Back Out

Juicy J

Back out
Salute to all my niggas getting out this year
Back out
Back out
Back out

I burn that sack (back out)
Now I got them racks (back out)
Lil shawty throw her (back out)
And I'm a fuck her (back out)
They just let my goon (back out)
Say he pull that burner (back out)
I just re-upped and I'm (back out)
Them new Js came (back out)

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I made it all way to the top and I left all my niggas [?]
My circle get smaller and smaller, my pockets get fatter and fatter
Remember young nigga put me on a jet and he pulled out a clapper
Told him he don't need that shit and he told me it don't even matter
My bitch got an attitude problem, I bet you I know how to solve it
She suck me and fuck me all night for a couple of pairs of red bottoms
Feel like I'm falling in love, ain't gotta ask her to swallow
But ain't enough love in the world to fuck on the bitch with no rubber
Cause I ain't a sucker, I will not cuff her, I pass that bitch to my brother
I am the one, you dime a dozen, I go and get me another
I bring them racks out, them bitches come back out, they throwin' they back out
If I got a problem believe that my young nigga bringing that MAC out

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Old school Ferrari Testarossa, brought it back out

I put on these Cartiers, it look like a blackout
Got the strap and the shooters just in case a nigga act out
These exclusive kicks bitch, got more Js than a crack house
Shit I wasted syrup all on my leather seats
Hit a pothole while I was rolling up my weed
I gotta get high 'fore these niggas piss me off
Juicy this, Juicy that, tired of hearing niggas talk
I ain't fucking that bitch, I just saw her at the club
Shawty asks me for a picture, I'm just tryna show some love
All that hating that they doing make a nigga gotta flex
Pussy nigga pocket watching, who you with, the IRS?

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