

# Rubberband Banks

Young Dro

Rubber band banks (boing, yoing, yoing, yoing)  
Tokyo diamonds (choing, yoing, yoing, yoing)  
Grand Hustle ice (it be glowing yoing, yoing, yoing)  
When we in the club (they think it's snowing yoing, yoing, yoing)  
Twenty-eight inches (in the A yay, yay, yaer)  
We be deep (everywhere yer, yer, yer)  
Bitches want me ('cause I'm a play yay, yay, yaer)  
You know I got them choppas ('cause I'm a spray yay, yay, yaer)

I'm a outer space balla, put you up on astronomy  
Mathematically with a pistol I do trigonometry  
Humbly, eat up a nigga like a piranha B  
Ridin' in the Cutlass, same color as a bumble bee  
I had to, man; I brought the flip flop jag through  
Paint the Chevy sad blue, you know my devi sad blue  
Ride straight past you, my choppas will outlast you  
I promise I'm a smash you, thirty us sixes blast you  
Six hundred see through Benz, call it the glass coup  
Diamonds look like passion fruit, Viper look like apple fruit  
Ride through the hood; you know the Burban look like Snaple juice  
Bricks from back facts, from Summa Hill Pappa Two  
Rapper who, bitch; you know I'm the best thang smokin'  
Hit 'em in the neck with the tech, and leave ya throat smokin'  
Dro rollin', bitch; I got a million for yo' million  
We up in these hoods trappin', buildin' after buildin'

[Chorus]

I love flippin' down screens, and love ridin' 23's  
Love glidin' down the street, and love watchin' Lean On Me  
Love payin' ten a key, love sellin' pounds of weed  
Love in the club when my thugs all surrounding me  
Ain't nobody bouncing me, DJ is announcing me  
Shawty say she want Dro; I think she want a ounce of me  
Fed's tryin' to pounce on me; I'm loyal than a mount'lgee  
Shawty say she fuck with Grand Hustle; bitch, bounce with me  
Ice come from Tokyo, roll like the rolla poll  
Five blunts of total dro; I think I'm 'bout to overdose  
Trunk ain't bumpin' and jumpin'; it got the holy ghost  
Bricks by the fifty, ten, naw, shawty, forty more  
Trap time, nigga, yeah, strap time, nigga,  
Put out better rubber band  
Crap time, nigga, in my lap a nine, nigga  
Forty-five in the console  
Show 'em how the reversible clip'll do a drum roll

[Chorus]

Twenty-eight inches (in the a ya, yaer)  
G4 (in the a ya, yaer)  
Young Dro (raisin' my hands ya, yaer)  
Bitches want me ('cause I'm a play yay, yaer)  
Rock Cartier, I'm a chief like an Indian  
Freaks are Caribbean, my feets are amphibian  
Prototype Bentley with Salyrian in the Vivian  
Dark sniper ridin' in the Viper up in Michigan  
Fuckin' with my clique'll get you lost like Gilligan

Dro is on the pill again; I promise I'm a kill again  
Y'all fake niggas, how the fuck could you be real again?  
Murder all foes; I trap 'em up then I seal 'em in  
Rubber band fitted, S Yutan Chevy  
Straight drop, glad got that S Yutan ready  
Cutlass Cam ready paint, extra Cranberry  
Ice cream Chevy, nigga, Ben and Jerry