

Backstreet Boys

Bladee

Yea, and I'm sliding with a torch
Aye, cut the work with the blade

Still in the night but I'm coming back
Backstreet Boys, (Drain Gang), get it tatted
Can't stab me in my back, I'ma stab you back
Trash bags, silver Lexus, hit the gas
They hate on me, they hate on me (I'm not hearing that)
They hate on me, sick boy, I'm still dropping ash
Trashman, Drain Gang, taking out the trash
It's bad, we cut you off, leave you sad

Still mad 'cause I made you
It's not a playground but I played you
You still sad 'cause you're not cute
No free keys, yeah bitch I drop clues
Fake Pradas, yeah that's not shoes
I won't pop out, no, man I pop two
If you see me, I might bless you
Drain 4L, yeah 'cause I meant to

Still in the night, but I'm coming back
Triple-seven, D9, One Direction
Still in the night, but I'm coming back, yeah
Backstreet boys, coming back with the sack, yeah

On backstreet with the white, Nick Carter
Hood rich, VVS jumping out the water
Hood rich, big VVS, diamonds balling
Cash Money on me like a nigga from New Orleans
Aye, yea yea and I'm scorching
Yea, and I'm sliding with a torch yea
Aye, aye, cut the work with the blade
On backstreet sliding foreigners with Bladee
In the trap spot, see the blade, counting big guap
Nike's on my feet same color as some crack rock
Aye, and I get it popping like pop rocks
With the gang, like backstreet, with knots and guap

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