

David Banner "Rubberband Man"

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(David Banner)

Chorus] yo

Ay, who I'm is?

Rubber band man

Wild as the Taliban

9 in my right, 45 in my other hand

Ay, Who I'm is?

Call me trouble man, always in trouble, man

I-I-I Worth a couple hundred grand, Chevys, all colors
man

[Verse 1]

Rubber band man, like a one man band

Treat these niggaz like tha Apollo, and I'm the
sandman

Tote a hundred grand canon in the waistband

Lookin fo' a sweet lick? well this is the wrong place man

Seven time felon, what I care 'bout a case man?

I'm campaignin' to bury the hate, so say yo' grace man

Ay, I don't talk behind a nigga back, I say it in his face

I'm a thoroughbred nigga, I don't fake and I don't hate

Check my resume nigga, my record's impeccable

Anywhere in the A nigga how TIP is highly respectable

And the M-I-A nigga I'm tryna keep it professional

'Cause all this tongue rastling finna have me snap'n,

I'm tell'n you

From the bottom of the Duval, Cakalacky to New York

And everybody show'n me love that's one to you all

Yeah, to all my Florida niggas, my Cakalacky niggas,

my L.A niggas

And all the New Orleans

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2]

Call me trouble man, stayed in some trouble man

Some niggaz still hatin on shawty so, they some suckas
man

Got a couple fans that love to do nothing other than

Lick, suck, show no 'spect, but still I love 'em man

Dig it, lil' pimpin' got the mind and the muscle

Stay down on his grind put the crown on the hustle

Ay, I could show ya how to juggle anything and make it
double
Weed, blow, reel estate, liquor sto' wit' no trouble
Young cats is play'n today Marvin Gaye of my time
Tryna stay alive, live'n how I say in my rhymes
My cousin used to tell me, take this shit a day at a tyme
And told me Friday died, Sunday we a day in the
ground
I still smile 'cause somehow I know he see'n me now
And so I'm doing all my shows just like he in the crowd
Ay, throw ya lightas up for my cousin Toot, (Rest In
Peace)
Aaliyah, Left Eye and Jam Master J!

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3]

Grand hustle man
mo' hustles than hustle man
But why the rubber band? it representin' tha struggle
man
My folk gon' trap, until they come up wit' another plan
Stack and crumble bread to get theyself off they
momma land
Gangstas who been servin, since you was do'n tha
run'n man
Went down, did 10, back 'round and rich again
That's why I'm young wit' tha soul of a ole man
I'm shell shocked, get shot slow ya roll man
Still ryde around with tha glock on patrol man
I ain't robbing, I'm just lookin for that dro' man
For ma niggaz slangin blow, pimpin' hoes
Rollin vogues, 24's
Let these other niggaz know

[Chorus 2x]

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