

Way Back

Audio Push

I need fake niggas to get way back
Kobe Bryant number 8 got the range from way back
Throwing dirt on my name, I thought we went way back
2017, we'll take that

Go started, it's winter time
Yeah that's why I'm cold-hearted
I need five million for the deal, no bargain
Hey Mr. A&R, I'm shitting on your artist
Bust my own threads, momma no more Target
And my daddy from the gardens
And he known for crushing all beef
Me, I go the hardest
Fucking over all beats
Hoping another check'll see more numbers than a call sheet
Half these rappers all week
Other half, all weak
Egg whites, chicken, sausage, toast, I need it whole wheat
I'm the type to pass and bring my winnings to my whole street
You the type to see if the water is deep with both feet
Swayin' in the Benz vroom-vroom like I don't need no brakes
I keep the grass cut low so I can see the snakes
Only want my baby Bad and Boujee like the Migos say
Looking at my son and my wife like "I'm a make sure we okay"
Looking at my city man like "I'm a make sure we okay"
My daddy in the pen, I'm praying I don't see those gates
We don't never ever pay no homage to your honor
And the only Trump we supporting is Teanna
On the real, I need fake niggas to get way back
Hot sauce with the deranged braids with the wave cap
Everybody jumping ship when it got deep, stay back
And don't call it a refund when I tell you it's payback
Karma coming for them frauds that ran off and took the swag
All my exes mad that wifey live the life they could've had
Copping purses, copping dogs, eat your heart out
Your new nigga take your check and always barred out
Sucks, look at God working though
I found a Eve that ain't gon' listen to that serpent though
Bank account growing, make sure that my circle though
I need you to get way back, don't take it personal
Lose my number at that, don't take me personal

Give me fifty feet way back
Play it back, they gon' remember me
Front row, see my shows like I'm Mr. T
On my phone touch that soul, make her miss the D
She text "hey big head," I know she missing me
Right in position, we back independently on you hoes, California pros
And we finna be on their ass, put her on her nose
If she standing up, calisthenics, make her touch her toes
Are you sure you wanna battle in this game with us
Cause new boys have checked in and couldn't hang with us
And you boys think I'm playing, stop playing with us
I push the button, unlock, them Cali crazy niggas
And I cannot associate with no more lazy niggas
And do not hit my fucking phone up if you can't pay me, nigga
Because time is money baby, I can't waste another second

I done wrote some new plans down to break a couple records
New place, few whips, and a crazy fucking necklace
Momma said don't get a chain but we be crazy fucking reckless
I been running mad risks, I been taking fucking chances
I done did my whole thing for the IE and I protected
I need fake niggas to get way back
Can't associate with lame, I been always sayin' that
My turn free flame on that Yellow Flame track
My Turn 3 is free, next round pay it back
Oktane, what's up

What's up, what's up, what's up