

# Back Flippin

Luh Tyler

(Xair, let me get that motherfucker)  
Skee  
Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga  
Phew, phew  
Nigga, nigga, yeah  
I'm a player, not a simp, bae  
This shit comin' off the head like a temp fade

Hold on, baby, I'm a player, not a simp, bae (Not a simp, bae, yeah)  
This shit comin' off the head like a temp fade (Like a temp fade)  
And your bitch tryna kick it like a sensei (Like a sensei)  
Maybe you can get a wig, but I ain't payin' rent, bae (Ain't payin' rent, bae)  
Young, steppin' in some bands, know I brag different (I brag different)  
I can go and spend it, nigga, 'cause my bag different (Oh, yeah, my bag different)  
That bitch, she ain't really fuckin' bad, that ho catfishin' (That ho catfishin')  
And I got your bitch doin' tricks, this ho backflippin' (This bitch backflippin')

I been smokin' on that gas, you can smell the aroma (Yeah, yeah)  
In the booth, I'm in that mode, sippin' Arizona (Nigga, yeah)  
You might think bro finna crash the way he bend the corner (Skrrt, skrrt)  
Take your bitch and give her back, no, I don't even want her (What the fuck?)  
Take your bitch and give her back, I want a refund (Want a refund, nigga)  
In the booth, got on dark shades, I can't even see nothin' (Like Ray Charles)  
I be high up in the stars, now I'm finna be one (Nigga, yeah)  
How the fuck I cut you off, you runnin' back? That lil' ho D1 (What the fuck?)  
Yeah, she's a track star  
Baby, I'm a dog like them pits in the backyard (Nigga, rrr)  
I be on some other shit, why niggas tryna act hard? (They tryna act hard)  
And we steady gettin' to that money, nigga, that part (Nigga, that part)  
With your bitch, you can call me Timmy, know I'm finna turn her up (I'm finn a turn her up, yeah)  
Nigga, we been gettin' to that bag, that's what I'm runnin' up (That's what I'm runnin' up, nigga)  
And my name been getting hot up in the streets, say I'm burnin' up (Say I'm burnin' up, yeah)  
Nigga, ain't no doubt about it, niggas know for sure I'm coming up (Yeah, I'm comin' up, nigga)  
Yeah, we been gettin' to that cake, bitch (What?)  
I ain't never flag, nigga know my pockets straight, bitch (Nigga, what?)  
Steady grindin', nigga know that's what it take to be great, bitch (That's for sure)  
And I'm spittin' real shit up on the mic, this ain't no fake shit (Nigga, yeah)

Hold on, baby, I'm a player, not a simp, bae (Not a simp, bae, yeah, yeah)  
This shit comin' off the head like a temp fade (Like a temp fade, nigga)  
And your bitch tryna kick it like a sensei (Like a sensei, nigga)  
Maybe you can get a wig, but I ain't payin' rent, bae (Ain't payin' rent, bae)  
Young, steppin' in some bands, know I brag different (Yeah, I brag different)

, nigga)  
I can go and spend it, nigga, 'cause my bag different ('Cause my bag different, yeah)  
That bitch, she ain't really fuckin' bad, that ho catfishin' (That ho catfishin', nigga)  
And I got your bitch doin' tricks, this ho backflippin' (That ho backflippin', nigga, yeah)

Nigga, yeah, what the fuck?

Phew, phew

Yeah, nigga, skee