

Rubberband Banks

Young Dro

Rubberband banks boing
Tokyo Diamonds joing
Grand Hustle ice, it be glowing
When we in the club, they think it's snowing I'm 28 inches in the air
We be deep everywhere
B***** want me 'cause I'ma player
You know I got them c***** 'cause I'ma sprayer I'ma outer space balla, put you up on
astronomy
Mathematically with a pistol I do trigonometry
Humbly, eat up a n***** like a paranah B
Ridin' in the cuttlass same color as a bumble bee I had to man I brought the flip flop jag through
Paint the Chevy sad blue, you know my Devi sad blue
Ride straight pass you, my choppas will outlast you
I promise I'ma smash you, 30 us sixes blast you
600 see through Benz call it the glass coup
Diamonds look like Passion Fruit, Viper look like Apple Fruit
Ride through the hood you know the Burban look like Snaple Juice
Bricks from back facts, from Summa Hill Pappa 2Rapper who, b***** you know I'm the Best
Thang Smokin'
Hit 'em in the neck with the Tech and leave ya throat smokin'
Dro rollin', b***** I got a million for yo million
We up in these hoods trappin' buildin' after buildin' Rubberband banks boing
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I love flippin' down screens and love ridin' 23's
Love glidin' down the street and love watchin' Lean On Me
Love payin' Ten-a-Key, love sellin' pounds of w***
Love in the club when my thugs all surrounding me Ain't nobody bouncing me, DJ is
announcing me
Shawty say, she want Dro, I think she want a ounce of me
Fed's tryin' to pounce on me, I'm loyal than a mount'lgee
Shawty say, she f***with Grand Hustle b***** bounce with me Ice come from Tokyo, roll like
the rolla poll
5 blunts of total Dro, I think I'm 'bout to overdose
Trunk ain't bumpin' and jumpin', it got the holy ghost
Bricks by the 50, 10 naw shawty 40 more Trap time n*****, yeah, strap time n*****
Put out better rubber band
Crap time n*****, in my lap a nine n*****, 45 in the console

Show 'em how the reversible clip'll do a drum roll
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I'm 28 inches in the air
G4 in the air
Young Dro, ladies in my hair
B***** want me 'cause I'ma player
Rock Cartier, I'ma Chief like an Indian
Freaks are Caribbean, my feets are amphibian
Prototype Bentley with babes in the Vivian
Dark sniper ridin' in the Viper up in Michigan
F***in' with my clique'll get you lost like Gilligan
Dro is on the pill again I promise I'ma kill again
Y'all fake n***** how the f*** could you be real again
Murder all foes I trap 'em up than I seal 'em in
Rubberband fitted, S Yutan Chevy
Straight drop Glad got that S Yutan ready
Cutlass Cam ready paint, extra Cranberry
Ice Cream Chevy, n***** Ben and Jerry
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>