

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 Blixk

Blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky
Gang

Skrرت, skrrrt, skrrrt, skrrrt, skrrrt

Pull up with the strap drawn
Right before I kill him, take my mask off
Niggas getting whacked off
Purging with them Blixkys, 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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