

Rubber Band Man

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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Who I'm is?

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Worth a couple hundred grand
Chevy's all colors man
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
Aye, who I'm is?
Call me trouble-man
Stayed in some trouble man
Some niggas still hatin', though shawty
But they some sucka's man
Got 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 hustle
Aye, 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 rhymes
My 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 crowd
Aye, throw your lighters up for my cousin to
Aaliyah, Left-Eye and Jam Master Jay
Now, who I'm is?
Rubberband Man wild as the Taliban
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45 in my other hand
Who I'm is?
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I always in trouble man
Worth a couple hundred grand
Chevy's all colors man
Who I'm is?
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Who I'm is?
Call me trouble-man
I always in trouble man
Worth a couple hundred grand
Chevy's all colors man
Aye, Who I'm is?
Grand-hustleman
More hustles than hustle man
But why I'm wearing a rubber band? That representin' the struggle man
My 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 again
That'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 man
Aye, where you from
From a nigga slaingin' blow
Pimpin' hoes, wanna boe?
24's aye let these other niggas know
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