

# Bands (feat. Fenix Flexin, Master Kato & OhGeesy)

## Shoreline Mafia & Rob Vicious

[Intro]

AceTheFace[Chorus: Ohgeesy]

This ain't a Milly Rock, this a money dance  
And my dick ain't hard, that's a thirty in my pants  
I got thirty of them bands, I'ma make a stripper dance  
And I'ma fuck a nigga's bitch 'cause he nerdy, she a fan  
The molly either white or it's yellow like some sand  
If you need it, hit my line, know I got it, I'm the man  
Oxycontin, thizzle, xans, that's what made me all these bands  
Niggas talkin' hella reckless so we layin' all these hands  
Bands bands bands, all I think about commas  
Thirty in a forty, all I think about drama  
I'm finna get this money, give it right to my mama  
Playin' with the chicken, you gon' meet all the llamas  
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[Verse 1: Rob Vicious]

I need money, I need weed, I need drank  
Niggas knockin', ain't a fiend and I'm straight  
These niggas tellin' stories but they don't be who we think  
Talkin' like he ain't a pussy but he lyin' in your face  
I been bossin' since a rookie, watchin' niggas from the back  
Smokin' cookie out the pack and shootin' niggas rockin' black  
P's gettin' taxed, I guess I'm back to sellin' crack  
Got a lick for couple racks, then tell a nigga where it's at[Chorus: Ohgeesy]

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[Verse 2: Fenix]

I sip big juice but you niggas probably knew that  
I'm ridin' 'round with two straps, I'm wavy like a durag  
My niggas see a lick, we finna hit it, niggas do that  
I cheated on my bitch, I'm 'bout to go and buy a new bag

You niggas almost made it but you didn't, nigga too bad  
I'm cashin', counted forty bands off the back end  
What happened? niggas talkin' reckless 'til we spazzing  
Poppin' it my nigga, you ain't really 'bout that action[Verse 3: Master Kato]  
Tell that bitch to send them codes right now  
I'm tryna get it, tryna get this shit gone right now, right now  
I been juggin' off these phones like how  
Nigga how you turn a cool hundred to a light thou, light thou  
This shit regular baby, I swear to God (no cap)  
No you can't compare with us lady, yo this the mob (bitch)  
All my niggas ready like Freddy if it's a prob  
Chop a nigga, now he spaghetti up in the pot[Chorus: Ohgeesy]  
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AceTheFace

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