

# Run Ya Bands Up

Young Scooter

I live a dope boy life  
When you're hustling some days you can't get right  
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When you're hustling some days you can't get right.  
Run your bands up, run your bands up,  
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I'm a bad chemist, I work bands up,  
You a dope boy, hold your hands up  
You never saw a break, get your grounds up  
You're a bad bitch, run your bands up.  
Baking soda, I got rich up on the hammer  
I'm the king of the streets, I got it handled.  
Counting, counting checks, get your camera  
All I do is flix, they can't stand it.  
Street certified, I don't rap lies,  
But I rap piles, I'm juggling over grind.  
Cross scooter and white chocolate talking homicide  
The life I live got my family thinking I'm a die.

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You rapper don't respect me, do you like my nigga, Gucci?  
A rapper don't respect me, than we gonna get to shoot.  
You niggas hating on me cause they can't fuck with Gucci  
But jugg over quarter million last week with Gucci.  
I run my bands up and I don't run my friends up  
About to change my rap game and leave my niggas plugged up  
Cause we're running days with us, ain't nobody go fuck with us,  
All my partner loyal to me, nigga, in B and G we trust.  
Long as we're still breathing we gonna keeping getting the trunk.  
They put bands on my head but ain't nobody never trying the luck  
No messing with co-cities on six, you know we're plugged up  
I see some haters in this house, I tell them run their bands up.

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OG, got bands from the old days  
I remember I had dreams of a full way  
Jugg it good, me and Ike on the four way  
Everybody in the mob about that gunplay

Saw a nigga last week, he lost his whole face  
Thirty murders in one year, they took the hood away  
They're setting ducttape again, they try to build a case  
I'm trying to serve these fucking packs above the pillowcase.  
Ain't got a come up for a nigga, pull up to the truck  
Big Bank can't get caught up on a wild thing  
If you're a real street nigga you understand that  
Big Bank can't get caught up on a wild time.

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