

Swisher Backwood

Pi'erre Bourne

Yeah, yeah (Uh)
Uh, you gotta be smokin' a blunt in this mothafucka (Yeah)
Count that shit, dawg (Yeah)
Split that shit, dawg (Gang)
You ain't smokin', I don't wanna hear that shit, nigga

Count that shit up, split it with my dawg
Got your bitch in the spot and she turnt up (Turnt up)
Geeked up on this drank, so we turnt up (Tight up)
In the club, hunnid bands, in the ceilin', throwin' up (Yeah)
And I got your bitch drunk, bitch might be throwin' up (Yeah, yeah)
Percocet, yeah, all in my cup
Know I'm leanin' so I'm fiendin' for some more so pour me up
Strapped up, think about robbin' me, I'ma shoot you up
In my mind frame, in my head, I don't give a fuck (Yeah)
Yeah, I'm bloody so I'm thuggin' (Yeah)
Get money, so she love me (Yeah)
Sip lean, it's not bubbly (Nah)
My face lookin' ugly (Yeah)
Adderall got me muggy (Yeah)
Handgun, I'm like, "Fuck it" (Yeah)
The block, I stay thuggin' (Yeah)
These trenches, yeah, they love me (Yeah)
The gun, yeah, I'm 'bout it (Yeah)
You talkin', you ain't 'bout it (Yeah)
Bitch nigga, I'll show you (Yeah)
I whip out, eye-roll you (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, like the blunt, I'll smoke you (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, like the bread, I'll toast you (Yeah)
Put this bread on your head, them youngins, they'll toast you (Yeah)
Pull up on your block, got that gun, pita roll 'em (Yeah)
Big blunts (Yeah, yeah)

This that blunt talk (Blunt talk)
This that gas talk (Gas, gas)
This that slime talk (Slime)
This that Nudy talk (That Nudy talk)
This that get-that-money talk (Yeah)
I don't know what y'all thought (Huh?)
Finna show you how to get it (Huh?)
This just how I walk (Yeah)
Yeah, walk like a player (Yeah), move like a gangsta (Yeah)
Nigga think I'm slippin' (Yeah), try me, I'ma spank ya (Yeah)
Catch me by myself (Uh-huh), nigga, I'm more dangerous (Yeah)
Trigger finger itchin' (Mhmm, itchin')

Percocet itchin' (Itchin', geekin', yeah)
Drank got me trippin' (Yeah, leanin', ayy, yeah, pour me up)
Fuck a lot of bitches (Yeah, damn, that's your granny, huh?)
Bring 'em in the trenches
On the block I'm gettin' it (Gettin' it)
You see how I'm livin' (I'm livin' right, racks)
Whole block love me (Yeah, Big Slimeball)
You ain't talkin' 'bout money (Nigga)
You ain't gettin' no money
These young niggas ain't sayin' nothin' (Nah)
Whole lotta money, gotta feed your hood

You ain't gettin' no money, then don't say nothin' (Hush your mouth)
All that frontin', why they bluffin', huh?
Whole lot of money, huh? (Yeah)
Pull up, we come take it (Yeah)
Know we gotta shake somethin' (Shake somethin', nigga)
Strip these niggas like these bitches
Get that money, keep on gettin' it
Nigga be talkin', go and kill him (Kill him)
Yeah, I'm that nigga (Yeah)
Yeah, this that blunt talk (Yeah)
Hahaha

This that blunt talk (Blunt talk)
This that gas talk (Gas, gas)
This that slime talk (Slime)
This that Nudy talk (That Nudy talk)
This that get-that-money talk (Yeah)
I don't know what y'all thought (Huh?)
Finna show you how to get it (Huh?)
This just how I walk (Yeah)
Yeah, walk like a player (Yeah), move like a gangsta (Yeah)
Nigga think I'm slippin' (Yeah), try me, I'ma spank ya (Yeah)
Catch me by myself (Uh-huh), nigga, I'm more dangerous (Yeah)
Trigger finger itchin' (Mhmm, itchin')