

Cyssero "Rubber Band Banks"

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[Chorus]: Mind on my money,
money on my mind,
247, Thats why I be on my grind
and get my

[x2] rubber band banks (banks), RUBBER BAND BANKS

M.O.B.,
Money Over Bitches
I Don't Chase Pussy I Chase Gravy, BABY
i'm bout my

[x2] rubber band banks (banks), RUBBER BAND BANKS

[Verse 1]: That Rubber Band Pop
Like Boing Round A Knot
20's, 50's, 100's, Comin' Round da Clock
And them Cops Keep Fishin Round da Block
Like its Gonna Hook (nah)
that money still runnin' in like its on foot (haha)
fast money fast car and she gonna look
Still got connects and costumers in my phone book
all my life ran with hustler's, killers, known crooks
author of these hood tales, i should write my own book
(yea)
cash is a must have, splurge on a bitch
i remember when i used to play them curbs for them
chips (yea)
pump it up the weight
went out the (sub)burbs for them flips
no luggage, just 5 pounds of herb for the trip (uh)
like, money make me come, money-money make me
come
so i come where that money at
and hell yeah im comin back
money like good pussy and i want some of that
ima push it and ima push it untill im done wit dat

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[Verse 2]: yeah im on dat money shit,
never being' bummy, lookin crummy
having people lookin at me on some funny shit (uh uh)
never dat,

live by the modo:

"you better stack,

Stack On Stack Forever And DON'T EVER SLACK!!" (ha
ha)

Now i ain't saying I'm up

cuz i believe no amount of money is ever enough (not
at all)

What you no about weighin' up grams,
no thanksgiving

still on the dinner plate shavin' up yams (ahh)

Shout out to: "Chuck T", (Yello),

Shout out to: "Premo" (Yello)

Shout out To: "Lil' D" (Yello),

Shout out to: "Speed o" (YELLOW)

Shout out to all my niggas,

we let the cheez flow

Ice cold stones in the chain,

20 degrees low

i never chase bitches,

cuz bitches chase niggas wit money

and we sum niggas wit money Yea (yea)

I SAID I PLAY WIT HER TO LAY WIT HER

I FUCK HER OFF SWAG

AND YOU FUCKERS

JUST PAYIN HER (trick)

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