

## Back Door

Ca\$h Out

The bricks in the plastic, the pounds in the trash bag  
The weed ain't good, we shipping that pack back  
I got what you need, come shop at my sto'e  
30 clips at the front door, so come to the back door  
So come to the back door, so come to the back door  
So come to the back door, so come to the back door  
The bricks in the plastic, the pounds in the trash bag  
The weed ain't good, we shipping that pack back

Burglar bars on my trap nigga, can't forget put the cameras  
What's the use to have a show nigga if they don't use their hammers  
Mister used to talking [?] shit cause you don't use your hammer  
The arm and hammer, working my arm with the hammer  
Trap straight out the front porch, bitch you know that I'm with it  
Cook game got real strong when I [?]  
Straight drop, straight drop, have em dancing like they P Diddy  
Drought time come around, got to take a [?] to fifty  
I stack up the zones, my team playing zone  
Boy get off the phone, you been talking too long  
I know that they snitching, my trap house is closed  
If I cut on this phone, I'm offering this blow

Pit bulls running round the yard, every window got burglar bars  
Just a bunch of neighborhood stars pulling up in these expensive foreign cars  
When you come to my spot, bro cut the music down and come to the back door  
Yeah I got what you ask for, but first where your cash bro?  
Just got a new batch of strong, and bands of reg, I got a lot of that  
Look over there in them garbage bags, pick out what you want and then holler back  
Ain't no bricks in my trap house, no pots and no forks  
And I ain't got no love for a bitch cause I came up bumping Too Short  
Your old lady across the street on her porch, she love me but she know I'm a dope boy  
Me and my niggas keep down the noise so we can keep down and out of the way  
My phone booming, my trap rolling, it's always open, these choppers loaded  
Just in case an old police ask nigga tried to send a fourth up in here  
We already sorted!

