

Bank (feat. Moneybagg Yo)

Lil Baby

Run that back TurboLotta blue hunnids they came from the bank

I drank this shit by the pint

If we leave then we fucking tonight

Jeans expensive they fitting me tight

I can't do this the rest of my life

Free the bros down the road doing life

Trying to sleep every night with a knife

Know it's hard but you gotta survive

Man they got twenty deep on the flight

Going wherever we like

You can go with us too if you like

I'm on top and I'm hot it feel nice

Fuck with snakes cause you niggas be mice

Diamonds hitting who cut off the lights

In the clouds we balling like Mike

Niggas be fake as fuck

Soon as I get my money I'm gon blow it

Fuck that, I'ma take mine and put it up

I got some foreign baddies in my DM they hitting me up

They trying to get on the plane today and come hit me up

She had the finest brain that I ever had

I gave her everything that I never had

I'm going next level on some more shit

These niggas dead broke on some hoe shit

Running that money up til I get tired

He said I wouldn't make it he lied

He calling me out [?]

I'm doing that shit for the guys

She looked at my side like 'Who is that guy?'

That's my lil brother G5

They call him Stephen, I call him Curry

That nigga shoot out your eye

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Residue on me I'm fresh out the trap (bando)
I got a dose on my lap
I keep the ratchet like [?]
Hundred round shots in the strap
I'm on their face like a slap
You think you know me you jap (lingo)
I hit your bitch she was wide open
I'm in her stomach like cramps
(Yeah, what'd you do? How'd you do it?)
Soon as I got my money I ran through it
(I fucked up some commas)
I couldn't believe I said something, I thought I blew it
(I thought it was all gone)
I just downed a whole pint, I'm under the influence
Then I popped an Adderall to give me endurance
I'm up I cannot get tired, your bitch on molly she wired
[?] with Moneybagg Myers
Plenty chains, clang clang, 50k plain Jane
Go get some money quit saying you can't
They thought I was born in the vault of the bank
Lotta blue hunnids they came from the bank
I drank this shit by the pint
If we leave then we fucking tonight
Jeans expensive they fitting me tight
I can't do this the rest of my life
Free the bros down the road doing life
Trying to sleep every night with a knife
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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