

# Bring It Back

Tyga

Where the bad bitches at, gon' smoke?  
Where the bad bitches at, gon' drank?  
Where the bad bitches at that twerk?  
Put them weak bitches out that can't  
Look at shawty right there with them quirks  
Got me tryin' not to scratch my paint  
And when she shake that ass, I throw more cash  
Swear she tryna get a piece of my bank  
Back it up, back it up, bust it open, wide open, baby girl  
Let me see what you're workin' with  
Me and T, some pimp shit, this is the collision  
My nigga at the front, I'm at the tail end, where is your girlfriend?  
I'm lickin' the surface, try puttin' a word in  
I jump in that pussy and turn that shit to a whirlwind  
I'm Twizzy F Baby, Mista Mista Murda  
I'ma kill you little niggas but the pussy, I'm murkin' 'em  
Let me slow it up  
Y'all already know what's up  
Been gettin' paid since a young age  
Now that's young money, watch me throw it up  
I'm in King of Diamonds like what the fuck?  
Throwin' stacks at her, throwin' racks at her  
And don't worry 'bout it, girl, if I'm old enough  
Just gon' do me a favor, girl, back it upBack it up  
Girl back it up  
Girl back it up  
Girl back it up  
Girl back it up  
Gon' do me a favor, girl back it up  
I'm throwin' stacks at her, throwin' racks at her  
Don't worry 'bout it, girl, if I'm old enough  
Just gon' do me a favor, girl, back it upLet me see you do it, girl work the pole  
Gon' get this money, girl twerk it slow  
Let me see it though, let me see it though  
Yeah I'm talkin' bendin' over, girl touch your toes  
Now strike a pose, then drop it low  
I'm in the strip club with my big bro  
Named Weezy F, and we do it the best  
Already 60 racks and leave the floor messy

Young Money, homie, YMCMB  
Got a brown tone for the T-Streets  
I need 3 more for Chris, B and T  
I'm a fool with it, just a young elite  
Shit, what the Hell? You can't blame me  
This the fast life, get your cash right  
And when she think it's right  
Then come back to Twist  
And we can match it up and have a cash fight  
Now I'm balling on em'  
Still stunting on em'  
In the strip club, still hunching on em'  
Still ripping bands, homie by the grands  
Im the young boss, follow my commands  
Now I'm bring bought seven hands  
Back to my table, racks on racks to my naval  
Got all the girls wanna rock the young boy like a cradle, well! Girl back it up  
Girl back it up  
Girl back it up  
Girl back it up  
Gon' do me a favor, girl back it up  
I'm throwin' stacks at her, throwin' racks at her  
Don't worry 'bout it, girl, if I'm old enough  
Just gon' do me a favor, girl, back it up Auggh!!  
Girl back it up, b-back it up  
Im hard as fuck and I wanna fuck  
Bitch open up, I'm to-to raw gotta rap it up  
I'm ultra faded, I'm pouring cups  
Two shots of this, ass shots on her  
Don't ask for nothing, let me throw it up  
Man she all on my balls like bowling bruh  
Auggh!!  
I'm more than amazing, with the location, a lot of caucasians  
Niggas with money and money your savings  
Bout' my business, nigga no blazer  
Why you tryna save her, nigga I slave her  
While you pay her, I get paper  
Got hoes lined up like a taper  
Back to back I call that Laker, huh!  
P-pop a pill, do it big  
Bend it over, I see it's real  
Drizzy voice, young money ill  
I low my dick, then auto-kill  
She know it's real  
Man I got that cake, happy belated

I styling on my ex, let my nigga Twizzy say it, huh! Girl back it up

Girl back it up

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Girl back it up

Gon' do me a favor, girl back it up

I'm throwin' stacks at her, throwin' racks at her

Don't worry 'bout it, girl, if I'm old enough

Just gon' do me a favor, girl, back it up

Songwriters

JAMES QUENTON WRIGHT, DOC POWELL, DEBRA KILLINGS, DANIEL MOORE, JOHN

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