

## Back End

Rich Homie Quan

30, 00 for a Jesus piece, I put that on yo head  
Freddy Krueger don't scare me no more, them boys will bite you in that bed  
Talk to God before I eat, and end it off with a "Amen"  
I don't care how tired I get, I'm gon' still run up them bands  
I'mma still count up my back end, I'mma still do it for my fam  
Just because I got a lil' money, that do not define the person I am  
I don't give a fuck about what the critics say, I'mma stack it up for them p  
apers  
I clocked in, like I'm working  
I ain't have to sell my soul, it ain't worth it

Sold out, sold out, now I'm mad  
We done sold out, it's a hold out, hold out on them bags  
We gon' roll 'bout 1 something, 4 of y'all, 2 in the van  
I don't care what that money do, I'mma blow this shit like a fan  
RIP to my nigga Shawty Lo, I'm still walking 'round feeling like the man  
Commissary going out on Sunday, gotta make sure I still got a plan  
Talk to my girl on Monday, on the phone with my hands in my pants  
Walking around with my hand on my ear, I ain't heard a word that they saying  
Niggas talk about what they gon' do, rubber bands still around that paper  
Overdue for some new music, might as well put it out for my haters  
Niggas talkin' hard, know they can't stop me, I'm in that front yard with th  
em choppers  
I'll do whatever for my partner, I hit the jewelry store with

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Nigga lurkin', cell phone, no serivce  
Tent on the car, not working, so I had to close them curtains (Ooooh)  
Pulled up in something they ain't never heard of  
I ain't seen no caution tape, but the whole scene I murdered  
(Woooo) Lying to me, I'm used to bitches  
Watching out who I'm talking to, cause a lot of niggas, they superstitious  
Dirty pots, cause I used the dishes  
40 Glock, keep it in my britches  
50 shots of them big bullets, that lil' nigga might need stitches  
That big body, I lean in it  
That drop top selling [?] in it  
And I ain't gotta wear a suit everyday to show a nigga I mean business  
With all this lean, I need a kidney  
Why the lil' boy goin' so hard  
You tellin' on me, you the real 12  
You lame as hell like a Soap Opera

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