

## Back to Back

Philthy Rich

This is Jay P Bangz music

Back to back losses, we built for it, we bosses  
You couldn't imagine what all of these diamonds costin'  
They gave him life for a hot one, that's what it cost him  
Run it up on these niggas 'til we exhausted  
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Never not take a trip, as long as I live  
I ain't got a half a dollar to throw to the bitch  
Happy bladadah, I bless lil' bro with the stick  
Kicked the cup 'cause my mama an' them want me to quit  
Soft 80K play, I could show you the wrist  
Many mansions and things, ma, let me show you the crib  
It's multis in the stogie, what's doper than this?  
Watch his mama overdose, lil' homie and them sick  
To this gang-related sign, I'm loyal forever  
Maserati redskins, imported the leather  
Fourth Ave and Santa Bruz my corner forever  
Gang war advocate and supporter forever  
Hit Prezi, them sticks ready, I'm on the way  
Real Sacramento nigga, in love with the Bay  
Ayy, it's 100K or better, you fuck with the play  
You know it's Funk or Die, nigga headhuntin' for game

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They gave him life for a hot one, that's what it cost him (It's Prezi)  
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Feelin' better than I used to be, and now they noticin'  
They get a dose of me, they can fit it all in they ovaries  
I'm so proud, I'm successful just like I'm 'posed to be  
It's dangerous where I'm from  
So take caution when you approachin' me  
Long flights, but thank God I be first class  
'Bout a bag, but if she broke then I gotta pass  
She ask me do I love her, that shit made me laugh  
The bitch ain't even notice me when I was doin' bad  
Flyer than I ever been  
Let me get you out your element  
These hatin' niggas be irrelevant  
The club I get the hammer in  
They can't tell me shit  
You niggas couldn't buy the game if I was sellin' it  
Ain't had to let my niggas feed me, but I was gettin' greedy  
Broke the bitch for everything, and now she say she need me  
I'm that nigga, I swear to God I don't need no reason  
These niggas salty, it's obvious they don't need no seasoning

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(It's Philthy, nigga)  
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Uh, look  
Fifty thousand on dogs, yeah that my side hustle  
Pups ten thou' a piece, I watch this money double  
I got a bitch in Minnesota say she really love me  
But when I was doin' bad, she ain't throw me nothin'  
Rest in peace Nia Wilson, that fucked the city up  
Hi-Tech in my system, might fuck my kidney up  
These niggas want my position, they gotta take it from me  
I don't give a fuck about rappin' if it ain't makin' money  
She keep my trap on the dresser, my pistol in her purse  
I'm always thinkin' 'bout Fetty, I miss him and it hurt  
I reinvented myself and threw on all this Gucci  
Them bitches back on my dick like they ain't never knew me  
Back to back takin' losses, got me sick and nauseous  
Niggas close to me plottin', so I'm stayin' cautious  
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