

Back 2 Back PT. 2

MAF Teeski

(Ooh, MP)
(Ayo, Chef)
(This shit gon' be crazy, Jacc)

Yeah, I'm bangin' Scoom and nothin' else
Spank his ass just like I was his father, I gave his ass the belt
Catch a 4 and drench his ass, hope you can swim like Michael Phelps
I did this shit all by myself, don't need no cosign or no help
I got a box up on my gun, sometimes that bitch shoot by itself
It's a ticket on his head, the next day, they found his ass nailed
Give two fucks about a teacher, in third grade, you know I failed
Made a ten way before ten, I got my name from crackin' Wells

Too many times I slid on opps, I caught 'em and drenched 'em by myself
Big Opp known for playin' ball, he got his name for layin' the belt
Bitch, I can run up, get up close, or pull up from three just like I'm Steph
Want smoke with us? That shit like cancer, you puff, it's fuckin' up your health
I need a bitch that's thick and ratchet, brown skin like Sexy Red
Don't want no feelings or no dates, she just like givin' up the head
And you know we score on all the opps, we catch you lackin', get that chance
Up this ten mill' with a switch and made a goofy-ass nigga dance

Yeah, yeah
Never love no bitch, you know I'm puttin' my heart up in this chopper
You know they hate on Slick 'cause I probably fucked his bitch, have foenem pop you
I fell in love with SRTs, TRX, Tracks, and Chargers
And I know ten out of ten, this bitch'll smoke a helicopter

And I know they hate Big Opp 'cause I send faces to the doctor
Real big dog up in this shit, you little-ass boys should call me "Father"
With this Draco, I got aim, I popped him, made his bitch ass holler
Super fucked up in the head, I dropped out, I ain't no fuckin'

scholar

Time to slide, we outside huntin', I don't want no twenty, just
all hundreds

My lil' thick bitch super gangster, her Chanel purse hold my th
umper

I got thirty in that cutter, I'm 4CHK, on my mama

Nigga, let's go dollar for dollar, yeah, I fell in love with bu
ttons and choppers

Yeah, I fell in love with buttons and choppers, I'll up it and
swing it, hit you and your partner

When I up the switch, know I'm swingin' this bitch, I'ma give y
ou a whoopin' just like I'm your mama

We spin back to back, he caught shot after shot

Don't do back and forth, bitch, we ain't with the drama

Don't fuck with the forks and I'm slammin' the rakes

And I'm countin' the cake and gettin' to the commas, opps