

## Backstage Passes

EST Gee

I become what you fanaticized about becoming  
Had to quit sending music out 'cause somebody fuck around and leak somethin'  
Every girl that I mess with knows what's up, but they keep coming  
Pretty sure at this point, they don't wanna know the secrets that I keep from 'em  
Put your phone down and be something  
25 and you broke  
Talking 'bout me on the internet, but you dapped me up when we spoke  
I don't know if I'm genius, but I definitely had a few strokes  
Real raps, not jokes  
Dressed like I'm at Oaks, ay  
Sear suck in my coke  
Day care in her throat, hit songs in my notes  
Hit notes like don't, I just got in my zone (Zone)  
Had to let it be known (Known) brought her out she got flown  
Unspoken, we bone  
Fell in love with my tone  
Airplane on my phone floating off Patron  
In the club and I'm stonned  
You took care of me in the 10th grade, now things changed, I'm grown  
I ain't getting dethroned, hit the gas and I'm gone (Hit the gas and I'm gone)  
I'm the one that put the city on

I'm the one that got the city known off of turkey bands and a minute phone  
I'm the one that gave us big records, I done fucked around and got my Guinness on  
Yeah, in the city I be building hoes, put butt shots and the titties on  
Me though, I like natural, 50 bands and a statue  
Yeah, me it's just jewelry actually and she saved my number under daddy

Used to do field trips up to getty, used to do road trips to the natty  
Don't take no pics and don't @ me  
I'll take you to the show to meet Jacky  
These girls will do anything for some backstage passes

Yeah, lights, camera, action; don't stop, keep going, it's relaxing  
You coming on tour, how you acting  
She see my car and got to asking  
Yeah, this an Aventador, not a Vette  
I done went platinum, my go Jack  
But I'm still living life, no sweat  
Can't move on, no coupe, the rose truck next  
It's another quarter million on the risk, pick her up she ignore a text  
Pretty sure he know what's next  
I told her, more spit, baby, more licks  
You ain't know I leave, 'cause I'm born sexy  
If you didn't know, now you know  
Louisville, young hood nigga, hoe  
One fifty four for a loaf a show  
I'm the fire demon to the smoke  
We all know who hate me the most  
All the lame niggas that's broke  
From the black sheep to the goat  
I was just microwaving my dope  
Since the white rollie in the Wraith  
Like my food with a side of coke

I ain't gotta say much, y'all know

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