

Back Like That (DJ Marky & Bungle Remix)

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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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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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!
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!

Songwriters

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