

Backdoor

Glokk40Spaz

Captaincrunch presents

Woah, yeah

Yeah, yeah

Chapo

Woah (Woah), Backdoor that boy for that bag (Backdoor)
Upgraded all my new mags (mags)
Lifestyle I live, that shit fast
Vampire shit, I know I'm the real Drac'
Drac' hit dough, what the fuck did he stack?
Cockblockin' bitch, get the fuck off my lap
Duck all my opps, then call a lil' shack
Treat Atlanta just like Baby Ray
When I fuck again, double back
Pin the ho to the wall, give her back
Anything to get her off my back
Baby pistol whip the jaw, break it, this on God
Baby woke up, sound sick
Shoot the boy 'till he meet God
We finna pop, where the fuck is my rod?

Bullet a 7.62, some' big enough to bitch you (Bitch you)
Beat a boy ass, strip a nigga, not nude
Shawty shit wet, I ain't gotta use lube (Hell nah)
I could care less what they talk about
I'm here for myself, tryna ball out
He nervous around us, he fall out
Tryna impress her, baby girl look at my walkdown
Yeah, yeah, I know you not feelin' me
I'm like "Bitch, you ain't gotta there for me"
Bitch, you ain't no kin to me
We finna take his ass out, that's drill to me
He ain't finna do nothin', got a loud mouth
Glock 19, Louis Vuitton pouch
You just broke as fuck, and you love the couch
They ain't know before, now they know now
Baby girl know I get psyched
She ain't my type, but I fuck her, I like what I like
Birthday week, lil' Glokk drop deuce in his sprite
I'm on the Perc', geekin' with a bitch, tryna get my [?]
He watchin' the back, he know that I'm shiesty
5.56 bite his ear, Mike Tyson
And I ride with a glizzy and the switch not licensed
In that stolo, low, and I'm Baby Woah
I got hella hoes, know they black Rolls
If your ass told, this a mini Drac, not a micro
He just specialized, he a real shooter
He could your shoot ass, with his eyes closed
He'll shoot your ass, with a blindfold
Now to crash out, but he won't go

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