

# Rubberband Banks (Explicit Album Version)

## Young Dro

[Chorus]

Rubber band banks (boing, yoing, yoing, yoing)

Tokyo diamonds (choing, yoing, yoing, yoing)

Grand Hustle ice (it be glowing yoing, yoing, yoing)

When we in the club (they think it's snowing yoing, yoing, yoing)

Twenty-eight inches (in the A yay, yay, yaer)

We be deep (everywhere yer, yer, yer)

Bitches want me ('cause I'm a play yay, yay, yaer)

You know I got them choppas ('cause I'm a spray yay, yay, yaer) I'm a outer space balla, put you up on  
astronomy

Mathematically with a pistol I do trigonometry

Humbly, eat up a nigga like a piranha B

Ridin' in the Cutlass, same color as a bumble bee

I had to, man; I brought the flip flop jag through

Paint the Chevy sad blue, you know my devi sad blue

Ride straight past you, my choppas will outlast you

I promise I'm a smash you, thirty us sixes blast you

Six hundred see through Benz, call it the glass coup

Diamonds look like passion fruit, Viper look like apple fruit

Ride through the hood; you know the Burban look like Snaple juice

Bricks from back facts, from Summa Hill Pappa Two

Rapper who, bitch; you know I'm the best thang smokin'

Hit 'em in the neck with the tech, and leave ya throat smokin'

Dro rollin', bitch; I got a million for yo' million

We up in these hoods trappin', buildin' after buildin' [Chorus] I love flippin' down screens, and love ridin' 23's

Love glidin' down the street, and love watchin' Lean On Me

Love payin' ten a key, love sellin' pounds of weed

Love in the club when my thugs all surrounding me

Ain't nobody bouncing me, DJ is announcing me

Shawty say she want Dro; I think she want a ounce of me

Fed's tryin' to pounce on me; I'm loyal than a mount'lgee

Shawty say she fuck with Grand Hustle; bitch, bounce with me

Ice come from Tokyo, roll like the rolla poll

Five blunts of total dro; I think I'm 'bout to overdose

Trunk ain't bumpin' and jumpin'; it got the holy ghost

Bricks by the fifty, ten, naw, shawty, forty more

Trap time, nigga, yeah, strap time, nigga,

Put out better rubber band

Crap time, nigga, in my lap a nine, nigga

Forty-five in the console  
Show 'em how the reversible clip'll do a drum roll[Chorus]Twenty-eight inches (in the a ya, yaer)  
G4 (in the a ya, yaer)

Young Dro (raisin' my hands ya, yaer)  
Bitches want me ('cause I'm a play yay, yaer)  
Rock Cartier, I'm a chief like an Indian  
Freaks are Caribbean, my feets are amphibian  
Prototype Bentley with Salyrian in the Vivian  
Dark sniper ridin' in the Viper up in Michigan  
Fuckin' with my clique'll get you lost like Gilligan  
Dro is on the pill again; I promise I'm a kill again  
Y'all fake niggas, how the fuck could you be real again?  
Murder all foes; I trap 'em up then I seal 'em in  
Rubber band fitted, S Yutan Chevy  
Straight drop, glad got that S Yutan ready  
Cutlass Cam ready paint, extra Cranberry  
Ice cream Chevy, nigga, Ben and Jerry

Songwriters

HART, DJUAN/QUINN, DARWIN CORDALEPublished by

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