

Hunnet Bands

Lil' Keke

That's right ok, Don Ke in the building
The money don't sleep nigga
Not where I'm from, check it out

They say the money don't sleep, a hustler ain't tired
Wake up getting paid, cause the paper outside
How bout a hunnid bands, a hunnid bands
Lately they ain't sliding, I done ran through a hundred grand

A quick six figgas, I guess we hood rich
I'm bout my hustle bout my cash, yeah I'm good bitch
Highly motivated, and super dedicated
I see the faking and the hate, but I appreciate it
The money never sleep, the cash never rests
Real nigga first of all, don't ever second guess
You suckers shaking hands, I'm out here making plans
Fifty racks and doubled up, and made a hunnid bands
This shit for ery'body, this shit for all ya'll
I told the bitch that I was finished, but she still call
On the grind give it time, I'ma kill ya'll
24's on the curb, what I still crawl

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This here for ery'body, this here for all ya'll
This here for ery'body, this here for all ya'll
This here for ery'body, that's why I still ball
I love the grind, give it time I'ma kill ya'll

This ain't for weak niggaz, this here for grown men
It's 4 AM, I'm still up and still going in
You know them soldiers on the highway, making sacrifices
I swear these books is out the roof, I'm talking drought prices
I'm counting every grand, until you understand
That them few bricks and couple pounds, gon' be a hunnid bands
Now what's the destination, we got the transportation
It's C.O.D. when you see me, so have that cash waiting
I got that money pride, plus money never tired
You know them FED's out here looking, keep your money quiet
We love to hustle, and were shine like the street lights
Give me a hunnid bands, dip and make it double twice

Hey get your paper up, put your cash down
Get you a hunnid bands, nigga this is swag time
Get you a couple of mo', then make em double up
You know they doubting a real nigga, I don't give a fuck
Oh yeah I'm hustler made, you busters underpaid
And it's gon' cost your ass some racks, if Don on the stage
I'm still a hardhead, Herschelwood vet
VS-1's hunnid bands, get the whole set
The Maserati was a dolla, and some extra change
Boulevard flossing hard, I need a extra lane
This shit for ery'body, not just the hood cats
It's 7-13, we came to bring the hood back

[Chorus]