

Back To Basics

NoCap

(Al Geno on the track)

Yeah, yeah

Ayy, my niggas, they be drinkin', they pop Percocets like Advils
Tell her, "Bend it over, shake it for me, show me that that ass real"
We know it ain't closed, so, we can't talk about that case (Ayy)
Them niggas ain't ballin', they just in out way
I'm rockin' Rhude, my bitch nice as Hell, you can't tell the differen
ce
They gon' have to bond me out of jail if they get to trippin'
I'm stayin' quiet on the internet, I ain't into dissin'
That bitch Keisha got some good head, pay for her tuition

And if she mad, a couple grand'll put a smile on her face
Free my nigga out the can, I spent bands on his case
Said I ain't build this shit for somebody to take it
God know that I'ma send 'em, spin, and I been prayin' (Hold up, uh)
PTB, you know we protectin' the brand (Hold up, hold up)
Too much Wok in me, can't tell what I be sayin'
Your niggas trained to go, mine trained to kill
Me and shawty close, but, I don't wanna feel on her nails
Tell Skye I want to fuck her like a pornstar
Think that I'm slippin', we got four dicks in this foreign car
Can't be myself, so I can't wait 'til I get off probation
I'm down to whoop that ho, she cheat, so, now she think I'm crazy
Ride through Mobile with a stick, right back to the basics
I'm down to catch attempt to loot, police should've tazed me
All about my green like the Hulk, I'm so incredible
I came up out the gutter, twelve know what's in my area
Say she from Virgin Islands, I still fuck on the first night
Country boy, mud ridin', pop wheelies on the dirt bike
Shawty should thank me for real, I took her out the projects
Don't worry, I'm at my lowest, so, I'ma sip this Hi-Tech
These niggas bitches, go to jail and sang, his name should be, "Melod
y"
When I squeeze it I won't fuckin' stop, that just my adrenaline
I know they amin' at my head too, hatin' on my legacy
If they pick me up, I stay quiet, that just my intelligence

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