

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