

I'm Back

Mýa

If it ain'y my way, I don't it
My way is the only way from now on
You about my way cause I've been playing the same card game
And they've been dealin' me the same last hand
It really ain't right when it's wrong
And this has been goin' on way too long
I had to come back and set the record straight
If you gone say something, say it to my face

I'm willing to die for what's right
I'm willing to fight for what's wrong
I'm willing to take ten steps back from the B.S
That's why I've been gone for so long
I've been holding my hand up
Walking at my own pace
And the world hasn't gave up
So I'm back (so I'm back)
Gonna say it to my face (I'm back)
(Say it) say it to my face (I'm back)
(Say it) say it to my face (I'm back)

Let me tell you what's been going on
I've got myself together and I'm s much stronger
false accusations
Down with the
Let me let y'all know something bout me man
(Slim thugga motherf*cker)
I do this for the block I do this for the hood
I do this for the streets keep me good
I do it for the hustler cause I do it for the thugs
I do it for the G's cause the G's show me love
I came in the game 17 real loud only thing
On ma mind make my mama proud
Started rockin' crowds gettin' dough for show's
And as the fame rolls den came the hoes
Den came the cloths den came the cars
Next thing I know I'm a ghetto superstar
He come the haters travelin' by the packs
But never mind them cause uh bitch I'm back
I pour up a cup fill the swisha with good and fire it up
So I can gather ma thoughts
(Let's get high) Mo money mo problems
They say that's how it is when you live like a boss
(Like a boss) You see I've been goin' on ma grind
For sometimes and the streets thought a nigga fell off
(Hell no nigga) But if I decide to rhyme no mo rhymes
I'm a still be well off
(Cause bitch I'm back)
A born boss got nothin' to loose
Still shinin' in the game got nothin' to prove
Got rich and independent didn't need no deal
Had paper before I signed didn't need no meal

Got hustles on the side ain't got to rep
And if all else fails I still got the trap
I don't f*ck with you rappers
Y'all fake to me

I don't f*ck with y'all majors y'all snakes to me
I don't care about fame f*ck bein' a star
Let them take all the pictures just gimme his car
Den gimme his house and his watch and chain
On the bank account, credit cards jock ma name (Thugga)
But I guess one come with the other
So here I go I'm a writin' rap hustler
I'm too blessed to complain about that
So where I gotta sign? take ya pictures cause bitch I'm back
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They say stay true for hits no, f*ck it
I'm a gone keep it one-hundred fo the public (that's right)
I dropped all ready platinum but they only sell gold
And niggas lookin' at me like I sold ma soul
Cause I'm rappin' with P and not mister Lee
But when ya on ya grind sometimes ya can't see
Before Mike Camo Paul the sign
I was at anascope can't find ma mind
Still dippin' wooden poppin' 3 kings just droppin'
And I'm an underground artist tryna get on top
So I listen to ma label, plan to break X and learned a whole lot a game from
that
Just stay true ma nigga and do you
And f*ck what another try to tell you to do
They'll tell you to spit backs they can bump in them lexis
And oh yeah this a train track. bitch I'm back
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