

Bang Bros

Lil Durk

I got cash and they mad I pull up in that jag
My shoe red your boo mad cuz I'm shittin on they ass
I got cash I pop tags rob me pop your ass
I stay flee I'm the man video on demand
Stripper bitches fat ass I ain't face you that mad
Smokin dope that gas savager hammertime
Callin up Jason Nine straight a down the drive
Pink bitches down to ride that's why they mad at me
10 days to meet the president now
Gotta do the whole squad to be the shit now
I gotta deal thinkin I'm the shit now
I'll never change never wife a bitch now

You wanna meet the president you gotta meet the bang bros
Hella bank rolls all them bank rolls ain't yours
Spendin flexin so much cash that it can't fold
Up and coming rappers man I don't see those
Boy all that cuffin you should be a P.O
So much designer shit that I can give away clothes
All these new niggas all that shit rappin is old
To meet the president you gotta meet the bang bros

Hold up they know we shit like Sholla
Can't sleep on us like pour up
Holdin them just like donuts we go nuts
DJ share thots, SD share thots, Gino share thots
But I can't wife a thot see its levels to this shit
She fuck a bang bros and you married to this bitch
A salad I got all types of carrots on my wrist
One night I don't need alot of shit
These bitches is crazy these bitches amaze me
These niggas don't phase me money and the streets raised me
The industry crazy just a problem
I'm a young nigga I'm just chasin me some dollars