

# Back Like That

## Ghostface Killah

Come through the block in the brand new Benz  
Knowing that me and that nigga ain't friends  
(OK girl) Yeah what I did was wack  
But you don't get a nigga back like that  
Flossin' around when I'm up in these streets  
Knowing that me and that nigga got beef  
(OK girl) Yo, what I did was wack  
But don't get a nigga back like that, no! I'm high power put Eva Mendez to sleep  
That bitch been on my mind all week  
But back to you Mac gloss chick, you way thick  
How you have everything in this world and waste it  
Quince told don't worry it'll be okay, I'm so sick like Ne-Yo say  
I'm laid back like Ne-Yo soul I holla back at this creo hoe  
She from the N-O but she never told me N.O so  
We hit the spot to chill where the food get grilled  
She order the Kobe beef like Shaquille O'Neil  
The 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 gotta 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 gotta new  
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But you don't get a nigga back like that  
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Knowing that me and that nigga got beef  
(OK girl) Yo, what I did was wack  
But don't get a nigga back like that, no! Oh girl I can't believe you zoned out  
Played me for this dude nice shoes and a bottle of co-style  
I'm that Don Wilson, 1st 1 to put you up 6 weeks in the resident Hilton  
Mink Coates, 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 homie had beef  
Now you got me losing my mind out up in these streets  
You flamingo, showing your true colors  
I heard u was ducking low when you see my brothers  
But it's all good I move from ex ta next  
I got the baddest little chick ta sign off for the checks  
Fat bubble, her bodies like one of the best

But I don't need to say nothin' ask Kanye West  
She eye candy, smoother than Godiva chocolate  
And you mad cause you played yourself - it's your fault chick  
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(OK girl) Yo, what I did was wack  
But don't get a nigga back like that, no!  
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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(OK girl) Yo, what I did was wack  
But don't get a nigga back like that, no!

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