

Back To Back

Nardo Wick

Real niggas in my circle, you can't fit
Don't fuck with too many, be on some anti shit
I told her, "Pull up," she asked me do I trick
Right now I'm fresh as hell, somebody take a flick
Pretty bitches, back to back, to back
Gang-gang, back to back, to back
Shooters trailin' me, back to back, to back
Back to back, to back to back, to back to back to—

Back to back, to back to back, to back to back, to back to back
To back to back, to back to back, to back to back
To shooters
Back to back, to back to back, to back to back, to back to back
To back to back, to back to back, to back to back
To shooters

Uh, back to back like Rolls, I matte-black my Rover
Chop stick gon' show you, chop stick gon' blow you
My stick gon' huh, huh
Back to back like Rolls, I matte-black my Rover
Chop stick gon' show you, chop stick gon' blow you
My stick gon' huh, uh
They gon' heat me up, but I been tryna keep it cool with these lil' niggas
They tried to stop the blow too late, my finger was already on the trigger
She call me "Shovel man," she like the way I pull up and I dig her
We fucked a hundred times, they ask, I be like, "I ain't ever hit"
Stop all that beatin' 'round the bush, homie, say it with your chest
Got a lot of dog shit, homie, know you probably smell it
"Vroom, vroom," that's my name, Jodie, pull up in this Vette
Go and check the news, brodie, heard somebody stretched
In your feelings 'bout a bitch, lil' nigga, better get a grip
Tired of getting taxed for that shit, lil' nigga, take a trip
This shit I got right here, for sure, I blow, make everybody dip
Went to visit granny, she said, "What's that pokin' out your hip?"
I told brodie walk behind, so he can catch me if I slip
She on 1942, she beggin' me to take a sip
First, she drove the boat, then she rode me like a ship
First, you load it up, then you empty out the clip
I'm not no button, not no regular clothes, it ain't no pressin' me
I got on 'Venchy, LV, no Nike, but I got that check on me
If I swing this bitch from left to right, gon' have to check on your homie
Lil bruh 'nem known for stoppin' cars, but they be on go for me

If you get a glimpse when I'm out, nigga, it's bad luck (Ayy)
I just put ten mill' in the pen, it made me feel better
Shooter passin' out these bowls, I'm cold with the blammer (Okay)
My lil' young nigga ran a M on the road, he a scammer (Run it up)
Drippin' Moncler, I smash 'em, covered in bezel (Covered up)
But I'm clever, vendettas, raw dope, it's whatever (Let's go up)
I'm a rapper, but better, if I go, I go federal (Pluto)
I pour up, I don't measure, I smash soon I met her (Oh)
I leveled up, my bread up, I'm fed up, it's pressure
It's gang-gang, you can't hang, we slimin' out whoever
I keep it on, get stepped on, in Maison Margiela
Got two cribs in Alpharetta, they down the street from each other (Wodie)
I know trap spot, my lil' one, he know the laptop (Wodie)
Shawty had me Kel-Tec, Chris Vic, he a vampire (Ooh)

Campin' right in front of your house and start up a campfire (Boom, boom)
I just did my numbers then fumbled, this wasn't a landslide (Super)
Ain't gon' be no nigga who dissin' you, I'm spinnin' back to back (Super)
Any nigga say he want a issue, I'm goin' rat-a-tat (Brrt)
Fifty bullets sittin' in the clip, it got a nigga arrogant (Drrt)
Murderers on murderers do murders, my natural habitat (Murder)

Back to back, to back to back
To back, the shooters back to back (Murder)
Back to back, to back to back
To back, the shooters back to back (Woo)
Back to back, to back to back
To back, the shooters back to back (Murder)
Back to back, to back to back
To back, the shooters back to back (Woo)