

Bows

YBN Nahmir

Ballin' with me to he got that stick wit' him (Got that stick on him)
Pull up, bitch, he got that stick on him (That .30, nigga)
If a nigga tryna play then we gon' get on him (Gon' get on him)
We ain't playin 'round bitch

Brodie sellin' packs while he in a trap
Posted wit' my strap, I be in the back
Got that sturdy on my hip, please don't try me, man
Know a nigga don't give no fuck, I'm coming for them bands

Car crashed, had to change that 'Rari for that Lambo
Get paid, you know your bitch know what a nigga been on
Packs comin' in, you know my niggas finna get 'em gone
Bullets to his head, that nigga can't think about his dome
Push up on him with that gat that nigga movin' wrong
I do a hit straight with my niggas then I'm going home
Bad bitch, she super thick I'm taking off her thong
It ain't shit to spend no coins 'cause I got all the hoes
It ain't shit to spend no coins 'cause I got all the hoes
Ain't no need to going shopping, I got all the clothes
3 bands that's in my line you said you need some bows
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Money comin' in for them packs and now they goin' out
Can't even smoke up in hotels but, bitch, we burnt it down
I get to geekin' off that liquor now it's going down
She get to geekin' off that drink and now she going down
Can't even smoke up in the Sprinter, they gon' kick me out
I know this hoe, she got a man but she gon' suck me now
Bro hit a bank we saw them bands and then we took it out
You sellin' booty or the coochie, what you really 'bout
I used to be smokin' on booty now I got some loud
She say her man got him some racks so we gon' take him down

Bands comin' in we copped the foreign now we getting out
Packs comin' in we got em in and now you in a drought
We double back hit they block then we spin again
We double back hit they block then we spin again
We double back hit they block then we spin again
When I hop up out this car bet I kill your friend

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