Lick Back Remix

EST Gee

(FOREVEROLLING)
Niggas know y'all can't fuck with me, nigga (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Throw the hood up and then we skrrt off
Slidin' in that Trackhawk, all my jewelry on, my shirt off
Turn her phone on DND, on silent, all alerts off
It's a fast car, but I'm movin' slow, I like my syrup raw
Every nigga 'round me shoot that yeek and get they merch off
I don't bark, I bite, I got more paper than your big dawg
Wanna change your life? My best advice a brick of fentanyl
This bitch type is wife, I might just let the condom slip off
Ain't too many like me, ninety-nine percent of 'em rip-offs
On point even at her spot, I never take my kicks off
Ask my opps how it feel to wake up daily and get shit on
You get in your feelings and make diss songs
I make at your people's house, outside shootin' that blick songs
And I'm still good on every block I used to knock P's on
Boss, I get you chalked, my name ain't something that you should speak on
Pulled out twenty somethin' just to let Johnny put my teeth on
My money ten feet tall, but I ain't something you should shoot at
Kill somethin', you wan' lock in with us, I thought you knew that
My plug drove the load in on a truck, next day, he flew back
I talk so much shit, I need a Tic-Tac
I got five thousand for you, help me set this wolf trap
Started a new strain smokin' your man, this here a wolf pack
Up on the score, but we still active like we on get-back
Only thing gon' take that pain away is if you get racks
Forever get my lick back

Pluto
Suckin' this bitch titty like I'm tryna get some syrup out it
Opps shot at me ten years ago, niggas still gettin' murked 'bout it
I put on so many white diamonds, made a snow bunny get cockeyed
Slime that bitch out to my crew, ho got crossed out
I bet you I piss out codeine, bitch gon' kiss it, it's a blessing
Bustdown on my freak because she suck it excellent
Certified stepper, bust your head and pull a hamstring
Cocaine so pure, sellin' re-up on an airplane

Murder red diamond on my pinky ring (On my pinky ring)
Sixty-six murders on my tennis chain (Sixty-six murders, nigga)
Back and forth, yeah, I'm playing tennis games (I'm playin' tennis games)
Racks, I'm out the credit game (In and out the credit game)

(King Pluto, yeah)
I got more millions than followers, nigga, I'm a big dog
I dropped few dollars on Cuban links, real fentanyl
I got my main bitch watered down like a fish bowl

Bitch just went to suckin', I couldn't even get the TEC out (What you tell h
er?)
I just went to bustin', he couldn't even get the vest out (What you said?)
I just got so mad, I went did a drill in my Redeye (What you said?)
Showed the bitch the Honda, she ain't ever seen a deadeye (Yeah)

All these diamond chains, that bitch thought I had my shirt on (Pluto)
At the laundromat washin' the money, getting the dog off (Washin' off the do

g)
All this food, turn the weed spot into a doghouse (Rrr)
Might just fuck a famous bitch in the bathroom at Walmart (King Pluto)
I done hit so many niggas' wives, I need a ballpark

Before I marry this bitch, rather give a mil' to my mother (One hundred)
Took her off the jet, now her addy on my father
I've been dodgin' all these nasty hoes like a Charger

Yeah, so much pape', I bribed fate to hold my karma
My cause worldwide, if I die, I'm a martyr
He snake me, ain't faze me, my lick back harder
I'm sittin', washin' my hands, dirty streets scarred us
Making this money, remain flawless, I promise
I'm no star, I'm much more, I'm enormous
Every time they try to slide, I swear to God we spinned back
Forever gettin' my lick back, yeah

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