

Step Back!

1nonly

Uhm, it's a good time to say "Holy smokes"

Said, "What's up? Bitch, what's happenin'?" (Hehehehehahahaha)

Bitch tryna suck on my dick, I might tap it

See this .40 round clip, the grip, I might grab it

My hollow point tip, yo' lip, it cause havoc

So out my way, bitch, move it, fuck it up

I got like way too many bands, pockets flooded up

And what I got in my advance'd make yo' stomach fucked

I keep a strap up on my waist, it got a hollow tucked

'Cause like, damn, move out my way

Got new money comin', bitch, stack my pape'

I leave his ass wanted, I ain't catch a case

New whip, no keys, electric race

Like, what the fuck? You bitch, you jake, you fake, you off the grid, your face decay

I shoot yo' limbs, my K, two dicks, I got two twins (Ayy)

'Cause I'm boomin' all these pussy bitches that be talkin' nothing to my face

He wanna pull up with a gat and get sprayed, fuck that

Got two dicks on me, got one for your bitch, and the other with a laser, you get tased

Slide through, go drift in a Civ' after talkin' to yo' bitch, leave a red dot beam to your face

And my money makin' money (Ayy), where your bands go? (Ayy)

Bitch, fuck around (Ayy), I'ma pull up (Ayy), and I'll catch another case

Like, damn, shit, huh?

What yo' clique gon' do? When I slide to yo' crib, what yo' blick gon' do?

Got yo' girl up on my line, what yo' bitch gon' do?

Curb stomp a pussy bitch (Ayy), what my Rick's goin' through

Like, damn, shit, and I keep that boom

If it's over me and you, who yo' bitch gon' choose?

Flex a hundred dollar shoes, what yo' fit gon' prove?

And you see me goin' up (Ayy, ayy, ayy), why you look confused, huh?

Tell a pussy boy that I said, "Step back!"

Motherfucker wanna talk, but I'm gettin' the bag

I see the reason that the motherfuckers takin' it bad

They know they never wanna be the one to step like that, like

Boom, bitch, you don't want this

I'ma pull up with the glick, pussy wanna talk shit, like

Every motherfucker wanna talk about another

But they never wanna be the one to pull up the numbers

See me doin' good, now they wanna say, "I said so"

Tell me why they never gave a minute from the get-go

Tell me why they never wanna motherfuckin' let go

Tell me why my legacy is 'bout to be in set stone (Hehehehehahahaha)

You don't really wanna play on my ninth life

Like, oh my, put them in a lyrical drive-by, I slide by

Spittin' like a motherfuckin' villain, I'ma never let them ride 'til they pickin' the right side

The cyanide in yo' drink, go bye-bye

Make plays, get bank, for my own time

Stay away from the motherfuckers tryna be the ones to take a blade to my nam

e, I choose life
Revenge on my chest, I stay in my best
They stayin' mad that I be winning, do I make you upset?
I'm makin' moves, and now they comin' 'cause I'm gettin' some bread
But you weren't there when I was broke, and now you think that we friends
Forget it

Da-da-da-da-da-damn, move out my way
Got new money comin', bitch, stack my pape'
I leave his ass wanted, I ain't catch a case
New whip, no keys, electric race
Like, what the fuck? You bitch, you jake, you fake, you off the grid, your face decay
I shoot yo' limbs, my K, two dicks, I got two twins (Two twins, got twins, got twins, got twins, got twins)