

# Hell & Back (remix)

## Kid Ink

[Chorus 2x:] You, You, You can tell em' that  
I've been from hell & back  
When the heat is on, I fire back  
In this cold world, where your lighters at  
Let's burn it down, f,f, fire back

[Verse 1: Kid Ink] Uh, let's burn it down, underrated  
Could never say I was underground  
Maybe a little misunderstood when I'm just ridin' round  
In all lanes like OJ  
Doin' big things, no small change  
We ain't goin' nowhere like wine stains  
You see me with the Austin on  
Welcome to the Austin show  
Alumni, lace up, don't trip, I got it bro!  
Sold out in my city, overseas and your state  
Wore XXL white T's expression to the XXL twenty twelve freshman  
Damn, I rose up, in the front like Rosa  
It's been a roller coaster, now I'm ridin' in a Rover!  
See the camera's out, bitch you gotta stay focused  
They expose us, but it's still so much  
I swear that y'all don't notice man!  
You can tell em' that I've been through hell and back  
But I'm home, yeah took a little time getting here  
But I'm finally in my zone  
So gone off that lounge, you can hear it in my tone  
Put your lighters in the air  
Let's start a fire storm!

[Chorus:] You can tell em' that  
I've been from hell and back  
When the heat is on  
I fire back  
In this cold world  
Where your lighters at  
Just burn it down  
f,f, fire back  
You can tell em' that  
I've been from hell and back  
When the heat is on  
I fire back

In this cold world  
Where your lighters at  
Let's burn it down

f,f, fire back!

[Verse 2: MGK](As we bow our heads)

Amen, praise God for everyone

Who made it out of the dark like cave men

And is this my moment, Shit cause I've been waiting

Came in the game the least favorite

Made it through rain, now it's hailing

I'm just saying!

Hell and back ain't no trip for me

Please Satan don't hold me back

God said this ain't it for me

But these haters done got me trapped

Shit! And it's these haters that got me strapped

Paranoid by my friends, cause these favors done got me jack

Consequence, of all the misdemeanors that I was willing to do to get some rougher ends, Until the cops (Woop  
Woop)

Then I'd hop the fence, it's still me and old school like Das EFX

And now they car collectin it's sad cause

Those are friends that you grew with

Telling me they knew that I'd make it

Now we've got the chance to go prove it , gone!

Pay stubs, cold cash, work this and I sold that

Wrote this in my notepad

An spilled more ink than my whole tat

Spill blood on that stage, uh

I'm the truth, and they know that

Critics lie, but these numbers are gone

Say hello to this gold plaque, It's Kells

[Chorus:]You can tell em' that

I've been from hell and back

When the heat is on

I fire back

In this cold world

Where your lighters at

Let's burn it down

f,f, Fire back

You can tell em' that

I've been from hell and back

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Where your lighters at  
Let's burn it down  
f,f, fire back!

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