

Bandz (feat. Yo Gotti & LunchMoney Lewis)

Blac Youngsta

Hold my pants up
Oh yeah
I don't need a...just to hold my pants up
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up
Yeah
HoooooI don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Yeah)
Hold my pants up (Racks)
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Brr-Brr)
Hold my pants up (Go-go)
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Woo!)
Hold my pants up (Yeah)
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Hold my)
Hold my pants up
I don't need a belt them Bandz they hold my pants up
I been broke all my life
Now I got my Bandz up
I just bought a new Ferrari and I chopped the doors off
I just drunk a pint of lean just so I can doze off
I got bad bitch out Toronto and she looking real thick
She say her boyfriend don't like me
I say he a real bitch
I got a foreign bae, foreign bae,
She just wanna strip
I got a foreign clip, foreign clip,
Glock up on my hip
That nigga ran up on me homie
I took him out by myself
I'll do anything for you baby
you know I love you to death
Every time I fall in Louis
They like "Sir you need a belt"
I'm like "Hell naw lil bitch
I got them bands I don't need no help"
(Fuck naw!)I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Hold my pants up (Whoa)
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up
Hold my pants up (Let's go)
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Woo!)
Hold my pants up
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Hold my)
Hold my pants up(Facts)
Damn, damn

Damn near died buying this Gucci belt
Thirteen with a Draco man
He fuck around and shoot hisself
When I met Youngsta, he said "Big homie I'm with you to the death"
I told 'em at CMG we go to war we never ask for help
Bandz on deck like a high school
Blood on my chain like a Piru
Vette motor and a Chevrolet
Nigga wanna race, know I can't lose
Whole squad blessed like ha choo
Hoes swallow us like Hi-Chew
I'm a little pummeled like, why you
I'm a street fighter like Ryu
Walked in the bank like "How, you?" (Hi)
We get money, that's not a question, are you niggas dumb?
Big ol crib in Beverly Hills
But I know where I'm from
They think a nigga ex drug dealer
I went number one
Street nigga a slash superstar slash keep my gun
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Yeah)
Aye, I'm use a strap for that
(Hold my pants up)
Hi Homie
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (CMG)
Hold my pants up
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Alright!)
Hold my pants up (For real)
I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Woo!)
Hold my pants up Hold up ho
Bandz up
Hold up ho
Pants up
Hold up ho
Young and black
Hold up ho
And handsome
Hold up ho
I'ma burn
Hold up ho
Her top up
Hold up ho
Free my dawgs
Her top up
That's locked up When I take off in that Lamb
You know we kick rocks up
Go to war with me, you know you need your Glocks up (Brrr)
Soon as you get rich
You know them haters pop up

You know haters respect haters
You know they gone flock up
That nigga ran up on me homie
I took him out by myself
I'll do anything for you baby
You know I love you to death
Every time I fall in Gucci
They like "Sir you need a belt"
I'm like "Hell naw lil bitch, I got them bands, I don't need no help"
(Fuck naw!)I don't need a belt these Bandz they hold my pants up (Hold my)
Hold my pants upYeah, yeah
And they hold my pants up yeah
Yeah, and I got my Bandz up
Killed this shit
What's next?

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