Back At Em

Grieves

Yo
Back at it
The boom-bap addict
The notepad crusher with a couple bad habits
I've been down since the get down
Never looked back
Made some homies out of idols
Now they givin' me daps
Long roads with a gallon of gas
Keep rollin
These cats keep askin' where the fuck I'm going
Leavin it wide open
I'm just followin' the kick-snare
Best believe there's gonna be some whiskey when we get there

God damn
Pullin' out the cork
Out these hobby-ass rappers fallin' back into the board
I was lit from the second the engineer hit 'record'
Me spendin the time to hide it is something I can't afford
Mother fucker fall back
Miss me with the bullshit
Go and get my rocks glass
Fill it with the Bulleit
Got that bourbon on my breath
And bright lights on the stage
Rhymesayers Entertainment
Ain't a damn thing changed

Hey yo
Northside? Check
Southside? Check
Show up to the party rockin live and direct
Got some old school records
Baby I'm set
Make it last forever like my name is Keith Sweat
Hey yo
Eastside? Check
Westside? Check
Speakers so loud that it'll break your neck
You can hate it all you want, I don't live with regret
I laid it all out on the table
You can place your bets

Oops! Shit
I think I made a banger
Mother-fuck it all with both fingers
I just came to kick it
Paid a visit to the bank
Pullin' out my last twenty bucks to fill the tank up
Now I just wanna ride
You can catch me on the 5 with my speakers up
Life goes on and I don't give the fucks
Been around the block
Went from kicking freestyles on the city bus
To building something those who disrespectin' me can barely touch

Damn, right
Solid to the step
Learn to keep some good company
Surrounded by the best
Whole team got the rhythm steady poundin' in they chest
So no matter the occasion, we are one-hundred percent on
Pen in palm, I got the beats on blast
You got a problem with me? Eat my ass
I got that small-batch whiskey on my breath
Bright lights on the stage
Rhymesayers Entertainment
Ain't a damn thing changed

Hey yo
Northside? Check
Southside? Check
Show up to the party rockin live and direct
I got some old school records, baby I'm set
Make it last forever like my name is Keith Sweat
Hey yo
Eastside? Check
Westside? Check
Speakers so loud that it'll break your neck
You can hate it all you want, I don't live with regret
I laid it all out on the table
You can place your bets

Oooh, that's a bad motherfucker right there

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!