

## Back 2 Back

Lil' Wayne

Dope man

Dope man, coke man

I play the porsche, 918

I mean the spider you do not know what I mean

I got a driver for my drop top limousine

Go ask yo bitch I bet she know 'bout Mr. G

Yeah he like to talk, she like to talk

So when he drop her off, they have a heart to heart

Cause he got all the answers

And I got all the verses

My Benz don't got no ceilings

But the windows came with curtains

So me and G swerving, me and G swerve

I keep the double R, me and Steve Kerr

Popping these percs like I'm on injury reserve

And when the pockets full of lint, we want that lint to be fur

Amen, amen

No baking soda, my nigga, we play it raw

We put some holes in them niggas, we playin' golf

Want you to know it's me nigga, my mask off

Cut out his tongue put that bitch in a glass jar

Then drop it off to your kid's classroom

Dirt bags, we belong in a vacuum

A pad room, I fuck in my bathroom

Long hallways my room is the last room

Long hard days, my schedule don't have room

You home all day, you stuck on your Mac book

I'm gone all day I'm chasing that checkbook

I'm stoned all day, I'm stoned all day, I'm on D'usse

Back in the day we was on section eight

Now we got our own section, motherfucker like "hey"

All y'all niggas know what time it is like Flav

Public Enemy Number One like Flav

Fifteen with a mouth full of golds like Flav

Fifteen with a house full of hoes like Hef

Gave G the day off cause the car park itself

Shots take off like a stealth and they landed in your scalp

Letting human heads replace the Grammys on the shelf

Put a bitch head right below the belt 'til she belch

And she do not get a dollar, zero, zilch

Cup muddy, muddy, muddy, muddy, muddy

Tunechi pass the blunt, I'm gon' need time to study

They don't know who got the gun but they know who got the money

We don't wanna know what's up, we wanna know who got the money

What these niggas wanna do? What these bitches want from me?

Bitches claiming I'm a dog, but these bitches want puppies

These bitches bring luggage, my bitches bring others

My bitches bring rubbers, your bitches burn rubbers

Your bitches burn supper

I'm still major and I made y'all niggas

You getting bodied by a skater nigga

I'm not the tyga nigga that be skyping bitches

Shout out to all my bitches one nighting niggas

Make sure you hit 'em with that Slut Walk

Then text that man to fuck off

See I pour up another one, another one

Got the cream started tasting like bubble gum  
Woah, straight swerving on these niggas  
From condos to islands to Bourbon on them niggas  
Them other niggas just wasn't deserving of me niggas  
So I'm swerving on them niggas  
No more Family Matters, no more Urkel on them niggas  
I'm feeling like a born again virgin on them niggas  
I'm running to the bank, quick as Herchel on you niggas  
What's in your wallet? I done went commercial on them niggas  
On purpose on them niggas  
I got the all black hoodie, all black gat to match  
Yeah, put it to your head and blat  
When we see you boy shots, we coming back to back  
Long hair, don't care, nigga, Cactus Jack  
No ceilings