

# Back Again

King Von

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

Blast his ass  
I don't even ask when it come to cash, they catch him  
Blast his ass  
Jammer get out that jam, I give him fifty, ain't gotta ask again  
He was catchin' murders, way back then, that's when the MACs was in  
I don't drink that red or that green, bring back the Act' again  
Fucked her then she told me that she hate me, now she back again  
And you still alive, you better be lucky, ain't no traffickin'  
Hate their ass so much, we dig 'em up and tell 'em, "Die again"  
I can hit that club all by myself long as my strap is in

Niggas told me, all the rappers pussy, I ain't no rapper then  
They told 'em what type of car I was in, I had to go get it wrapped again  
Said when I get on, ain't no more thots, we fuckin' actresses  
Bitch, you know, we lyin', we fuckin' thotties on the mattresses

Ayy, pop out like a ghost  
They like, "Prince Dre, boy, he back again" (Uh)  
If a body movin', I spin back again, clap again (Uh)  
I be in the 'NOLA with a choppa like I'm Soulja Slim (Uh, ayy, ayy)  
O'Block, them my brothers, but 300 that's my woadie'nem  
Them be my fuckin' partners (Be my fuckin' woo)  
I be movin' through this bitch, ain't worried 'bout no oppers (Ain't worried  
'bout no, ooh)  
I'm a fuckin' shotta (Ayy)  
And I'm dreaded like a Rasta (Ha)  
I been runnin' up that bag, I been trappin' out that Charger (Skrtrt)  
Foenem screamin', "GetBack" (Gang)  
You know I'm with that (Uh)  
Long live Baby Boy (Boy), T-Roy, can't forget Hec (Hec)  
Project baby, six-four shawty, got it on my back (Uh)  
Chopper bullet make 'em somersault, then put 'em on his back

(Boom, boom)  
I ain't tryna squash no beef, nigga (Squash no beef, nigga)  
We into it 'til you die, real street nigga (Real street nigga)  
At yo' funeral, I might just slide, rest in pee, nigga (Rest in pee, nigga)  
Shoot up everybody that's outside  
Bet Wooski feel this one (Boom-boom, boom-boom)  
I bet Wooski still twitchin' (Damn, damn-damn)  
He changed, somethin' different  
I got clips like Mel Gibson (Yeah)  
All full, with none empty (Grrah, grrah)  
I know niggas scared to come around when I pop out outside (I know it)  
I done gave niggas whole head starts (What?), and still I hawked 'em down (B  
oom, boom)  
That shit crazy (Damn)  
Krump was doin' all that woofin' and he ain't even make it (Damn)  
Melly got shot in the party, started Harlem shakin' (Damn, damn, damn)  
If the pigs keep tweakin', I'ma start fryin' bacon (Boom, boom)  
The difference between me and you, is you be askin', I be takin' (Boom, boom  
, boom, boom-boom-boom-boom)

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