggas they love to show boat
All of my niggas so cunky and aggravating I just might have to go get a pole
Bow-bow-bow-bow, 30 clip extendo
All of these niggas they playing Nintendo
Nigga, I might just go kick in your window
Nigga, I might just go kick in your window
Say he a fiend, but he really your friend though
Say he a fiend, but he really your friend though
All of these bitches, they think I got answers
All of these bitches, they really some dancers
Bitch bad for my health
Bitch so bad, that bitch I just call her cancer
All these bitches like damn deer, and I'm Santa
All of these bitches like to Prancer
All of these bitches like to Prancer
Passing the K to my brother
Kay, Kay, Kay, Kay, Kay

And I came with the K
And I'm throwed like, "okay"
Want the top, toupee
She want the same touché
And I went and got a gold

And I went and got a ghost
Custom-made shit, aye
Went and got it sold a soul
I wouldn't never sell my soul
Even for the true soul
With the True Religion watch
With a Rollie on my throat
And these bitches on my nest
And them diamonds on my Roll's
And them angels on my pieces
And them thots from them follies
Cultures and gods, cultures and gods
Cold shuttered, yeah, who really them guys? (who really them guys?)
Uh yeah, bitch we mobbing
Aye my niggas popping
Bodies, I know they droppin'
Caught a pussy nigga lacking, I'm slicing
That 40 right in my pocket
I guess you could call that a pocket rocket
We shoot then we gon' stomp
Then we gon' take all his loot and his money
It leaning heavy on my conscience
I went and had a talk with all my aunties
They told me hit 'em with the Tommy
So I hit 'em with the Tommy

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