Bank Account

21 Savage

I buy a new car for the bitch (for real)
I tear down the mall with the bitch (for real)
You can't even talk to the bitch (no)
She fucking with bosses and shit (oh God)
I pull up in 'rari's and shit, with choppers and Harley's and shit (for real)
I be Gucci'd down, you wearing Lacoste and shit (bitch)
Yeah, Moncler, yeah, fur came off of that, yeah (yeah)
Triple homicide, put me in a chair, yeah (in jail)
Triple cross the plug, we do not play fair, yeah (Oh god)
Got 'em tennis chains on and they real blingy (blingy)
Draco make you do the chicken head like Chingy (Chingy)
Walk in Neiman Marcus and I spend a light fifty (fifty)
Please proceed with caution, shooters, they be right with me (21)
Bad bitch, cute face and some nice titties
$7500 on a Saint Laurent jacket (yeah)
Bitch, be careful where you dumpin' your ashes (bitch)
I ain't no sucker, I ain't cut for no action (nah)
The skreets raised me, I'm a ho bastard (wild, wild, wild, wild)
I bought a 'Rari just so I can go faster (skrrt)
Niggas tryna copy me, they playin' catch up (21)
I might pull up in a Ghost, no Casper (21)
I been smoking gas and I got no asthma
I got 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 M's in my bank account, yeah (Oh, God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
I got 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 shooters ready to gun you down, yeah (fast)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Yeah dog I'm for real, dog (21)
Regular, buy the seats, I got a house on the hill, dog (21)
Wanna see a body, nigga? Get you killed, dog (wet)
Wanna Tweet about me, nigga? Get you killed, dog (wet)
Killed dog, I'm a real dog, you a lil' dog (21)
Be a dog, wanna be a dog, chasing mil's, dog
Dunk right in your bitch like O'Neal, dog
I shoot like Reggie Mill', dog (21)

Chopper sting you like a eel, dogI got 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 M's in my bank account, yeah (Oh, God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
I got 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 shooters ready to gun you down, yeah (fast)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)Roulette clips, send a roulette hit
Pull up on your bitch, she say I got that ruler dick
Spray your block down, we not really with that rural shit
Glock cocked now, I don't really give no fuck 'bout who I hit
Yeah, your bitch, she get jiggy with me
Keep that Siggy with me
Bitch, I'm Mad Max, you know I got Ziggy with me
Keep a mad mag in case they wanna get busy with me
'Rari matte black and I got a Bentley with meI got 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 M's in my bank account, yeah (Oh, God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
In my bank account, yeah (Oh God)
I got 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 shooters ready to gun you down, yeah (fast)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)
Ready to gun you down, yeah (Oh God)$7500 on a Saint Laurent jacket (yeah)
Bitch, be careful where you dumpin' your ashes (bitch)
I ain't no sucker, I ain't cut for no action (nah)
The skreets raised me, I'm a ho bastard
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/