

# Rubber Band Man

## Papoose-mrb

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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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?

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  
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?

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?  
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  
Who I'm is?

Rubberband Man wild as the Taliban  
9 in my right  
45 in my other hand  
Who I'm is?  
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I always in trouble man  
Worth a couple hundred grand  
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