

Sunna

"Bound to Happen"

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Check it out yo, this on the real here son,
ain't no lie in me, ain't no lie in me
Nothing but big ballers, shot callers ya'll,
down south hustla players, tru to the game

Chorus

Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands
up,
Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands
up,
Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands up
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen,
It was bound to happen, put 'cha rollie's in the air,
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen,
It was bound to happen, Put 'cha rollies in the air

Verse 1:

Once again it's a day in the life of
some nigga's who insist to constantly live chright
Throw ya hands ups, player it was bound to happen
Nigga's drop lock's at me every time I'm rappin'
Getting motherfucking tired of this bullshit
Player hate, kick you in yo hole prostate
And at yo weight
Proceed to get the middle finger
Cause I don't love you nigga and that's the fucking
realer
Cap peelers, Indeed a fake Caper Don's
Big Willie's and bitches who wanna act silly
Now play with it, it's a shame in this dirty game
Fuck fame, when miss thang got a dirty name
Crap game and fuck niggas smoking zut suits
It was bound to happen across my black boots
And nigga fuck looking cute for them stank hoes
All a nigga want is weed and a bank whoa
Now hear me now

Chorus 1x:

Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands
up,
Put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands
up,
put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands up
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen,
It was bound to happen, put 'cha rollie's in the air,
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen,
It was bound to happen, Put 'cha rollies in the air

Verse 2:

I wanna kiss ya on the cheek and blush ya
Silly nigga get a bitch set 'cha up and touch ya
You know the rules, player hating get a nigga bruised
Late night at 'cha momma house to cut a fool
Off the chain, in a sense we don't help none
Conversating for an hour, with my chrome gun
Four niggas in the bushes all I do is whistle
All hell breaking lose when you hear them pistols
Nigga what, see you fucking with some real niggas
And everybody got pistols, but see we up quicker
Got a click, only robbing niggas touting guns
And grand theft broken down in my other songs
Big ballin' ain't a motherfucking thing ha
I was raised by one, it's in my blood son
Cut me deep, might penetrate the concrete
A A.K. with a drop clip where I sleep, nigga what

Chorus 1x:

Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands up, Put 'cha hands
up,
put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands
up,
put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands up
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen, It was
bound to happen
Put 'cha rollie's in the air, It was bound to happen,
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen,
Put 'cha rollies in the air

Verse 3:

It was bond to happen yo,
the gun clapping went to rappin'
And you know it's pure satisfaction
It's guaranteed, to the skis
On her knees, giving straight neck aiming to please
In the Embassy Suites, wanna flex in the Bahamas
Yachts and lobsters for the real dark dollars

And we don't see ya and we wouldn't wanna be
When Dark coming drop and I'm coming tech nina
In the drop top Benz, seven figure dividends
How the fuck you gone lose when you always win
Yo, the money getters, mic rippers,
Dark pea henney sippers, strip club big tippers
We real killers, eight pack gold grillers
Fuck ya ass up in a minute gold digga
Put 'cha rollies in the air motherfuck them busters
Big money, Big Willie, down south tru hustlers

Chorus 1x:

Put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands
up,
Put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands
up,
put 'cha hands up, put 'cha hands up, It was bound to
happen,
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen
Put 'cha rollie's in the air, It was bound to happen,
It was bound to happen, It was bound to happen,
Put 'cha rollies in the air

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