

# Niggas Be Lamé

Yung Bans

Niggas be lame  
I'm doing my thing  
I'm walking around  
I ride with a flame  
I hope you don't try  
We blowin' in brains  
I'm keepin' it cool  
I'm keepin' it same

And I bet it still won't jam up  
12, can't jam us  
Nigga try the gang, then we goin' on a manhunt  
Now she wanna fuck me now, because I got my bands up  
Bet she wanna fuck me now, because I got them bands, ayy

All these hoes gon' flock  
You know, all these hoes gon' flock  
Fuck her wid' it, frequent motion  
You know all these hoes gon top  
I can tell from how she lookin  
I can see the way she watch  
She wanna fuck me for my hair?  
Or do she like me for my watch?  
Is it my watch?  
Is it my whip?  
Is it my sauce?  
Is it my bitch?  
Is it my fit?  
Is it the way these diamonds hittin', the way they gliss'?  
She a freaky ass lil bitch  
I just might make her drink my piss  
Nigga, as soon as I get my nut I swear I tell that ho gon' get

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