

Back On

Quality Control

Cook that shit up, Quay

I'm back on
I invested in myself, that mean I'm black owned
I did this from out the trenches, that's my backbone
Free lil' bro he gone again, he just came back home
Make my money match my outfit, I got racks on
Had to cut off all the leeches tryna latch on
Watch my man run up 200 off a trap phone
Bet my dogs handle the business, I'ma rap on
We put this inside our Glizzys, call 'em strap ons
If you ever disrespectin', you get slapped on
I done really ran my check up off of rap songs
Everything I say no cap even with my hat on
Got caught up in a brawl, I was with a redbone
Then I plead the fifth, put on my headphones
Lookin' at my bitch I know I'm dead wrong
I'ma keep this pimpin' 'til my headstone
Still talking in codes on the jail phone
Tryna say lil' bruh a rat but who we tell on
Just whatever, with whoever how we gon' come
Don't play in no band but we got sticks and drums, they go dum-dum-dum

Hoppin' out the Bentley truck, we known for actin' stupid
Yesterday went 4x4, today I'm feelin' coupe
I put diamonds on my neck and wrist, and even on my tooth
Got the penthouse at the top, the helicopter on the roof
Told lil' bruh don't take his ski mask off, he just might have to shoot (Fa-fa)
I ain't fuckin' with these rappers, lowkey niggas really groupie
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I can't have my way with one I rather hit 'em in a group
I know niggas who bang red and know I'm standing on what's blue
You remember we was stuck, we had to come up on the move
You remember we lil' thuggin', we had came up on the news
Five lines, said she love me, I lied back "I love you too"
She want money for her pussy, no complaints is what I do
Why you trippin' in your feelings? Really you a prostitute
No back and forth, I'm blockin' you
Find me someone else to do
I'm in Calabasas having dinner with my actress boo
I got superstars textin', talkin' 'bout "I'm mad at you"
And my other vibe say my other vibe subbin' her
She ain't even stuntin', huh
She can't even compare to her, yeah

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