

Young Buck "Rubberband"

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Ay
Hey y'all ain't gon' know nothin bout this s*** here
mayne
Naww
Fo Real
Ay ay, ay, ay (Ay, yay, yay, yayaa)
Young dro in this b**** mayne I'm tryin ta tell you,
ay(Ay, yay, yay, yayerr)
Ay, ay, hey check this out, ay

[hook]
Ay, rubberband banks (boye, yoye, yoye, yoin)
Ok, tokyo diamonds (showy, yoye, yoye, yoin)
Ok, grand hustle ice (and it be glowy, yoye, yoye,
yoin)
Ay, and when we in tha club (they think its snowy, yoye,
yoye, yoin)
Ay, 28 inches (in tha aiy, yaye, yaye, yair)
Ay, we be deep (everywhay, yaye, yaye, yaere)
Ay, b****es want me (cuz I'm a playe, yaye, yaye,
yayer)
Ok, you know I got those choppas (cuz I'm a spray,
yaye, yaye, yayer)

Outta space ballin, put you up on astronomy
Mathematically with a pistol I do triginometry
Humbly eat up a n**** like a piranna be
Ridin in tha cutless same color as a bumble bee
I had to, man I brought tha flip flop jag through
Paint tha 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 aught sixes blast you
600 see through benz, call it tha gla** coupe
Diamonds look like pa**ion fruit
Viper look like apple fruit
Ride through tha hood
You know tha 'burban look like snapple juice
Bricks from black facts, from summa hill pappa 2
Rapper who, b**** you know I'm tha best thang smokin

Hit him in tha neck with tha tek and leave ya throat
smokin
Dro rollin, b**** I got a million for ya million (what)
We up in these hoods, trappin buildin after buildin

[hook]

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yayer)
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yaye, yaye, yayer)

(Ay, check this out)

I love flippin down screens
And love ridin 23
Love glidin down tha street
And love watchin lean on me
Love payin ten a key
Love sellin pounds of weed
Love in tha club when my thugs are surroundin me
Ain't nobody bouncin me
DJ is announcin me
Shawty say she want dro, I think she want a ounce of
me
Feds try and pounce on me
I'm larger than a mountain be
Shawty say she f*** wit grand hustle, b**** bounce on
me
Ice come from tokyo, roll like a roly poll
5 blunts of total dro, I think I'm bout ta overdose
Trunk ain't bumpin, it jumpin, it got tha holy ghost
Bricks by tha 50, 10 naw shawty 40 more
Trap time n****, yeah strap time n**** put out better
rubberband
Crap time n****, in my lap a nine n****
45 in tha console, show em how tha reversible clip 'll do
a drum roll

[hook]

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yaye, yaye, yayer)

Ay, 28 inches (in tha aiy, yaye, yair)
(Where you at) G4 (in tha aiy, yaye, yair)
(Who is dis) Young dro (ladies in my haye, yaye, yair)
Ay, b****es want me (cuz I'm a playe, yaye, yayer)
Rock cartier, I'm a chief like a indian
Freaks of Caribbean, my feets are amphibian
Prototype bentley with in the Vivian
Dark sniper ridin in tha viper up in michigan
F***in with my clique'll get you lost like giligan
Dro is on tha pill again, I promise I'm a kill again
Y'all fake n****s how the f*** could you be real again
Murder all foes, I trap em up then I seal em in
Rubberband fitted (booing)
S yutan chevy (yesss)
Straight drop, glad got that s yutan ready
Cutla** cam ready, paint extra cranberry
Ice cream scented n**** ben and jerry (dro)

[hook]
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[fade out]

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