

Back Again

Abhi the Nomad

I was down before, now I'm back again
Circle like a spliff, we keep it tight and pack it in
I try keep it genuine, slow motion rack it in
They should give you gold for all these roles you actin' in (okay)
Roaches slipping out the fuckin' cracks again
How people with no passion tell me what I'm lacking in?
All this cocaine in my fashion, yeah I got that nasal drip
I ain't running from the smoke, now pass it here I'm facing it

Well it feels like
I'm at the table alone
But it feels nice
That I got here on my own
They'll realize I'ma just cut through the bullshit
With a steel knife
Cut me a real slice
I'm back again

I'm back again back, back, back, back, back, back, back, back, back
I'm back again back, back, back, back, back, back, back, back, back

(Turn me up)
Pull up with kin and they seein' I got it
The circle is tight like a spliff, bitch I'm on it
Been breathing this high since I came outta college
That's just how I feel when I seeing they calling like uh
I give a fuck
Pardon my drip, yeah that's part of the luck
They wanted me to feed them and they own
Pardon my French but I ain't your garçon
Ask me what the fuck I'm doing yeah I'm cashin' in
Did this shit with the homies now look how we rackin' in
How people with no passion tell me that I'm trash at this?
While they broke as fuck and posted in that fuckin' trap again

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