

## BACK DOOR

22Gz

I ain't a killer, but don't push me  
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to gettin' pussy

Ghosty  
Ha-ha-ha

Folks

Long live Nick Blixx

Blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky  
Gang

Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt

Pull up with the strap drawn  
Right before I kill him, take my mask off  
Niggas getting whacked off  
Purging with them Blixxys, don't get back doored  
Spinning in a black Ford with a black flag and a black .40  
Better have the strap on you, we gonna run up on him, lettin' gats off

We get the drop that he's slipping  
I'm fiendin' to clip him, I'm fiendin' the blick him  
Pull up and hang out at Civics  
My shooter said his trigger finger been itchin'  
Pull up and he froze up  
Mask on, get close up  
I can call my Zoes up  
But my Twirlers left him on a poster

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Tinted sedan, swerving  
Three deep, blickied up, lurking  
Empty the clip, burn him  
Hit the lights on the whip, you turnin'  
Ain't even tap in  
They left him gaspin'  
Pull up what's stackin  
Hosin' his fashion  
Fall like capping  
Go get a casket

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