

# Backseat

Project Pat

(What Juicy say?)  
(He be like "Shut da fuck up!")

Mr. Cap  
I think it's 'bout time, mane  
You tell these motherfuckas how you start your day, mane

I just brought that motherfuckin' packets so you know it's him  
I done been broke, I promise that I'll never go again  
Say it if I want to, I could never hold it in  
Right there in your face, time I never waste  
Break it down and roll it up, I made it out of nothing  
Will I ride for my niggas when it's time? That ain't a question  
Gotta make sure that my baby boy is good  
Throwing up that Taylor Gang and after that it's neighborhood  
I know what I'm up against and I ain't on the fence  
Y'all know what I represent, I'm in my element  
Rolling up a paper and get high to the sky  
All my homies repping Taylor Gang or Die-da-da-da

Backseat killin' it, got my feet up  
Bad shorty and she feelin' it  
I'm the realest nigga that she been with it  
I'm the realest nigga that she been with it  
Niggas just talk but I'm livin' it  
Ridin' in the backseat killin' it, got my feet up  
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(Project Pat)

I was shooting K's with the mask, kick doors for the stash  
Now I ride in Calabasas wit' a mil' stashed  
Broke niggas still moving slow like molasses  
NASCAR hustle in this ho, I like fast cash  
Haters like a bad rash, fuck with me we gon' clash  
Get shot in your glasses, we ain't givin' passes  
Diamonds on my teeth, these bitches ain't keepers  
But they'll suck you dry just like they mosquitoes  
I'm the shitter, my dick stroke, ya girl get-uh  
From crumbs to the brick-uhs, got suckers sicker  
Louis on my feet, Louis thirteenth of liquor  
Robbers gettin' weak, don't fuck with this nigga  
Money flipper, hundred K on me now  
You funny niggas, Jim Carrey cable guys  
You stay cappin' but ain't havin' a fuckin' dime  
A man beggin' like a bitch should be a fuckin' crime

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I'm the realest nigga that she been with it (Leh-go)  
Niggas just talk but I'm livin' it (Leh-go, leh-go, leh-go, leh-go)

Riding in the backseat, bitch, I'm a boss  
You can hit the cup but try not to nod off  
Told her "Slob on my knob 'til my knob fall off"  
Yeah, I got a job for you, you gon' have to call off  
Backseat, feet up, weed up  
Thick bitch, redbone, double D cup (Mmm-hmm)  
Backseat, no this ain't no taxi (Nope)  
Chopper on the seat, that bitch right beside me (Boop-boop)  
Rich nigga shit, you know how the vibe be  
Fuckin' on a rich bitch, I'ma let her ride me (Always)  
Yeah, I'm gettin' money but my niggas grimey (Always)  
Cup full of mud, this shit gets slimy, in the-

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