

# Rubberband Banks

## Young Dro

Rubberband banks boing  
Tokyo Diamonds joing  
Grand Hustle ice, it be glowing  
When we in the club, they think it's snowing I'm 28 inches in the air  
We be deep everywhere  
B\*\*\*\*\* want me 'cause I'ma player  
You know I got them c\*\*\*\*\* 'cause I'ma sprayer I'ma outer space balla, put you up on  
astronomy  
Mathematically with a pistol I do trigonometry  
Humbly, eat up a n\*\*\*\*\* like a paranah B  
Ridin' in the cuttlass same color as a bumble bee I had to man I brought the flip flop jag through  
Paint the Chevy sad blue, you know my Devi sad blue  
Ride straight pass you, my choppas will outlast you  
I promise I'ma smash you, 30 us sixes blast you  
600 see through Benz call it the glass coup  
Diamonds look like Passion Fruit, Viper look like Apple Fruit  
Ride through the hood you know the Burban look like Snaple Juice  
Bricks from back facts, from Summa Hill Pappa 2Rapper who, b\*\*\*\*\* you know I'm the Best  
Thang Smokin'  
Hit 'em in the neck with the Tech and leave ya throat smokin'  
Dro rollin', b\*\*\*\*\* I got a million for yo million  
We up in these hoods trappin' buildin' after buildin' Rubberband banks boing  
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I love flippin' down screens and love ridin' 23's  
Love glidin' down the street and love watchin' Lean On Me  
Love payin' Ten-a-Key, love sellin' pounds of w\*\*\*  
Love in the club when my thugs all surrounding me Ain't nobody bouncing me, DJ is  
announcing me  
Shawty say, she want Dro, I think she want a ounce of me  
Fed's tryin' to pounce on me, I'm loyal than a mount'lgee  
Shawty say, she f\*\*\*with Grand Hustle b\*\*\*\*\* bounce with me Ice come from Tokyo, roll like  
the rolla poll  
5 blunts of total Dro, I think I'm 'bout to overdose  
Trunk ain't bumpin' and jumpin', it got the holy ghost  
Bricks by the 50, 10 naw shawty 40 more Trap time n\*\*\*\*\*, yeah, strap time n\*\*\*\*\*  
Put out better rubber band  
Crap time n\*\*\*\*\*, in my lap a nine n\*\*\*\*\*, 45 in the console

Show 'em how the reversible clip'll do a drum roll  
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I'm 28 inches in the air  
G4 in the air  
Young Dro, ladies in my hair  
B\*\*\*\*\* want me 'cause I'ma player  
Rock Cartier, I'ma Chief like an Indian  
Freaks are Caribbean, my feets are amphibian  
Prototype Bentley with babes in the Vivian  
Dark sniper ridin' in the Viper up in Michigan  
F\*\*\*in' with my clique'll get you lost like Gilligan  
Dro is on the pill again I promise I'ma kill again  
Y'all fake n\*\*\*\*\*s how the f\*\*\* could you be real again  
Murder all foes I trap 'em up than I seal 'em in  
Rubberband fitted, S Yutan Chevy  
Straight drop Glad got that S Yutan ready  
Cutlass Cam ready paint, extra Cranberry  
Ice Cream Chevy, n\*\*\*\*\* Ben and Jerry  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>