

Welcome Back

Joey Bada\$\$

What I'm asking you is, just, if you were intimate with her, in any capacity
? I'd appreciate if you let me know
Alright, let me tell you exactly what happened

Uh, I told her straight up (Straight up)
We could shoot the shit for a bit or we can lay up, babe
Act like you ain't come to get hit, you know I wait up
'Cause when I'm on shots of the whish you know I stay up (Facts)
I know you miss suckin' this dick, ain't gotta say much
Pillowcase full of makeup, soon as you break up with a nigga
Hit me on the wake up (Brr)
Suitcase packed, sneaky links to Jamaica
Hit it from the back, like a nigga fuckin' hate ya
Uh, she call me Bada\$\$ the Backbreaker
The Heart Taker, the Bedroom Dominator
Best to don't leave your girl around me, true playa for real
'Cause when she hit me 'round three, I'ma slay it for real
She walk in, I cue the Carl Thomas
Turn the lights down, leave on my diamonds
The way she ride it, I can tell that pussy got some mileage
She been at Met Gala, but she never met a gyalis

Welcome back, I knew you would (Badmon)
That's why you pull up on me
To blow your back out like I should (Like I should, baby)
No, no, nobody knows your body (Yeah, uh, uh, uh)
You know who to call, baby, like I do
Let that wind get in that pocket
Look what you done started (Look, check it out)

It's not my fault you had to double back, baby
Spinnin' the block, had a nigga text, he mad ain't he
Right or wrong, take it any way you want it
Nigga, 'cause she ain't comin' home tonight
So don't you wait up, wait up (Nah)
He had you on the side line, better ride with me
This don't gotta be a sign
Girl, this just a little white lie
When he tell you he love you, you know it's fake
She my sneaky link, ain't no tellin' for being faithful
Grippin' on your body and bending it out of shape
Love the way we toxic, we playing a couple games
Never sayin' a name

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Like I do
Let that wind get in that pocket
Look what you done started

Uh, she say she wanna suck me like ox-tail
Right off the bone, shorty, and it's honor for cocktail
She hit my phone askin' me if I'm at the spot still
She tryna cop a feel, I dropped the pin and shit got real
Now she in my livin' room sippin' on red wine

We unwind for a little bit, then it's bedtime
Take her upstairs, cut the lights, cue the Ginuwine
She tell me that the pussy mines, I can hit anytime
Now that's the type of shit that a nigga like
She keep the pussy wet all night and she grip it tight
She suck it and lick it right, I eat it like I got a big appetite
Then beat it like she the next nigga wife
I even leave on my ice, I hit the spot so precise
I'm gifted, she so surprised, she love it, it's in her eyes
Rub on her inner thighs, makin' the hairs on the back of her neck rise
And when she climax, I swear it's the best prize

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To blow your back out like I should
No, no, nobody knows your body
Like I do
Let that wind get in that pocket
Look what you done started

Spin the block, I won't judge you
Spin the block, I won't judge you (Spin the block, I won't judge)
Spin the block, I won't judge you (Spin the block, I won't-)
Spin the block, I won't judge you (Uh, uh)
Spin the block, I won't judge you
Spin the block, I won't judge you
Spin the block, I won't judge you
(That's a legendary young man)