

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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