

# Back Pack (Flora The Explorer)

Flo Milli

Backpack, backpack  
Backpack, backpack  
I'm the backpack loaded up with things and knickknacks too  
Anything that you might need I've got inside for you  
Flo Milli shit

Keep talkin' shit, it can get lit  
You know I'm petty don't try me lil' bitch  
I'm bougie and rich, tell her get off my clit  
This ho think I'm playin'-do I look like a kid?  
P-pull out that chopper bitch, let's make a hit  
I'm peepin' her out, number one on my list  
Red beam in the door, when I aim I don't miss  
Don't open yo' lip  
'Cause I just might reach in my

Backpack  
I snowed out my wrist  
I got some new drip  
Plenty racks in my new Gucci backpack  
Ain't no tellin' what's up in my backpack, backpack  
Said he wanna tap that, tap that  
Gave him my Snapchat, Snapchat  
You bitches mad, mad, too bad  
I be like "aha, aha"

Flo Milli shit  
They mad 'cause I'm really rich  
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Lil' hoe, just bought a car off the lot, and it's two-door  
Girl you can look, but you bet' not get too close  
I like my niggas when they drippin' too long  
I stay with a Glock, you can't play me like uno  
I ride for my bitches like Boots  
I fucked on her nigga like oops (Oops)  
That boy sticking to me like some glue  
Caught a vibe and didn't know what to do (Ooh)

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Backpack, backpack  
Fat cat, fat cat  
Yeah!