

## **Fetti Cash**

### **"The Bandit"**

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(chorus): Kitami Safiya

What makes you think that you can f\*ck with the Bandit  
Act like you lost your mind get it wrapped in Bandage  
Let me make it clear if you don't understand it  
Be brave, you try  
Go head, you'll die

(Verse): Vally'O

I'ma let you know just how this sh\*t gon' go  
You f\*ck around with bandit goons out guns blow  
The last left the planet fam can't stand one seven O  
(170)  
Don't you ever ever ever come around here no'mo  
You f\*ck around with he and catch a round from me  
We went from buddies to friends now we family tree  
I go rasta on that a\*\* and I spit like tree (3)  
Smoke a loud leaf and breathe off a Tie Stick beat  
Like really really keep arm distance silly  
Its lacerations stab wounds and nine millys feel me  
If you don't understand well fam here's a fair warning  
Medical examiners families mourning  
Wakes, funerals, cars forming  
Lines that what you get if you f\*ck around with mines  
We on the grind and this the first and last time  
Blast that cannon for the bandit what the f\*ck  
You lost your mind (Blaaat)

(chorus)

(Verse 2): Mark Will and Deli Tang

F\*cking with my n\*gga Fet, I'll take it back to basics  
A thousand ways to die give yo b\*tch a\*\* a face lift  
Face lift we get a the word its on click boom  
Police presence with you, we run in hospital rooms  
Sh\*t hit the fan the luger fits the bill  
If we can get you, then your kids get killed  
Let a G know we wild have yo b\*tch turning tricks  
When ever fet need a n\*gga hit that six fo' six (Huhh)

Got the block jumping like a 6-4, for my n\*gga fetti  
I'll kick in your door  
For that chicken put your brains on the f\*cking floor

Brickstacks smurf mob  
You know where we at even the youngings is strapped  
N\*ggas lying we spit facts we make moves for the  
bandit  
You haters can't stand it, pockets on fat off that white  
Ralph cramsen exotic guns ain't jammin (Haaan)

(chorus)

(Verse 3): Fetti Cash  
Its the wild raccoon, bandit in the room  
Murder death kill don't get filled with the steal  
Stabbed or beat with the bat, Its the bandit don't make  
me jump out  
And attack you rats you heard my goonies  
They all got my back even though they know I pop my  
own strap  
They still wanna roll out and pop toast and mash potato  
for the bandit  
Don't make me rock or do ya or hit you 45 times like the  
cops  
Did to Imadu-la I'm orthodox...I'm orthodox  
Who wanna pop and get they eye knocked out the  
socket  
Face blown off forehead crack with the bat  
Or straight split with the Axe so you better beware  
When the bandit creep in all black, put you to sleep  
Then f\*ck up your dreams like freddy did to lisa  
Its primetime b\*tch

(chorus)

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