

Central Cee, BAND4BAND - FT. LIL BABY

I'm not in the mood 'cause my flight delayed
So I jumped on a private jet and I'm askin' the pilot the ETA
Lambo' parked on the landin' strip, everyone in my gang and my DJ paid
Why's my man talkin' 'bout Insha'Allah? These times, he don't even pray
Why's my man wearing a Jesus piece?
How does she squeeze in them jeans?
Big behind and petitest waist
Take time with the GBG, we don't beef nobody like GBK
Woke up on the wrong side of bed, so he's gonna get slapped if I don't have my P's today
I love my young boy, I won't lead him 'stray, I'm stuck to Lil' Bro like PVA
Paid already, I don't need no hit song
We don't need ID, Lil' Bro seventeen in the club, he ain't scrollin' TikTok
F's just saw him a thick one, "Which one? Who do you want, bro? Pick one"
If I shoot my shot, I'll hit one, matter of time 'til I get them all ticked off
Alright

We can go band for band, fuck that, we can go M for M
Quarter mil' for the Maybach truck, double R with the factory rims
I got the 90, the Urus, the Virgil, the Brabus, I'm really a threat
It's got to the point that I don't even care, I got jewels in the safe that I don't even wear

Uh, bro'll do it for some shoes and some clothes, you'll see what he'll do for a necklace
'Rari truck, it look like a spider, it's crawlin' a dollar on just accessories (Damn)
She made me wanna go harder, I like her whole aura, I think I'm obsessed with her
They hit him up on his birthday, did him the worst way, he had a death wish
I get right under they skin, I don't even try, I guess I can't help that shit
I'ma have love for bro for life if we talk or not, I step with 'em
Of course you can beat me at talkin', ain't no back and forth, wait 'til we catch up with him
Knockin' a bag and makin' the opposite mad, I done fell in love with it
UK Selfridges with a cute one (Ooh)
Bank account look good, this a new one (Yeah)
You the type like to type on computers (Wow)
Got a mask, but he ain't no shooter (Haha)
Top ten, but she don't act bougie
Me and your friends can go to Aruba
Hit France, it depend on my mood
This a Maybach Benz, this ain't no Uber
We can go band for band, fuck that, we can go M for M
Mama got a body like Kim and 'em
Mama been killin' that gym
We can go watch for watch, from chain to chain, the rings, I'm him
I done got rich, but I'm still with the shit, land in London and go to the ends

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