

# 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?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>