

# I'm Back

DD Osama

Frraow, frraow, frraow  
Baow, baow, baow  
(Elvis)  
Baow, baow, ah, ah, ah, nigga  
(Ayo, Eli, what the fuck?)  
You know what the fuck goin' on, nigga  
1417  
Smokin' a lot of dead niggas (On bro)  
How the fuck you're dead, nigga? (How the fuck y'all niggas dead?)  
Nigga, fuck your dead mother (Nigga, fuck your dead mother)  
Fuck? (Baow) Fuck wrong with that, nigga? (Baow, baow)  
I'ma smoke his dead mother (I'm on my bullshit)  
Ah, ah, ah, ah-ah

Oh, he thought he was safe? Like (Oh, he thought he was safe?)  
'Til we got up on him (On bro)  
Big B gon' hop out and toss him (Baow)  
And Adot gon' flock him, no need for the talkin', like (Baow, baow, baow)  
Boogieman pop out, no hoodie (No hoodie)  
Bet my torch'll toast him (Baow, ayy)  
I don't even know why is he runnin'  
Nigga, he gon' get him, nigga, he gon' off him (Baow, baow, baow)

Now it's back to the block, smoke dead opps  
Know an opp who got killed by a leg shot (Leg shot)  
Niggas be chattin', but don't never do shit (Never do)  
You see me with my G, I'ma use it, like (Baow, baow)  
Nigga, I go ruthless  
Money on his head, make 'em wanna do it (Do it)  
Bitch, I got them to do it, niggas really shoot shit  
But play with your life, you gon' lose it (On bro)  
Red beam on the Glock, switchy in the back  
Shit shoot automatic, it shoot like a [?], like  
We the ones makin' the mess  
But we shootin' that bitch, niggas stuck in they head, like  
We tryna get him stretched  
'Cause if we see that nigga, fill him up with lead, like (Baow, baow, baow)  
No, you can't aim for the leg  
Nigga, do him the worst, hit him in the head  
Nigga, 'bout to make shit tragic  
Lotti had died from that hit at his back, shit (Lotti)  
Niggas tellin' me chill, I ain't havin' it  
'Cause they mentionin' bro like he wasn't the backend  
Ten bands and I promise it's happenin' (On bro)  
You can't chill over here you ain't doin' the clappin' (Baow, baow, baow)  
Like, bro went on a hit with a MAC  
And he caught a hit and he almost [?]  
Like, I got dead niggas in this blunt  
Give a fuck what they say, they ain't tellin' me nothin' (They ain't tellin'  
me nothin')  
You can try to slide if you want  
Bet we be the ones to turn y'all into Runtz  
Nigga say my name [?]  
Like, I'm 'bout to tell him again (Against)  
Go get me [?], I'ma give you ten  
Fuck it, I'ma add an extra ten (On bro)

'Cause he mentioned my bro tryna get some clout  
Now I'm openin' his matha  
I just want them to push up, I'ma make him suffer (On bro)  
Think me and my gun won't touch you? (Won't what?)  
You think these French tips won't rush you? (Won't what?)  
Me and my dolie, nigga, I'll clap, like (Baow, baow, baow)  
But whole time, I don't have to (I don't have to)  
Hit on your head, I can say that it's bad for you (On bro)

Oh, he thought he was safe? Like  
'Til we got up on him ('Til we got up)  
Big B gon' hop out and toss him (Baow)  
And Adot gon' flock him, no need for the talkin', like (Baow, baow, baow, baow)  
Boogieman pop out, no hoodie (No hoodie)  
Bet my torch'll toast him  
I don't even know why is he runnin' (Ayy, nigga, why he runnin'?)  
Nigga, he gon' get him, nigga, he gon' off him (Nigga, he gon' off)

Niggas on my dick, I'm 'bout to make it lit (Make it lit)  
Light that, I can say he a spliff (Ayy, ayy)  
Why they actin' like we ain't the ones takin' trips?  
Lot of niggas that died, can say they a bitch (On bro)  
Big opp thought he'd blick  
Face shot, should've been in a ditch (On bro)  
I don't know why niggas diss  
Like we ain't the ones really takin' trips (On bro, nigga)

Niggas thought I was done, nigga? Nigga, no nigga  
Tryna catch me, tryna catch me, ooh, nigga  
From the, from the, nigga, from the courts  
Yeah, 'cause they dissin' my brother