

Back Door

Pop Smoke

My momma tell, mmm
Mmm, mmm, huh?

My momma tell me be careful, better stay out them projects
Gotta watch for them haters, you never know who be watching
Talk less and do more, you never know who be talking
And if you up up that chop, you better aim for your target
I up and squeeze on the pussy-ass opposition
Cops asking me these questions, I don't know nothing
Hit that nigga up get through the back door

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Stay down on the north stay down
Too much more don't know what it's 'bout
We was the first ones out the hood
We brought that shit back to the house, it look good
Inside the mud inside the rain, no more pain
I had the hundred round drawn, just for shit that look strange
I had to kick through some doors, just to ice out the chains
We had to fuck a few hoes, since they came in the game
Jumped out to pull some chains, doubled back and they came
Huncho hustle mentality, just like Kobe with rings
I don't wanna mention names, but some can't even hang
One thing I learned about this game that it's gonna show if you lame
Huncho and Pop Smoke yeah we turning the page
I don't know but it feel like we go back in the day
I put food on the table niggas won't touch my plate
Momma let me go outside but I ain't out here tryna' play

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I might be goin' numb, I ain't show love, then it died within
My mind on so much drugs I think my sliders tryna' slide on me
I bet none these rappers got more war stories, than the He do
Every night I pray that my lil soldiers keep it Zeeko
I just wanna make a lot of money for my people
I just caught a case, but I thank God, it ain't a RICO
Can't stay out the hood I'm like a magnet to the projects
Every time I do good, Lord, all the bad shit be followin'
I don't know who be hatin', 'cause they still shakin' hands
I don't know who be fakin', 'cause they still shakin' hands
I know everybody smiling in my face, ain't really my friends

I know niggas be hollerin' like they gang, but really gon' bend
Bussin' at the opp's, and I'm duckin' from the cops
'Cause I'm still clutching glocks for momma
I'm bussin' at the opp's, 'cause everytime I try to stop, they be preying on
my top, momma

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