

# Back N Forth

Adam Calhoun

A-Cal  
Church

I'm reactivated, epidermis steel plated  
I'm so fuckin' bulletproof the .308 just 808 me  
Last hater like "Damn he ate me"  
Well you sit right on my plate B  
And lately my appetite been bottomless just like a skank, see?  
No ass at all, lyrically fill a beat  
Fuck it up, nut skeet  
Live it up for the night, wake up, repeat  
Three times in a row upload iTunes, brand new EP  
Yeah, I'm a prototype but don't accept the left swipes  
So don't be Tinder if you get sniped at the stroke of midnight  
I'm weird a little bit still infamous, still killin' it, no Ritalin  
Addicted to pickin' apart rap parts thick bars and difficult synonyms  
I paid \$15.99 with two quarters that's how I found "Many Men", no homo  
Relax I'm talkin' 'bout Curtis Jackson you little shit

Many men, shit, there ain't many left  
You see how these men dress?  
They wearin' women's dresses  
What's next? I'm over here stressin'  
It's fucked up, what's the message?  
Runnin' laps around these motherfuckers and I ain't even sweatin'  
I ain't talkin' shit I'm flexin', don't be talkin' shit all reckless  
I take these rappers souls and I wear it like a necklace  
How we get the gold, it ain't ever come from luck  
I ain't never give a shit, you think I'll ever give a fuck?

If I ever gave a fuck give it back you shouldn't have it, yeah  
I'm an Indian giver, don't make me come and scalp your head  
I got war paint on my ding-ding  
I rip rap and I sing-sing  
Just send me to the CMA's I'll piss off who is winnin'

We ain't winnin' shit, we takin' it  
Like Kanye West did Taylor Swift  
I pray that this whole industry goes belly up and takes a shit  
We makin' it regardless, honest, all I hear is garbage  
I'm just over here throwin' gas tryna get shit started

Flame retardant, we stay marchin' with them lethal pencils on us  
Throwin' hyphens and commas puncturin' hip-hop art arteries  
Murderous words apart of me, but my heart still won't change a beat  
Born with a murmur, preacher-man and A-Cal, holy shit

Yeah, we load the clip, yeah, we don't miss  
I ain't tryna hear you bitch  
You can't eat where we sit  
Made our way through the rain and the sleet  
Get in our way you can lay in the street  
What you hear right now is greatness  
Take this, turn the volume up on the beat

Crank up the heat until the flames all cease  
Sippin' supernovas out of my canteen

I'm liberatin' my paved place but I'm not a star on Hollywood streets

Not at all fair, y'all get beat  
Talk that shit but never gonna speed  
If you see me in person  
The whole family go to church man

That's you fam' I ain't a GOAT  
Nope, more of a Taurus  
I don't take breaks I paddle through it  
What I mean by that is I floor it  
I roll more stoned than a hater does  
So technically I'm a florist  
Dug two graves once upon a time, still ain't dead so fuck 'em

And I might die tonight, but if I do I'ma be okay  
And if I die tonight at least I stood by the stuff I said  
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