

# Back Like That (Remix)

## Ne-Yo ft Kanye West, Ghostface

Come through the block in the brand new Benz  
Knowing that me and that nigga ain't friends, okay girl  
Yeah, what I did was wack  
But you don't get a nigga back like that  
Bouncin' around when I'm up in these streets  
Knowin' that me and that nigga got beef, okay girl  
Yeah, what I did was wack  
But you don't get a nigga back like that, no  
I'm high powered, put Eva Mendez to sleep  
Yo pardon, that bitch been on my mind all week  
But back to you, mad gloss chick, you're way fit  
How you have everything in this world and waste it  
Prince told me it'll be okay, I'm so sick  
Like Ne-Yo say, I'm laid back, like neo-soul  
I holla back at this Creole hoe  
She from the N.O. but she never told me and oh so  
We at the spot to chill with a Fugee grill  
So ordered the Kobe beef like Shaquille O'Neal  
Second I walked in the whole room got still  
I don't know how to put this but I'm kind of a big deal  
And she conceited, she got a reason  
She got her hair did, she got her weave in  
And I'ma sweat that out by the evening  
You? I don't sweat that now, I got a new  
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Oh girl, I can't believe you zoned out  
Played me for this dude, nice shoes and a bottle of coast out Mont'  
I'm that Don Wilson, first one  
To put you up six suites in that Resident Hilton  
Mink coat, colorful stones and big stacks  
Yeah, I was fucking but you don't get me back like that  
Causing me grief, you know me and homey had beef

Now you got me losing my mind out up in these streets  
You flamingo, showing your true colors  
Heard y'all was ducking down low when you see my brothers  
But it's all good, I move from ex to next  
Got the baddest little chick to sign off of them checks  
Fat bubble, her body's like one of the best  
But I don't need to say nothing, ask Kanye West  
She eye candy, smoother than Godiva chocolate  
And you mad 'cause you played yourself, it's your fault, trick  
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Shot through the heart, the girl caught me  
Shot through the block with him shot gun  
He lucky, I ain't stop, copped the shotgun  
Killah type cat, you better be glad I'm not one  
Had a couple stars up in my sky  
She was my moon and my sunshine  
Dude ain't even fly, he just some guy  
You blamed yourself, I'm done, peace, one  
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