Rubber Band Stacks

Brooke Candy

Chilling, rubber band stacks to the ceiling
And on and on, yes you stay winning
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And on and on, yes you stay winningI'm splotch platch, tearing it up
I came for the gun, I making my chuck
Cut through like disco disaster
I set the pace and make it go faster
I fuck up the party, I came to the party
I'm back at the hardy, I miss being naughty
I'm hot like a mami, I'm up in Bugatti
I'm sorry, I'm sorry
Give it to me baby like uh, ah
Make 'em really wanna say uh, la
Shimmy, shimmy yeah let that boom roar
Sippity, dipidy, do-daRoll up, I'm showing up
Roll em up, let's blow it up
I'm riding at a wiff
I'm riding at a wiff
Roll up, I'm showing up
Roll em up, let's blow it up
I'm riding at a wiff
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I let bitches play, I'm a renegade shit
I pop up display on a renegade hit
They ??? renegade lit
I ain't the enemy, you ain't a friend of me
Killing the felony, pussy so heavily
Voice is so ??? fuck up your destiny
Think that you're better than me
Give it to me baby like uh, ah
Make 'em really wanna say uh, la
Shimmy, shimmy yeah let that boom roar

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