

Count Bands (feat. Mad Winnin)

Smiles Official

(Chorus) X2

Fuck nigga I don't wanna be friends

I just wanna count bands

I just wanna count bands

I just wanna count bands(Verse 1: Smiles Official)

If I wasn't rappin I would never leave the bando

So Official bra this bitch lit like a candle

Camoflaug black tee you could call me Rambo

On two phones probably talkin' to your main hoe

Turnt up, just because I gotta show my niggas love

Streets don't play fear gotta get dat bread up

I'm wit my nigga Mad Winnin and my nigga Mad Dog and my nigga Mack boy

know we keep dem things tucked

Cross over like A.I.

Ballin bitch I can't say why

Smoke good I stay high

Jet blue I stay fly

I ball hard you sideline

You on the bench you ride pine

Nina be my life line

Liquid Shield and Win Squad(Chorus) X2

Fuck nigga I don't wanna be friends

I just wanna count bands

I just wanna count bands

I just wanna count bands(Verse 2: Mad Winnin)

I been hustling nigga, getting bands

I know thats something that you can't stand

I can tell from the look in your eye

I'm certified till the day I die

I hustle hard selling crack pies

It's going dark before the shit dry

Young nigga been buck wild

Don't believe me ask my niggas smiles

Money to be made in every time zone

From Cali to Miami i get my grind on

Hit the club and get my shine on

These hoes love my diamonds

Smoking on some stupid strong

I need somebody just to take me home

I might need me a fucking crutch
Cuz reason being I can't stand up
Me and my niggas stay band up
20's 50's 100's and the candy truck
Flow master with the ostrich guts
Don't break hard cuz the thing tucked
If ya ass flinch then you out of luck
Shots out to my niggas from the slow bucks
Paper cuts from countin bands
I came up off selling yams

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>