

Back Like That

Ghostface Killah

Damn, damn, ma, we ain't even have to go through it like that
It wasn't even, even that big, man
You know, nah, it's ight though
But anyway, yo, let me get that coat
Let me get those jeans, and let me get that rock on your finger
Oh, it's stuck? Then I'll take the whole finger than, man
Let me get those bags from Paris, and the puppies is staying, yo!

Come through the block, in the brand new Benz
Knowing that billionaires do they friends
(OK girl) Yeah, what I did was wack
But you don't get your man back like that
Bouncin' around, when I'm up in these streets
Knowing that billionaires do got beef
(OK girl) Yo, what I did was wack
But you don't get your man back like that, no

Hey yo, I should just bark on you, burn your car on you
Cause I'm too much man, to leave a mark on you
You'se a bird you know that, giving that man
Ten points, like he about to blow that
He probably did, you swallow his kids?
In and out of jail, he a snail, he wasn't wilding on bids
In the summertime, I broke his jaw, had to do it, to him
Quick, old fashion, in the back of the mall
Me and him had 'mos forever, like I'm supposed to put him on
When he came home and told on Trevor
Had to bang on homey, ear blocks, out in spots
Throwing them shots, like 'sucker, you know me'
Stop fronting for them people out, side like you really ride
And you a silly chick, thought you was really live
But I guess I was wrong, I'ma holla at dog
And rip his head off, words of a song

Hey yo, I thought we was iller than that, all them kisses
And love yous, when jake came, you hid my packs
It was time a brother went to war, vests banded up
Staining in the kitchen, yo, holding a four
Sweatin' and breathing, bounced out of town for a weekend
Heard you had homey in the passenger seating
Honey, look, I'm a monster don, I do monster things
That's why I put your ass under my arm
Messing with him can bring bodily harm
And where you gonna hide in the streets when the body is gone
If it's one thing I learned that, never trust a female
On no scale, you just confirmed that
Bounce to your momma house, pack your shit
I don't care if you crying, you'se a ruthless chick
Gots to watch you, these eyeballs in my face'll spot you
My girl cousins, they gon' rock you

Shorty what is you thinking bout
Didn't I put you down
Flyest whips, rollin' round like yea
That's the bosses chick, on the side
I might of had, one or two
Them silly broads wasn't nothing on you

Rolling with him, tryin' to get revenge
That's what you just don't do

I'm a good dude, you see, yeah,
Females out there that wanna be
Acting like they getting they little revenge off
Taking it further than what it really is
You know what I mean, playing yourself,
No what i mean, this is Don status, girl
You will have to hold that now