

Old Thing Back

MATOMA

What you wanna do (Yeah) I got that old thing back (You know)
What you wanna see Baby sitting relaxing
What you wanna do (Yeah) I got that old thing back (You know)
What you wanna see Baby sitting relaxing

Yeah, bad boy baby
Ralph Tresvant
Biggie Smalls
Listen
Uh, yeah, babe
Oh, listen to me
Ah yeah

To sex, I'm similar to the thriller in Manila
Honeys call me Bigga, the condom filler
Whether it's stiff tongue or stiff dick
Biggie squeeze it to make shit fit, now check this shit
I got the pack of Rough Riders, in the back of the Pathfinder
You know the epilogue by James Todd Smith
I get swift with the lyrical gift
Hit you with the dick, make your kidneys shift
Here we go, here we go, but I'm not Domino
I got the funk flow to make your drawers drop slow
So recognize the dick size in these Karl Kani jeans
I wear thirteens, know what I mean
I'll fuck around and hit you with the Hennessey dick
Mess around and go blind, don't get to see shit
The next batter, here to shatter your bladder, it doesn't matter
Skinny or fat, or light-skinned, or black, baby I drop these
Boniqua mommy is screamin' "Ay' Papi"!
I love it when they call me Big Poppa
I only smoke blunts if they rolled propa'
Look, I gotcha caught up with the drunk flow
Fuck Taekwondo, I told her Fo'Fo'
For niggas gettin' mad cause they bitch chose me
A big black motha' fucka' with G you see
All I do is separate the game from the truth
Big bang boots from the Bronx to Bolivia
Gettin' Physical like Olivia Newt
Tricks suck my clique dick all day with no trivia
So gimme a hoe, a bankroll and a bag of weed
I'm guaranteed to fuck her 'til her nose bleed
Even if your new man's a certified mack
You'll get that H-town in ya, you'll want that old thing back

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Old thing back, like B-I double G-I-E
With some new R-U-L-E
Notorious known for bustin' in ya' E-Y-E (Baby baby!)
Bitches know they love to hate me
I come, you come, we come, we're back so maybe
How close we came to coming together is crazy
How come you and your sister make similar faces

When I come y'all be cryin' like I'm killin' y'all bitches
And notice a bigger picture than the camera rollin'
Cause I only be knowin' how the shit's unfolding
Back shots to the rear, got the mac unloading
Got a reload, like every so often
You sayin' I got my swagger back
I'm lookin' like bitch, my swagger never left
But we so hard pressed, to be impressed by these new rappers
They actors, and the fact is, you want that old thing back (Shit) (Shit)
(What you wanna do)

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Is my mind playin' tricks, like Scarface and Bushwick
Willie D., havin' nightmares of girls killin' me
She mad because what we had didn't last
I'm glad because her cousin let me hit the ass
Fuck the past, let's dwell on the 500 SL
The E and J and ginger ale
The way my pockets swell to the rim, with Benjamins
Another hun's in the crib, please send her in
I fuck nonstop, lick my lips a lot, used to lick the clits a lot
But lickin' clits had to stop
Cause y'all don't know how to act when the tongue go down below
Peep the funk flow, really though I got the cleanest meanest penis
Ya' never seen this stroke of genius
So take off your Tim boots and your bodysuit
I mean the spandex and hit my man next
Sex get rougher when it come to the nut busta'
Pussy crush, black nasty mothafucka'
I don't chase em, I replace 'em
And if I'm caressin' 'em, I'm undressin' 'em
Fuck whatcha heard, who's the best in New York
For fillin' fantasies without that nigga Mr. Roarke
Or tattoo I got you wrapped around my dick
And when I'm done I got to split shit

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