Back And Better

Quin NFN

Pew, pew, pew
Brra, hol' on, pow, pow, pow, pow (Hol' on)
Cio

Hol' on, gang, hol' on (Grra)
Got on and fell off, but I'm back and I'm better
They know lil' Quin'll go crash out whenever
But I'm steady focused on gettin' to that cheddar, they call me Chester
I get the high for the lesser, I could show you how to stretch 'em
He think he green like a sneeze, we'll bless him
Just breeze, this a 9 millimeter, don't measure
She— She— She shakin' ass for the free, I finessed her
Too many racks, I'ma need a collector
Still servin' packs, nigga, I'm the possessor
Big bankroll pockets on Nutty Professor
He claim he a flexer, we run in his pocket
Drac' got tits, need a bra on the Bonnie
Whole lotta fits when you walk in the closet
We stay, gotta pop his ass like a narcotic

Hol' on, gang, hol' on
They speakin'— They speakin' on me, nigga, speak on your partners
And I'm not a pilot, but play with them choppas
We came to the club with them killers and robbers
A whole lotta hoes and a whole lotta bottles
A whole lotta gangsters, a whole lotta models
We just good drink, sip it right out the bottle
He dove in the streets, should've had on some goggles
They really feel how I'm comin' and like how I kick it
He scared of an onion, ain't know how to flip it
I bag up a bow, get him gone in some minutes
You cut grass and mow, I'ma lower the ticket
They stealin' my flow, but don't know how to spit it
Just dope in this wood, we ain't rollin' up midget
That nigga cap, he belong with a fitted
Take off to the top, but belong in them trenches
When I'm makin' plays, only time you'll see me
Spit a verse, they rewind it and repeat
All the opps really vow to my CD
Von steady throwing up the trey like CP
I'ma slide with a MAC like PC
Fendi Crip, but his partner and 'em GD
Burn a nigga ass quick, give him BD
I can't leave out the hood 'cause they need me
R— Racks in the vault, got them racks in the vault, I don't gotta ask what i
t costs
Immaculate sauce, ayy, get the bag and I'm lost
Soon as the package get off, then it's back to the loft
Pour up some Act' in this raw, I'm not average at all
I've been in the game, I ain't packin' a ball
Nigga talkin' bout he strapped, but ain't packin' at all
When you havin' your way, you'll cop it quicker
I know bitch niggas act like they got a nigga
If he diss, then he drunk, took some shots of liquor
And I'm already poppin', don't gotta diss you
I stay humble in per' 'cause I'm solid, nigga
Don't be thinkin' it's sweet 'cause my kindness, nigga

I ain't flexin' too often, I got it, nigga
Self-defense anything tryna stop me, nigga

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These racks in my pocket keep me warm like a blanket
Just chicken and rice, get it from the Jamaicans
I hope you dumb niggas don't try what you thinkin'
Your ass'll get put in a box like a ray
Pockets fatter than a bitch, look like Big Daddy V
I be chasin' my dreams like I'm signin' with Meek
Get money, repeat, do that shit every week
Early bird, get the worms, so I grew me a beak
I feel like Kevin Gates, I'm a real big speaker
The choppa got vocals, it sound like Alicia
I need every slice of my dough like a pizza
And free Uncle homie and fuck Arkeisha (Fuck— Fuck Arkeisha)
Say, that's how you comin', lil' Quin?
I'ma unblock the bitch, tell her, "Pull up at 10"
And I'm fuckin' that ho while she toppin' her friend
When she get out the car, I'ma block her again
From the 'burbs and she bougie and ratchet
I'ma speak the fuck up, I ain't chokin' like Randy
Back to back blunts, got me feelin' fantastic
Probably throw up the deuce when I'm dead in my casket (Hahaha)
That was my ex, I was laughin' off
Before I chase the bitch, I'll be better off jackin' off
Feel like cement, ain't no way that we packin' off
Put egg on the candle, lil' nigga, let's crack it off (Ayy, ayy)

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Hol' on, hol' on, hol' on
Anything tryna stop me
Ayy, that ho just givin' that noggin

Uh, hop out the shade when I stop it
Go, ayy, ayy, ayy
Fuck 'round with us, we gon' pop it
Hol' on, we got a drum on the rocket
She booted up off of Perkys and Roxys
Go, hol' on

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