

Yung Bleu, Rubberbands

Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)
Let's count up twenty cash, twenty cash (twenty cash)
I'ma throw it on your ass, on your ass
You know I'm livin' fast, livin' fast
Rubber bands, rubber bands (ooh ooh)
I count in rubber bands, rubber bands (yeah)

Keep it quiet, I'm dodgin' the feds
Got this dope in the back of the Benz
Ballin' above the rim
I got no love for them
Got the street money, no clean money
Got a lot of blues, no green money
Got a bankroll in my jeans, huh
So many rubber bands on me
You ain't gon' lay a hand on me
I think I need a fan on me
I got a couple bands on me
Got the juice like Capri Sun
I pull up in a Nissan, yeah

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Uh, rubber bands, twenty bands, hundred grand
I'm that man, hah, I'm that man, yeah, I'm the man, yeah
She want me to put a diamond on her hand, yeah
I want her to come through for me with no hands, yeah
Fuck me when I land, let's fuck up some bands
Girl I might Chanel her, I like Alexander, yeah
Wang or McQueen, I pop bands on my queen
Make it rain on my queen, yeah

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I made a major bag, I'm scrapin' up all this cash
I'm fuckin' forty hoes, I need a Golden Globe
(Bitch you gon' get it, I swear)
Louis V bag to hold the load
I got Louis V bags to hold the load
Rubber bands on me now
Rubber bands on me now
(I'ma pop that ass with this rubber band, I swear to God)
Rubber bands, rubber bands

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