

# BRING IT BACK

Lil Poppa

(Valentine, this shit go crazy)  
(Shark)

Ayy, nigga, if it's up, this shit can go down  
Ayy, bitches, you gon' let me fuck? I need to know now  
In lovin' memory, R.I.P., he took the whole round  
808, this bitch be stressin' me, I might need a whole pound

I might try to speed up, she gon' tell me, "Slow down"  
Ayy, tell them niggas, "Ease up," try to bite my whole style  
Shit, I might need to grow up, I just had a whole child  
And, we gon' tear this city up, yeah, we burn down the whole town  
Like, shh, don't say it so loud  
Yeah, this a red zone, put you in the dead zone, uh  
I tell the DJ, "Bring it back for all the hitters in the cut"  
Tell 'em niggas run it back, they tryna spin right now

Since I told, it's tit for tat, you gon' get it just for that  
I got some BDs in my city, they just take it, they don't rap  
I put them niggas, all cap  
Ayy, I'm too geeked, so, I don't nap  
They say we not, they postin' R.I.P. on the same app  
Been trappin' three days straight, he ain't even take a bath  
He ain't get to see his kids, ain't get to fuck his better half  
'Cause this some shit they got to have  
I hear him talkin', I just laugh  
That same shit you flexin', I spent that in Saks Fifth Ave  
Nigga, I mean it was nothin'  
That lil' bitch you're lovin', she fuckin'  
That nigga you cuff been confronted by my cousin  
Then you try and sit back, you try and get this lick back, why you rushin'?  
Like, fuck it, that shit ain't nothin', we hop out bustin'

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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I'll paint my whole town (Oh), got up close, and hit they face (Got up close  
and hit they- Shh)  
He went out of town, it was out of bounds, I put 'em in they place (Put 'em  
in they place)  
I'm a snake, so, I don't got room for mistakes (Yeah), I'm off the waste (Ye  
ah, yeah, yeah)  
I don't play, play, get 'em spanked, I need 'em gone today (Yeah, I need 'em  
gone today)  
Heard his venom in the K  
Know his venom in this Drac'  
Applyin' pressure 'til he break  
Was ready to die MIA  
This the kind to make him faint  
This the kind to make a nigga move his mama out of state

Send her son out of space  
Make his [?] lose all faith  
He survived, he walked silly shots  
Make him drop where he pissed on  
Cost dented fifty-five boss niggas hang  
[?] mixer  
I'm a long, cross nigga

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