

# Bond

## 808 State

Yeah, boy!  
Check it out slick, ya know what I'm sayin?  
No complaining  
I reached my destination and it's raining  
I'm in columbia, the bond steps off the plane and  
I hear a hollar from a bro with ring around the collar  
Its chief of police, grease bond, tell me to follow  
Treated me to everything, no taxin, maxin  
Gives me a hotel suite for me to relax in  
Seems everyone was in my silk drawers  
A cloud does it have to bug me a daffy nerve  
Jumpin out the closet, word up, dead nigga  
Said "chief how do you figure tryin to arrest me, the double for the  
Murder of the nigga? "  
Now in a cell, but not for long, and now I'm out, I hear a weeping  
One asleep, other sleep, kept creeping  
Bumped into another, my appearance was alarming  
(to who) some lady that thought I'm charming  
Please, the way I is I don't even have to say hon,  
So who's a don?  
You better believe the nigga keeps girls fond,  
The name's bond!  
Well, I'm outside and it's the chief with twenty thieves like the brainiac  
Aware because the double 0 was bucking like a maniac  
Till nobody lives, so hon, nowhere to do correct  
Said "excuse me baby, but where they hiding the hooker at? "  
"around the block, but chill at least chill till the storm has stopped"  
Decided it was a helicopter, sounds like it's warming up  
  
Grabbed ya leg, shot the chief, someone said "stop hawking"  
Shook me off at twenty-thou, the bond got up walking  
They was laughing as they left they grew thinner like iraqi,  
Got the plans from the dying chief of police in her pocket  
To make it even worse honey girl was definetly rattin  
Was holding her in a club that was happening in manhattan  
I'm on the plane in the day seemed nothing was a phasing,  
Except for the stewardess jocking the amazing,  
But kept my composure, had another honey hon,  
Who the don?

Better believe the nigga keep girls fond,  
The name's bond!  
Back at home in new york, I didn't want to get too overfly  
You wanna know why I pulled out my 535i? (pimp!)  
Boy I see some lookouts with some girls that's annoyed  
It was a private engagement for the dealer and the boys  
Double just passed the hoods with their faces painted  
Walked in, say a good twent girls fainted  
Throw cousins all out but seems that everyone was shitting,  
And man I was so cool I even carried me a kitten (reowr!)  
Trouble for the double 0? wouldn't swallow that  
Who's the man with the golden guuuuun and all of that  
Turned curls of mercy, left blood on the walls of  
Rescued the shorty who was all on the walls of  
Whore said "you're late!" I don't wanna hear none of your dissing  
Nabbed the cash, made a good twenty million on the mission  
Good job, not to mention had the balls honey hung  
So who's a don?  
Better believe the nigga keeps girls fond  
The name's bond!

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