Back Back

Lil' O

Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet
Or I'ma grab the gat and hit a nigga with the heat
Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet
Don't try to gimme dap bitch you ain't no kin to me
Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet
'Cause you catch a slap if keep on grillin' me
Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet
Gimme 50 feet, gimme 50 feet
Hey, here's a little story 'bout a nigga like me
I fuck bad broads live large and drive V's
Some say I'm cocky and rude, I might be
But nigga fuck you, you ain't got to like me
I'm at the bar taking sips of long island ice tea
Wrist looking' blue or icy I'm pricey
Bitch niggas mean mugging' and starin' all shiesty
Don't make me pepper spray your face, have you lookin' all spicy
'Cause I know you niggas hatin' and wanna fight me
Thinking I'm all Hollywood like Spike Lee
Thinking I'ma steal you and fuck up your white T
When I catch you in your jaw I'ma fuck up your white teeth
But nigga I be ready to scuffle like dice peat
And y'all walkin' outta this tussle ain't likely
I hope you boys ready to rumble I'm quite deep
And I ain't friendly but I'ma tell you politely
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Say I'm the type of cat when I pull up in the place
You hates like a blow job put it in they face
I buy the goochie shoes matching belt lookin' great
Dubs sounding cool you can tell I'm pushin' weights
Courtier full of flakes snow storms in the peaks
Hoe taming nigga keep my bitch on a leash
You the typa cat that'll chase a chick for weeks

Then try to box a nigga when you hear, he hit your freak
But playa don't you know you outta line that shit is weak
And fightin' over broads will get you killed up in these streets
You running round here plexin' always thinking shit is sweet
Then have the nerve to wonder why them bullets hit ya cheek
Then wanna step to me talkin' but
(Oh, you foul)
All up in my face talking 'bout
(You hit my gal)
I'm looking at him stupid like man this shit is wild
You better give me space asshole I ain't ya pal
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I keep my game on face when I'm riding on chops
Straight gorilla pimp don't even wave to the bops
Lookin' like a snail crawlin' slow through the lot
Fist full of grain other hand on the glock
'Cause when you want fee jackers want what you got
That's why I stay ready with the inferred dot
The first one to jump is the first getting shot
Put the beam on his head then I take off his block
You love to rob O like take off you rocks
Take off your shoes playa take off your socks
But I'm the type of cat before I take off my watch
Aim at your chest and try to take off you heart
You know how I do playa shake off tha marks
Hit him with the big guns that take off a part
Chest lookin' like he been ate by a shark
Bitch you better mind stay in line play it smart
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