

Back Words

Joyner Lucas

I've been snatchin' purses while I'm rapping
In the back of churches I'm a backwards person
I ain't laughin' don't you act absurd
And I've been havin' urges ain't no passion
Don't you bastards think you bad at cursin'
I've been bad since birth and slapping nurses asses
Takin' percs I've been urgin' for a certain action
Got a nervous itch in a serpents kitchen drinking captains
While I'm servin' children different words that's spillin' out the cabinets
In a hurt position its absurd addiction got me laughin'
Spit fast gonna run with impact until your wrist crampin'
Break your kitkat while you play with your kids back
I'm Chris Hanson

Laughin' at a addiction absurd in this position
Hurt inside of cabinets spillin' out words that are fairly different
Servin' children while the captains drinking in a serpents kitchen
Itchin' from a nervin' action got served by takin' percs
Ass nurses slappin' since birth and I've been cursin' bad and you
Think you bastards got passion but ain't no urge you havin'
Been absurd action don't be laughin' ain't no person backwards
I'm in churches in the back rappin' while I'm purses snatchin, nigga

I've been chasin' rappers down with pencils paper books and stencils
Written verses while I pack the pistols in the back of rentals
I wrote my dads initials, then laughed as I passed it in to
I've been half demented breaking shit down to half a sentence
Fuck the rap Olympics I murdered the past contenders
I cooked their ass and grilled them now you can eat that for dinner
And I used to laugh at niggas who act like fags with feelings
Till' I packed gentlemen packages filled with acid venom
I bought a toy gun with some bullets of plastic in them
Explosives with matches lit em' and left a few fragments in them
I never packed a mac in the back of a Ac(ura) or Sentra or
Lexus with gas unless it's a Benz with a stack of Benjamins

Benjamins and stacks of Benz and gas with a Lexus or Sentra act in the back
with a mac that I packed in it
The fragments slit matches explosives and plastic bullets from a gun toy I just
bought for you niggas is actin reckless
Venom acids filled with the packages in them packagin' em faggots just feelings
just actin while niggas laughin
Eatin dinner siezed in the grill and cooked their asses while contestants
pass 'em murder olympics rap past them
Sentence down breaking demensions in half essentials
I past and laughed at the pixels I wrote in Dads initials
In the back of rentals I'm pistol packing a stack of stencils in the book papers
of papers and pencils and a rapper chasin' a
- hold up

I'm a same nigga that fizzled poppa a ratchet on him
Yeah that same nigga that took a piss in your Arizona
That same nigga to put acetone in a bag a soap
And then sold it for \$40 some pussy and half of soda
And I never payed attention to rappers who acted bogus
Who lie and say they rich in their songs but their ass is homeless
And try to throw dirt on my name that's a passive quota

Till I grab it throwem' and bashem' and laugh when their asses over
Fuckem' hard go hustle hard with the hustlars
Cut their jugular so you choke on your tongue and jaw
And I've never been a gangster or one to trouble naw
But I'm good with my knuckles punch through a brick and leave dust in awe

All in dust leave brick punch for my knuckles naw
But I'm naw No trouble wanted a gangster I never cut
Your jaw and tongue choke on your jugular
Cuttin' hustlers with the hustler hustle hard
Fuckin' hard over ass laughin' bashin' backfoldem' crackem'
Till the quota passem' trashem' and laugh over
Homeless ass when they saw his trash crack closer
Bogus actors who rappin' over the track holdem'
Sold half a pussy a dollar 40 a sold it
For some soap and acetone in a bath and I blast both of em
Arizona piss that I took in the glass of cola
Then got ratchet and popped him and fizzled him back the soda