

Backwards

Gucci Mane

(Zaytoven) Gucci Mane, Gucci Mane, Gucci Mane
Gucci Mane, Gucci Mane, Gucc' (Gucc') (Yeah)
Wizop there, Wizop there, Wizop there
Wizop there, Wizop there (Guwop)
Gucci there, Gucci there, Gucci there
Gucci, Guwop, oh that Gucc' (Gucc') (Guwop)
(It's Gucci)

God keep coverin' me with drip, I think He tryna smother me
They stopped me at the border, had too many felonies
I'm splashin', I ain't even drippin'
Laughin', I ain't even trippin'
I'm crashin', I ain't even dissin'
Heard he dropped somethin', I ain't even listen
No one realer, triller, street gorilla
I pull up like Chauncey Billups
Nigga, don't gas me, I don't need a fill-up
Took her off and make her suck my dick till she hiccup
Wild nigga slim like a bicycle rim
But his bank obese and the pockets on chubby
Hit up like head-cold just like Lovett
Thuggin' in public, these hoes love it
I double and triple, quadruple your budget
Baseball money like David Justice
Whole load sold, I ain't even touched it
On that orange kush, damn, the room so musty
Most of you rappers all style, no substance
Big ol' rock on, they disgust me
Niggas talk but never touch me
Broke haters can't tell me nothin'
(Fuck 'em)

Yeah, this that Meek Mill 'n' Gucci Mane
Young nigga swim through evidence
Then can come right back through, like a boomerang
Louis and Saint Laurent drip, ooh
Pimp on these bitches like Pootie Tang
He wanna be by that bitch but we all fuckin' her
So he don't know who to blame
She want a check from me, huh
She gotta check for me, huh
Fuckin' the two baddest bitches on Instagram
They on the ecstasy, hey
Diamonds like faucet, I got the sauce
I mix up the recipe
Before all this rappin' shit, I was a trapper
The block gon' invest in me
Woah, jumped off the porch
I got a Porsche, too many hitters
They can extort, I take that mill' to the table, no fork
Then split it up with my dawgs like divorce
They shot at us, it was by force
We shot at them, they went to court
I don't wan' be with these niggas no more
I cannot be with these niggas no more
Shorty says she only fuck trappers
Ended up fuckin' with a rapper

Damn, bitch, how you go on backwards?
Diamonds all froze like Alaska
That ain't even none of my business
Put your face down and your ass up
I ain't preachin' to you like the pastor
I'ma keep runnin' these bands up, yeah

Bands up, bands up, bands up, bands up
Bands up, bands up, bands up
All these diamonds on me make me handsome
Shorty fuckin' on me like a dancer
Bands up, bands up, bands up, bands up
Bands up, bands up, bands up, bands up
Went from a trapper to a rapper
Damn, bitch, how you go on backwards?