

Backbreaker

Father

B-B-Bankroll Got It

Yeah, I think she wanna break up, I think she had too much
Oh, the weight of it all, I'm a backbreaker
Oh, the weight of it all, I'm a bag chaser
I keep my spots spaced out, I keep that guap raked up
Yeah, backbreaker, bag chaser
Shorty need some MAC makeup
Good coke, it gon' cake up
Hit the pot, it gon' bake up
Move to LA, go Lakers
Hair grown out, got no shape up
Niggas broke, got no paper
Treatin' me like they savior

Got a Benz in my face
Got a little boy on the way
No hoes, them bags gettin' chased
Stayin' in shape, movin' this weight
I'm tipsy, grippin' her waist
Lil shorty go at my pace
Put that little ass in my face
Give her the code to the safe

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