Back End

Finesse2Tymes

Finesse, two of 'em
(XO think he all that)

It's cool when they do it (It's cool, huh?), it's a problem when I do it, fuck 'em (Fuck 'em)
Birds of a feather (What?), they flock together, that make you a sucker (A sucker)
I don't fuck with nobody (None of 'em), if you ain't mob ties, then it's fuck you (Fuck you)
I don't want nothin' but some money (Some money), but if they get with this shit, I'ma flush 'em
I'm in South Carolina (What you doing?), I'm looking for Renni, she know I'm some pimpin', though (Yeah, she know that)
She gotta be thick as hell, big player, I can't do nothin' with no skinny ho (Oh, nah)
Bought a Glock 47, that bitch look like a D.E., I hit it with both hands (Two hands)
I sign my own check (I'm CEO), better stay in your lane, your lil' bitty broke ass (You broke)
They hate that they left me (They hate it), they regret what they said (They see), but I don't accept it (I don't)
They claimin' these bodies (Huh?), the whole time it was somebody else's (That's crazy)
Finesse bringing real back (The real), he be speaking his mind, that boy with the shit (He lit)
These rap niggas pitiful (I'm so sick of 'em), they be ready to kill you over a bitch
Hold up, I come around, niggas go put they ho up (Go put they ho up)
Quit asking questions, bitch, shut up and roll up (Roll up)
She eat the dick 'til she throw up (Ugh)
He tried to diss me to blow up (Boom)
I'm VVS to the floor up (Ooh)
Pinkie ring look like a doughnut
I do this shit for them niggas who solid and free all them real ones who jailin' in Beaumont
Damn, they can't do nothin' with 'em
Beefin' with who? It ain't nothin' with 'em (None)
I'm hearin' the slick shit (Slick shit), tote nothin' but big shit, you can get slumped with 'em (Slumped with 'em)
The Draco is under me (Yeah), that bitch in my lap now, come and get 'em (Lap now, come and get 'em)
You think I ain't on point (You stupid), run up if you want, shoot this bitch through the window (Bah, bah, bah)
They like, "Ooh, he violent" (Shh), they ain't dropping nothin', ooh, they silent (Shh)
They making up rumors, don't nobody believe 'em, that shit don't surprise me (It don't)
My side bitch main homie (On God), she play her position, ain't doing no snitchin' (Shh)
Remember I was broke (Remember), now they be like, "Hell nah, look at Ricky" (Lil' Deebo)
Don't act like you know a nigga
All them years I did, you ain't wrote a nigga
Don't be speakin' on me if you owe a nigga
I'll catch him in traffic and ho the nigga (Ho the nigga)
I put that on my grand mammy (I put that on my grand mammy)
I was gone, but I'm back at it (Now I'm back at it)

I ain't cool, I just act happy (Cool, I just act happy)
Mini Drac', I can backpack it (Bitch, I can tote it)
Say they got a bounty on who? (On who?) They say they got prices on who head
? (On who head?)
Thirty-
two shots in this Glock 17, and bitch, it'll be thirty two dead, on me
I hit that bitch with my foot in her neck (Foot in her neck)
Sleepin' on me, now a crook in your neck (Crook in your neck)
Thirty K for a twenty minute set
Put some baguettes in the Cartier specs, I'm back in (I'm back)
They ain't fuck with me back then (They was sleeping)
Now they hollerin' 'bout, "Tap in" (Hollerin' 'bout, "Tap in")
I pulled up with a MAC-10 (Pulled up with a- rrrt)
If she give you some pussy and you tell the business, that mean you a rat th
en (Then you'll tell somethin')
I don't want your bottles, I don't want your weed, just give me my backends
I'm goin' back in (I'm goin' back in)

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