

BACKSTAGE

DC the Don

Hello?

Hey, I'm recording right now, lemme text you, I'll call you in a little bit, alright?

Alright I'ma text you

How you movin'?

Backstage at the show, with some mad freaks (Yeah)

On the road, please don't call my phone, you know how I be (Yeah)

Mm, it's on, buy another fit, switch my whole persona (Yeah)

Feel like Toosii, when I'm on the stage, I sing her favorite song

Other girl, she be out the way but she look like Rihanna

Bought some Prada, she back at the crib, she whippin' enchiladas (Yeah)

What's the problem?

I gave you the world, she can't give me nada

What you mean?

I can't do a thing you won't do for me (Yeah)

Obviously, I ran up a check they say they proud of me

In New York, just straight off the plane, do a shopping spree

I'm in London, just ran up some money feel like Central Cee

She like "Where your swag boy, where your swag?"

Out the galaxy

She like "Where your swag boy, where your swag?"

"Where your swag boy, where your swag?"

I'm out the galaxy

They already know, you ain't gotta stare, you can take a flick

Turn the flash on, them diamonds movin' like Sha'Carri on me

Don't feel sorry for me, pressure, it be hardly on me

Would you rather cry inside a bus or a Ferrari on me? (Skrt, skrt)

Don't feel sorry for me, pressure, it be hardly on me

Gucci tiger print all on my bag like a safari on me

I just hope they light the whole city up when I'm performin'

You can keep the fake shit 'cause I don't want it

In my face like he want shit for free

I can't do shit for that boy if he ain't doin' shit for me

'Cause I'm sorry, I just doubled up my racks up by the mornin' (Yeah)

Out the way, on my own so I just do this shit for free (Yeah)

Look, I'm sorry I just doubled up my racks up by the mornin'

I don't know, waking up and I just see another fee

And I'm sorry, I'm so sorry

I'm sorry I just doubled up my racks up by the mornin'

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