

# Sms (Bangerz)

## I Bangerz

(Bangerz)

(F\*\*ckin' Bangerz) All the way in the back with a tree on my lap

All the boys like to ask me, what you doing with that?

You say you love me, I ain't foolin' with that

They ask me how I keep a man, I keep a battery pack One day he wants me, one day he wants me not

I don't do chances, 'cause time just ain't what I got

If he's like that, I got a world tour that they need me at

I can't be sitting round here waiting on a man to tell me where the f\*ck my CV at

Where Mike Will at? (Bangerz)

(F\*\*ckin' Bangerz) I be struttin' in my stuff

I be struttin' in my stuff

I be struttin' in my stuff I'm flying high upon the bird, acrophobiatic

My slick carder, I ain't down my purse where the dollars at

I let them know the rings two on the first

They can call the hertz

'cause if there's anybody violation I go off with that Catwalk, slick talk, flirting with the big dog

All I need is milli, only got milli on that speed dial

You know I'm on that me-ow

Quick to scratch your eyes out

Struttin' on the court, make 'em nervous, call it too much I be struttin' my stuff

I be struttin' my stuff (Bangerz)

(F\*\*ckin' Bangerz) I be struttin' my stuff

I be struttin' my stuff Play boss the play

Doctor get that big ross

Sit that on my hand

Make that media big talk

Play boss the play

Psych that must be the purple

Got up in my brain

Had me a little bit dysmall, I bangerz, I, I bangerz I, I bangerz (Bangerz)

(F\*\*ckin' Bangerz)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>