

Bands

Verse Simmonds

Bands make her dance [x6]

Bands make her dance
Bands make her dance
All these chicks poppin' pussy
I'm just poppin' bands
Bands make her dance
Bands make her dance
These chicks clapping
And they ain't using hands

Bands make her dance
Bands pop that pussy
Bands make her act like she loyal but that's bullshit
Bands make her work
Bands make her twerk
12 bands in my hand beat it tell it hurt

Wearing nothing but designer
Eat that pussy like pirahna
And you know it ain't nothing finner
So pray that I could pick that thing about a line up

Murda murda was the case
Smoking lot I got that cake
Now that killer but don't push me
Got my burner on my waist
Hood niggas got my back
I ain't never worried about that
And we're always on some real shit
Might turn us into Iraq

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