

Back Against The Wall

Foolio

(Rrah)

Back against the wall shooting up the city (6, rrah)
(What's the word, C4?)

Back against the wall, shooting up the city (Rrah)
Opps keep dying, they ain't gon' admit it (Ha)
I thank God I'm not like my past, that shit ugly never been pretty
All black mask, all-black hoodie
Chilling with the killers, thuggin' with the bullies
Standing on business, never been pussy
Ready for war like Call of Duty

Lying in your raps, boy stop all of that cap (all of the cap)
We knocking shit off the map (shit off the map)
I'm in a Rover, boy I feel just like soldier
Guns make em clap-clap-clap (Rrah)
Lying in your lyrics, you cap-cap-cap
[?] the set, I'm like?
Diss on me better ride with the strap, cause you can get killed by the AK-AK-AK (Ha)
You some pussy boy, that don't apply to me
A gangster that what you try to be (Try to be)
I shot back if a nigga shot at me
Told the truth to your honor but you lied to me (No cap)
Broke my heart my own brother told on me (Uh)
Never thought that bro was gon' fold on me (Fuck)
I'm numb to the pain, shit cold on me (I'm numb)
But you know that 6-block roll with me (6)
Turnt up out the ceiling, riding 'round town with the villain
First-degree murder for Bibby (Skrt, Bibby), been on business
We grew up stuck in the trenches, now I'm up, flexing my riches
I grew up broke, robbing to get me some money, I'll put that Glock to your throat
This not a joke, we got Xan, act, crack, Perc's for the low (Low, uh)
Hundred solid shooters my entourage (entourage)
Catch me a opp, I'ma sabotage (Rrah)
Anytime I did wrong I had to pray to God
You my brother but you just gotta play your part
Tears my face, thinking bout Bibby and Eight
Roll up get shot in the face (Rrah)
Back in the K smoking this opp pack, that shit feel like it's laced

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I thank God I'm nothing like my past, that shit ugly never been pretty (Amen, Amen)
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