

Back For Everything

Kodak Black

(Buddha blessed this beat)

(Ayy, hey, Mondo)

Ayy, ayy

I'm back for everything, you heard me? (Yeah)

Yeah

Ayy, yeah

Ayy, forty goin' off, don't make no pitstop

Bustin' down the E-way with my bitch

Why you steady schemin'? Boy, you rich now

'Cause I fell in love with hittin' licks

When that shit get ugly, bring the sticks out

I am not that nigga to be dissed

Catch a body, duck off at my bitch house

But I promise I don't tell her shit

Check my ring, I'm ballin' with my wrist

I'm back for everything I ever missed

Yeah, I been gettin' paper ever since

I ran up out of that cage like I'm a pit

Yeah, double up gang, but I ain't talkin' Rick Ross

Uh, double up gang, I took that shit from Wiz

Rest in peace my nigga, but it's his fault

The way you let them kill you like a jitt

Talkin' to Wam, you sayin' the same, did you like a lame

You ain't give a damn, there up in chains and I was already in pain

VVS chain, P.F. Chang, eat out with my main

Droppin' chains at Johnny Dang, bustin' down my fangs

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Ayy, zoolin' at the house, fuckin' with TikToks

Yeah, I been goin' viral with my jitts

Yeah, my gun got a drum, I call this motherfucker hip-hop

Hop out the car, tear up a nigga hip

Paralyzed from waist down, that was 'posed to be your homie

Every time I'm in H-Town, I suppose I drink some codeine

Christian Louboutin, steppin' red bottom like my toes bleed

My daddy never spent no time with me, still bought him a Roley

I ain't even in my prime, but a young nigga on top

I ain't even twenty-five, spent quarter million on a watch

Back for everything that's mine and everything I forgot

And everything that I lost and everything to be got

And really, I want your spot

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