

Bang My Line (feat. O.T. Genasis)

RJmrLA

[Verse 1: RJmrLA] I'm tryna smoke and get some head (Both) Give your girl good dick, make her piss her bed She get you hook up in that water, watch her fish her man She switchin' hands, go hibachi like she Ms. Japan I'm switchin' Lams, switch the Rovers out in Switzerland They roll over and retire like it's Michelin You know me, I'm OT with the bitch again She OD about the D like it's Michigan Spread limbs with my trees, ain't no keys on my keys Had them twins doing threes, fucking friends and enemies My pants from Italy, ayy, bands on guillotine, ayy Twins from Sicily, got plans to hit a beat They been running through these rappers like it's hip-hop They said all lives matter, I said, "Bitch, stop" Just liplock 'till your panties get that drip spot I just fucked they monkey ass in Bape flip flops [Chorus: RJmrLA & O.T. Genasis] Oh, hold up I got some time to roll up Ah, ah, pay me to show up You not a man, you'd go up Bitch, don't bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) You ain't gotta bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) Oh, wait Oh, hold up I got some time to roll up Ah, gotta pay me to show up You not a man, you'd go up Bitch, don't bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) You ain't gotta bang my line (Oh, my, hold up, yeah, oh, wait) Oh, hold up (Hold up, hold up, hold up) I got some time to roll up (Roll up that dope) You gotta pay me to show up You not a man, you'd go up Bitch, don't bang my line (O.T.) You ain't gotta bang my line Oh, wait [Verse 2: O.T. Genasis] Don't call my phone, don't text me, bitch (Yeah) All this ice on me, Wayne Gretzkey, bitch (Ah) Runnin' 'round town, yeah, you know you a ho You done fucked every nigga, now you calling 'em bro Yeah, you look good, baby, but you ain't shit Should've been a baseball 'cause you do get hit You a plan B, Plan A ain't fittin' you right Speaking of Plan B, that's what you took last night (Ugh) You gon' need a oil change on that broke ass Benz Told you 'bout hanging with your broke ass friends Ain't gon' never be a main, you ain't stable You a side piece and you at another nigga table Nobody picking up, bitch, don't hit me You done got everybody, you ain't gon' get me It's some shit that you just don't get You should've been in gymnastics, you a flip [Chorus: RJmrLA] Oh, hold up I got some time to roll up Ah, ah, pay me to show up You not a man, you'd go up Bitch, don't bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) You ain't gotta bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) Oh, wait Oh, hold up I got some time to roll up Ah, gotta pay me to show up You not a man, you'd go up Bitch, don't bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) You ain't gotta bang my line (Oh, my, hold up, yeah, oh, wait) Oh, hold up (Hold up, hold up, hold up) I got some time to roll up (Roll up that dope) You gotta pay me to show up You not a man, you'd go up Bitch, don't bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) You ain't gotta bang my line (Oh, my, oh, my) Oh, wait

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