

Back 2.0

Mark Battles

I did rose from the dead surprised that I'm coming back
They like who the fuck is that some Tim's and a bucket hat
And I got a couple stacks poppin' like some bubble wrap
Been absent for a year, I just had to get my hustle back

I just had to get my hustle back
I just had to get my hustle back

Surrounded by a couple crews and all they think is cash roots
Bad news from bad moves just doing what I had to
I rap do with tattoos, but everything is factual
And I had you like last June twerking in a bathroom
I ain't saying names, done playing games
And when you get to fame your friends never stay the same
Guy were the same, thinking I'm the one to blame
Guess who grew stronger when he struggled through the pain
Friends acting stupid set your goals and look through it
My homies Pusha Ye, while I'm making good music. True!

I just had to get my hustle back
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Now I'm riding with a couple cats that would kill for a hundred stacks
All my ex's running back tryna' work it out jumping jacks
Squashin' like a pumpkin patch, I ain't hearin' none of that
Pre-season ended I just had to get my hustle back

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King James for the giant fruit, why'd you let the lion loose
Say baby you kinda cute she blow me like she tryin' soup
I ain't gotta lot of you, I won't let a dollar loose
She scheming for the Prada boots, chicks follow me like Mama Goose
Anything is possible, had to make something clear
Nah it ain't nothin' here, a savage since wonder years
Refuse to shed another tear, shopping with a couple peers
I show up and blow bucks like I'm hunting' deer
Three's up, Never cared about material dreams
I understand the in-betweens and all the pain that it brings
So I'm gonna keep doing me ya'll I ain't changing a thing
Put my prints all on the game till they make me a king
It's Battles

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I said my boys making' bands like fifty a week
They headed in one direction if they don't get it they'll sink
Every minute we feast, tryna' give me the piece
So picture Marshawn Lynch many the kid is a beast
Ya'll ain't even worth scrat, crying since my first rap
Going hard I'm tryna' show it all like a thirst trap
I've been on the merch tracks, get a beat and dirty that
Man that shit is so dead I just had to bring a verse back

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It all came together yeah the time it was simple
Got me working day and night just tryna' find my potential
Till I'm on Mad TV not talking' Comedy Central
Couple thousand for a verse I'm thanking God for a pencil
I play it cool, but a fool no I'm not the kind
I see the dream, defeat the team like a soccer mom
I got the grind, I'm tryna' shine till I'm out of time
I'm blowing' minds before my prom so I'm doing fine
Nothing to say to you niggas
I'm like a white kid in the 50's, I can't play with you niggas
Your mistake cause all the hate is just making us bigger
Ain't no need for photoshop when you created the picture
It's Battles

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