

Back Hurt

ASAP Ferg

I'm a lucky bastard
My car like dukes of hazard
I never had a ghost writer I'm afraid of Casper
I fucked her one time, then my homie fucked right after
Always keep it real I ain't never been an actor
All these racks make my motherfucking back hurt
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Big bowl of money, I look like big bowl of money
Got a tommy on the Kawasaki, blowing out an onion
Takeoff Frank Lucas I got 'em itching
They addicted to Bobby and Mr. Whitneys
Drinking on Actavis what a feeling
Momma told me drink water flush out my kidney
I'm a lucky bastard
Dab oh dagger
Your bitch a happy camper
Got an Iphone she a snapper
I know some rappers but know some more trappers
They got more money than you rappers
Talk like that actor you smoking tobacco
My loubotins stomp you out like I'm a capper
I'm with a [?]
I want a coke I'm Quavo O'Ryan
Look at the feds I know that they spying
I'm gonna disappear like I'm the Mayans
Hop in my rocket I bet they can't find me
Fuck all that bullshit and stop with this nonsense
These Benjamins [?] got something in common
All of my niggas about money and violence
For real, for real, for real
This territory shit is real
Fuck how a nigga gon' feel
I'm gripping on the steel
Think I might go in Beverly Hills
Get a mansion about 28 M's
No Jack and Jill but I done been on the hill
[?] pop a seal

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I've been spending every penny
Monday up in Magic City
Sucking on them tig old bitties
Diamonds dancing on me like they Diddy
I've been feeling gritty but I'm looking pretty
I been popping bitches like I'm pretty Ricky

Got a bad bitch and her name is Nicki
She be with the ménage and come from Philly
Swear that my father's killing me
All of these racks breaking my back these [?] is gripping on me
I look in her eyes I'm an enemy
I come from the trap my niggas attack you won't recognize your family

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