

10 Bandz

Young M.A

Pull up on a nigga like 'what's up?'
That's the homie Eli in the cut
Fuck a knot bitch I'm tryna get a buck
And maybe later I come eat it out for lunch
But right now don't got time the money calling
She say 'what's that sound?' that's money talking
Yeah you 'proach us that don't mean you get a portion
Give me head, get out my head
I ain't shit, flush the toilet
Never slipping, can't afford it
Hoes only stick around if you supporting
I tell these hoes I'm broke, now I ain't balling
If we see a nigga on then we off 'em
That's the cuban take it off 'em, I don't want it
We gon' point it, put his foreigners up for auction
That's what happens, when you flossing
That's extortion, get extorted
Got them guns that make you nauseous
And we shooting with no warnings
Run Forrest, run Forrest, run
When that [?] turn that boy to Forrest Gump
Pulling out the pistol, make the pistol whistle
Silencer up on that thing you ain't hear what hit you
Tool box full of tools, come here let me fix you
I be with them Brooklyn niggas this the shit they into
10 bands, 50 bands, 100 bands
Riding 'round with a trunk full of contraband
Got a little yellowbone with me counting bands
We be fucking time to time but she got a man
See them women I be fucking you ain't got a chance
Last chick I had over she forget her pants
She was off that Henny and that Mary Jane
She bust it open, had her moaning stroking with no hands
This ain't nothing new boy I been the man
Them dykes do it for it for the Instagram
For the Twitter, for the book, for the flipagram
See I hustle, I can show you how to flip a gram
10 bands, 50 bands, 100 bands
Fuck it man, I keep my money in them rubberbands
I used to keep the work in my underpants
And prolly more weed in my other pants
It's 10 bands, 50 bands, 100 bands
I keep my money in them rubberbands