

# BACKROOM

Mike Dimes

Pistol poppin load the clip  
Roll the window do a hit  
Pistol poppin' load the clip  
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Cocalina sniffin' in the backroom  
Wishy-washy bitches wanna see what all them racks do  
Junkie with a face, she loves to do it in the bathroom  
Bitch you talk to much, she ain't saying nun  
All these fake assumptions

But she keep on talkin' 'bout a rap nigga  
Molly, coke, and weed  
She think she fuckin' with a trap nigga  
Never heard of some  
But she keep talkin' bout this clout nigga  
If he give her drugs  
She gonna trade it for some mouth nigga  
Fuck with her but don't fuck with her

I got two phones, 1 for the woah, uh  
Hello, you can catch me with a woe  
Prolly fuckin' on the woe  
Fill the blank I know you know  
Solo baby I got things you never seen  
And I can prolly show you baby  
Make you feel right, fuckin' with a lame  
No wonder why it doesn't feel nice  
This record bass is boomin'  
Now these bitches wanna feel Mike  
I don't need to talk about that blizzy just to feel fly  
Been that nigga before I had figures  
I got two hoes 1 juke your bro  
Hello, a hoe she gone do it for a note  
Or a gram to feel a bro  
Gettin' high before a show  
Junkie baby doesn't care about the message  
Just about the feelin baby

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I remember I was shipped to work  
Now I skip to work so I could sip the work  
We kick a door before I stick a 4  
Right before I make the pockets hurt  
I held it down so now I'm coming up  
My money doubled up  
He got a gun to try and cover up

Yo big dog is a -  
I'm a real nigga, ion' got no time for that shit  
I make hits I don't got no time to go do a hit  
Remember Benji at the corner sellin' junkies a fix  
Remember niggas laughin' at me  
Said my music was shit  
But now I knocked over Domino's  
Pappadeaux's, I eat all steak now  
The grass got greener than the other side  
Bitch it's too late now  
I'm Hollywood we was cool yesterday  
Get out my face now  
I'm VIP anywhere I go

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