

# Dolo

Yung Bans

Jay Storm already told you we got the bands in our pants

Bitch I'm ridin dolo (yea)  
(Yeaah)  
Bitch I'm ridin dolo (bans!)  
(Yeaah)  
(Ay)  
Money so long  
Money so long  
So long

Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo

Bitch I'm ridin' dolo (ay)  
Pull up in a stolo (ay)  
Diamonds in my chains different color like crayola (ay)  
I can't fuck this bitch til she comin with dat odor (ay)  
Pull up and you know I got the supercharged motor (ay)  
Bitch it's Yung Bans, yung nigga I got older  
Bitch I'm jiggin' with dat pack  
Bitch I'm jiggin' fo dat set  
If a nigga pull up on me, den he better have my cash  
If a nigga ain't got my cash, then you know I'm on the gas (yea)  
Race track (ay), moving very fast  
Nigga gotta come in first, bitch I can't come in last  
Bitch I really do this shit I can't be nothing like my dad (huh) (yea)  
That nigga sitting on his ass (yea)  
(Yea) Aaand bitch I'm dolo  
Pull up, geeked up  
Movin', slow mo  
Po' up, four up  
Den pour four more  
Fo ya bitch cause she a ho ho  
Ho ho, hold up  
Pull up, roll up  
Good gas, smoke up on ya poster  
Your bitch she wanna fuck me cause she know a nigga glowed up  
Bad nigga (yea) (ay)

Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
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Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo  
Dolo, dolo, dolo, dolooo