

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!