

# Rubberbands

YFN Lucci

Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
I'ma throw it on your ass, on your ass  
You know I'm livin' fast, livin' fast  
Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (yeah)

Keep it quiet, I'm dodgin' the feds  
Got this dope in the back of the Benz  
Ballin' above the rim  
I got no love for them  
Got the street money, no clean money  
Got a lot of blues, no green money  
Got a bankroll in my jeans, huh  
So many rubber bands on me  
You ain't gon' lay a hand on me  
I think I need a fan on me  
I got a couple bands on me  
Got the juice like Capri Sun  
I pull up in a Nissan, yeah

Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
I'ma throw it on your ass, on your ass  
You know I'm livin' fast, livin' fast  
Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands

Uh, rubber bands, twenty bands, hundred grand  
I'm that man, hah, I'm that man, yeah, I'm the man, yeah  
She want me to put a diamond on her hand, yeah  
I want her to come through for me with no hands, yeah  
Fuck me when I land, let's fuck up some bands  
Girl I might Chanel her, I like Alexander, yeah  
Wang or McQueen, I pop bands on my queen  
Make it rain on my queen, yeah

Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
I'ma throw it on your ass, on your ass  
You know I'm livin' fast, livin' fast  
Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (yeah)

I made a major bag, I'm scrapin' up all this cash  
I'm fuckin' forty hoes, I need a Golden Globe  
(Bitch you gon' get it, I swear)  
Louis V bag to hold the load  
I got Louis V bags to hold the load  
Rubber bands on me now  
Rubber bands on me now

(I'ma pop that ass with this rubber band, I swear to God)  
Rubber bands, rubber bands

Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)  
I'ma throw it on your ass, on your ass  
You know I'm livin' fast, livin' fast  
Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)  
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (yeah)