

Big Zak "Bandz"

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[Hook]

A half of mill a new hunned banz
Flying first class won't cost you a band
41 presidential with the yellow band
Shit be costing gotta keep that money in my hands
A half of mill of new hunned bandz
A decent wheel cost you 50 bands
Get the Richard crib gonna need 30 bandz
Shit be costing gotta keep that money in my hands

Getting to the money like a nigga selling weight
That's why we hit the club and we celebrate
Cause we all have selling mates
I call that dog food jail bait
I go hard like a super sport,
And I'm fly like a crushing bolt
My kids cry till I pay my child support
Sin city, you can ask them bout us in New York
You should have seen us how I birthday
Club owners bought us bottles to the center stage
Next day, I call the accountant put her on the plane
Since I've seen dollar district, I ain't been the same

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Bitch for the bugatti, my wifey catch a pradi
Drop 2 hunned on the V, call it growing up Gotti
That work it do Pilate, I stretch it and they fletch it
Might pull up like repeto, need a lambo just to catch it
London when I'm shopping, courses on my...
Drop a hunned on your head and your baby mama
plotting
Got us for a rotten, red on her bottoms
I made it and they hate it, rollie highly decorated

Got my necklace looking reckless
Every dime is segregated
My cars might close a lexus
But I fucked the bitch that made it
When I'm bored I'm, count money
When I scored I'm count money
First to order, cross the border
Can't afford her, count money

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On the road to riches in a phantom rose
Been winning bout the last 3 superbawls
Rap... sheets with the matching robes
My lately closet, all you see is bags and red souls
Don't charge if you can't afford to buy a car
Section that lib cost a baby car
He ain't balling get it, you can't drive it far
Pray my son never have to sell his audemar
3 karat stones... my style on a fucking raise every year
Every day another fucking flight
Wait until I really get my money right

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