

# David Banner, Rubberband Man

(David Banner)

Chorus] yo  
Ay, who I'm is?  
Rubber band man  
Wild as the Taliban  
9 in my right, 45 in my other hand  
Ay, Who I'm is?  
Call me trouble man, always in trouble, man  
I-I-I Worth a couple hundred grand, Chevys, all colors man

[Verse 1]  
Rubber band man, like a one man band  
Treat these niggaz like tha Apollo, and I'm tha sandman  
Tote a hundred grand canon in tha waistband  
Lookin fo' a sweet lick? well this is tha wrong place man  
Seven time felon, what I care 'bout a case man?  
I'm campaignin' to bury tha hate, so say yo' grace man  
Ay, I don't talk behind a nigga back, I say it in his face  
I'm a thoroughbred nigga, I don't fake and I don't hate  
Check my resume nigga, my record's impeccable  
Anywhere in tha A nigga how TIP is highly respectable  
And tha M-I-A nigga I'm tryna keep it professional  
'Cause all this tongue rastling finna have me snap'n, I'm tell'n you  
From the bottom of tha Duval, Cakalacky to New York  
And everybody show'n me love that's one to you all  
Yeah, to all my Florida niggas, my Cakalacky niggas, my L.A niggas  
And all the New Orleans  
[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2]  
Call me trouble man, stayed in some trouble man  
Some niggaz still hatin on shawty so, they some suckas man  
Got a couple fans that love to do nothing other than  
Lick, suck, show no 'spect, but still I love 'em man  
Dig it, lil' pimpin' got tha mind and the muscle  
Stay down on his grind put tha crown on tha hustle  
Ay, I could show ya how to juggle anything and make it double  
Weed, blow, reel estate, liquor sto' wit' no trouble  
Young cats is play'n today Marvin Gaye of my time  
Tryna stay alive, live'n how I say in my rhymes  
My cousin used to tell me, take this shit a day at a tyme  
And told me Friday died, Sunday we a day in tha ground  
I still smile 'cause somehow I know he see'n me now  
And so I'm doing all my shows just like he in the crowd  
Ay, throw ya lightas up for my cousin Toot, (Rest In Peace)  
Aaliyah, Left Eye and Jam Master J!

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3]  
Grand hustle man  
mo' hustles than hustle man  
But why the rubber band? it representin' tha struggle man  
My folk gon' trap, until they come up wit' another plan  
Stack and crumble bread to get theyself off they momma land  
Gangstas who been servin, since you was do'n tha run'n man  
Went down, did 10, back 'round and rich again  
That's why I'm young wit' tha soul of a ole man  
I'm shell shocked, get shot slow ya roll man  
Still ryde around with tha glock on patrol man  
I ain't robbing, I'm just lookin for that dro' man  
For ma niggaz slangin blow, pimpin' hoes  
Rollin vogues, 24's

Let these other niggaz know

[Chorus 2x]