

# Rattle Back

Rittz

My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
Speakers and tweeters beating, my whip got that rattle back  
My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
My whip got that rattle back, my whip got that rattle back

You can find me out on [?] hill with Sally Ray Deville  
24s on it got a [?] dressed to kill  
Tryna smoke another Phillie while I grip the wheel  
Weed spinning out the window like a weather reel  
Still sipping on Bacardi with that ginger ale  
Riding like a bitch, like a fish, smelly round the wheel  
Kick off your heels and knock them, bitch let's go pop some pills  
I got the Xanax, white girl looking like Paris Hilton  
Hair cut low like Keri Hilson  
Kept saying that she turned me on, and she jerked me off  
Kept swerving I could barely help it  
12 was roofless, and then Yelawolf is  
On my CD player, somewhere to go  
Speakers booming, and my beeper booming  
Tryna go and get a bottle from the liquor store  
Then I kissed the ho, and told her thanks for the handjob  
Bitch see you later, bye  
Then it's back inside the Cadillac on 85  
Coppers want to follow us and try to give us DUIs  
They be thinking that we drinking and we way too high  
Probably right, got an 8 ball of white and some rock a wear  
Everybody stop and stare when they hear all the knock that I got to hear  
Will shake many out a rocking chair  
Roll down the window a cloud appear  
Looked like a goddamn volcano  
Saying hi to the haters like they know  
Niggas in the chain know what it is  
Lame old, they know

My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
Speakers and tweeters beating, my whip got that rattle back  
My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
My whip got that rattle back, my whip got that rattle back  
My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
Speakers and tweeters beating, my whip got that rattle back  
My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
My whip got that rattle back, my whip got that rattle back

These hoes just love my speakers, sounds like Justin Bieber  
Tied up in the trunk and kicking  
Blacked out Mustang, Dub Edition  
We in the front puffing on some Bubblicious  
Just delicious, mustard business  
All we talk about is money motherfucker listen  
Got concussive stitching, Rittz in the head  
Rest like a redneck revving up the engine  
At the red light, ain't nobody fresh like me  
Feel like I got everybody out here beat  
Chain still swang on the [?] tee, yelling out I'm pimping  
Know they get the outfit free  
Got the ADID, ASJS, wings on my ring like [?]  
[?] got your Aviators, I'm afraid of majors

Take an eye out every time I wave to haters  
Rocking imitation jakers, seal the fate of fakers  
Everything is [?]  
Ain't no other rapper hotter than me who ain't got a deal  
Last year record labels didn't want to sign me now they probably will  
Still got the coke residue sticking to my dollar bills  
Still represent [?] and [?] until they put me in a mausoleum  
Living in the club and the coliseum  
Bout to get a cup of Xanax bars and eat 'em  
Ain't nobody really give a shit when I was struggling and working for the minimum wage  
But now they want to say that's it when I spit really get  
When they see me on the stage they say that

My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
Speakers and tweeters beating, my whip got that rattle back  
My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
My whip got that rattle back, my whip got that rattle back  
My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
Speakers and tweeters beating, my whip got that rattle back  
My shit's snapping, my shit-my shit's snapping  
My whip got that rattle back, my whip got that rattle back