

Rubber Band Man (Buster Skit)

T.I.

David Banner

Hey T.I.P. You know yo, folk be stayin' down on the road man
Rollin' all the way from Florida, M.I.A. on up to Duvall
On up to Tennessee, a lot of the real niggas be showin' love
You know wha I'm sayin', I really appreciate that
All the dope boys be comin' out all the home girls be showin' love
But a lot of folks man, they still be looking like who I'm is
Let me tell them Who I'm is?
Rubberband Man wild as the Taliban
9 in my right
45 in my other hand Who I'm is?
Call me trouble-man
I always in trouble man
Worth a couple hundred grand
Chevy's all colors man Who I'm is?
I Rubberband man like a one man band
Treat these niggas like 'The Apollo'
And I'm the Sandman Tote a hundred grand, carrying it in the waste band
Looking for a sweet lick, this is the wrong place man
Seven time felon aye, what I care about a case man
I campaignin' to bury the hate so say your grace man Aye, I don't talk behind a nigga back, I say it in his face
I'm a thorough bred nigga, I don't fake it and I don't hate
Check the resume', nigga, my records' impecCable
Anywhere in the "A" nigga, T.I.P. is highly respectable And in M.I.A. nigga, I'm tryin' to keep it professional
'Cause all this tongue ration, finna have me snappin' I'm tellin' ya
From the bottom of the Duvall, Cacalacky to New York
And everybody showing me love this went to you all Who I'm is?
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Worth a couple hundred grand
 Chevy's all colors manAye, who I'm is?
 Call me trouble-man
 Stayed in some trouble man
 Some niggas still hatin', though shawty
 But they some sucka's manGot a couple fans that love to do nothing other than
 Dick suck sho nuff, but hey I still love them man
 Little pimp got my mind in the muzzle
 Stayed down on his grind put the crown on they hustleAye, I can show you how to juggle anything to make it
 jump
 We blow real estate, liquor store with no trouble
 Young Cassius Clay of my day, Marvin Gay of my times
 Trying to stay alive living how I say in my rhymesMy cousin use to tell me take this shit a day at a time
 He told me Friday died Sunday and Wednesday in the ground
 I still smile 'cause some how I know he seeing me now
 So I'm doin' all my shows just like he in the crowdAye, throw your lighters up for my cousin to
 Aaliyah, Left-Eye and Jam Master JayNow, who I'm is?
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 Grand-hustleman
 More hustles than hustle man
 But why I'm wearing a rubber band? That representin' the struggle manMy folk who trapping 'til they come up
 with another plan
 Stack a couple of grand to get they self off they mama land
 To gangstas who been servin' since you was doin' the running man
 Went down did 10 back round and rich againThat's why I'm young with the soul of a old man
 I'm shell shocked get shot slow your roll man
 Still ride around with the glock on patrol man
 Nah, I ain't robbin' I'm just looking for the dro manAye, where you from
 From a nigga slaingin' blow
 Pimpin' hoes, wanna boe?
 24's aye let these other niggas knowWho I'm is?
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Songwriters

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