

# Back Tha Club

Caskey

Counting money and shit  
Counting money, all this brand new shit  
In the back the club

Ay, all my bitches stacking up, in the back the club  
Fill the plastic bag, can you stack enough?  
Throw the ones, throw the tens, throw a stack of dubs  
She ain't tryin' to fuck, she just clap it up  
Yeah, whoa, in the back the club  
Fill the plastic bag, can you stack it up?  
Throw the ones, throw the tens, throw a stack of dubs  
She ain't tryin' to fuck, just want money up

All my bitches stack money, call your daddy  
But you know this ain't her dad money  
You all off inside the corner acting mad funny (Strange)  
She gon' pass the ball before, now she gon' pass it to me, yeah  
She gon' hit the stage, she gon' twerk it for some big faces  
Y'all amazed, we came up, bought us six cases (Really balling)  
We throwing scholarships, her ass is super tatted  
You know a lot of girls, but you gotta have it  
First time that she hit the stage, pulled up in the Caddy (Skrtrt!)  
Skrtrt off in that Lexus, damn, girl, you know you're savvy  
Forgot her name 'cause now everybody call her "Baddy"  
Girl, you know you're savage, she got expensive habits

Yeah, all my bitches stacking up, in the back the club  
Fill the plastic bag, can you stack enough?  
Throw the ones, throw the tens, throw a stack of dubs  
She ain't tryin' to fuck, she just want money up  
Whoa, yeah, in the back the club  
Plastic bag, stacking up  
Throw the ones, throw the tens, throw a stack of dubs  
She ain't tryin' to fuck, she just want money up

She gon' hit the strip, leave the telly by herself (Damn)  
Gotta catch a flight when you're really chasing wealth (Plane)  
In a different city every night, this how she felt (Whoa)  
Alexander Wang, shit, what kind of cards you're dealt?  
Looking for the ballers, man, I heard that he a wild  
She been working two nights, she just made like thirty thou'  
Came back home, it look like she the richest bitch in town  
You the trap star but you're broke and juggin' pounds  
And she got her money up  
She got them bands, baby, y'all ain't even done enough  
She roll up the honey dutch, everybody wanna touch  
She count it and run it up, she count it and run it up

All my bitches stacking up, in the back the club  
Get the plastic bag, can you stack enough?  
Throw the ones, throw the tens, throw a stack of dubs  
She ain't tryin' to fuck, she just want money up  
Yeah, whoa, in the back the club  
Fill the plastic bag, can you stack enough?  
Throw the ones, throw the tens, throw a stack of dubs  
She ain't tryin' to fuck, she just want money up