Back To Life

Croove

Intro:
Oh shit, my nigga Home
(What up my nigga)
Maino,What?s up my nigga, aw, shit
You've been gone 10 years nigga, what?s up man
(Yeah, man, you know what it is)
Yo nigga We on nigga Lets get this money, man Straight up man lets get this money
Yo check man, yo for real, let me tell you
Verse:
What up my nigga
I'm happy that you home
I missed you, let me tell you what?s been going on
Since you've been gone a lot of things changed
We came up getting real money off of 'Cain
Enough shit, whole team eatin? off of drug shit
You like a brother to me, you ain't got to touch shit
Ah, shit, I believe every word you say FAM,
but listen to me though I got a bigger better plan
Look man we can get up in this rap shit
You jokin' right, go 'head with that wack shit
Relax kid, we gotta use tactics
We can get rich, we ain't even got to clap shit.
I'm saying though, but you ain't no rapper, yo (I'm not)
Exactly but none of that matters though
Cause I can fool them, with a little flashy flow
Look, kid, I'm only after dough (I know)
We have to blow, you know why? Cause we goin' give them real shit
Young nigga, Old Nigga, Bet you they goin' feel this
Think about it we already going hard
We gonna start a movement and name it Hustle Hard
Hook:
So what you wanna' do
What you wanna do
I gotta car with a trunk full of money and its all for you
Man, I'm back to life
You welcome home nigga you deserve to be right (Repeat)
Verse 2:
(phone rings)

Hello?
Maino, what?s up?
Who's dis?
Who you think it is, daddy? Got to be yo bitch
ok
You home now what?s up with tonight (Umm)
Nigga you gon? give it to me first right
I need that dick
That 10-year dick
Imma freak you, might bring another bitch (Wow)
Look, nigga, pussy, you can have that
Imma give you everything down to my ass crack
Damn its like that
Its like that
I like that
You like that
You a king baby, Imma treat you like that
Yeah, I hear you talking like you on the right track
After I see my P.O. Imma hit you right back
Hook:
So what you wanna do?
What you wanna do?
Got some bomb ass head and a soft bed all for you
Man I?m back to life
Welcome Home Daddy you deserve to be right (Repeat)
Verse 3:
Have a seat, and no standing in the corridor
Glad to meet you, I?m your parole officer
Says here you?ve had some mishappenins?
Jermaine Coleman, drug related kidnapping
Now look captain, the rules is easy
Every week you gotta come here and see me
Get a job, can?t find one, see me
Gotta test, here?s a cup for you to pee pee
I?m not a friend; I ain?t trying to get to know you
And since you like to hang, here?s a 9 o clock curfew
Trust me, Parole is for real
Act up and Imma put your ass back in jail
I know the drill I wasted half of my life
So what you gonna do to bring a change in your life?
Imma get it right from doing bigger things
Got my mind right, on to million dollar dreams

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/