

Back At It

Quin NFN

(Getta Beats)
(Boom, boom boom boom)

(Yeah, huh, aye, aye)

Sick of these bitches that can't keep it real
Sick of these niggas that can't keep it street
We was just taking them risks tryna go get a check
Nowadays, niggas don't even speak
Missin' Amiri, ain't see my lil boy in a while and without him I feel incomplete
He was fucked up and I gave bro a hop and a leap
Like here, nigga, get on your feet (get on your toes)
I get a relief when I get on them stages
Can't start a new chapter til' you turn them pages
Now that I'm famous, these niggas be thinkin' I'm painless
But ain't see my auntie in ages
That shit fucked me up and I still try to act like it don't
Because my daughter right here where I'm thinkin' (Hollon)
Look out my window its rainin' (Huh)
(Who outside?)

Hey, you rockin' shit that ain't out yet, nigga
You havin' pape, where yo house at, nigga? (Where yo house at?)
I don't give a fuck bout' you ballin'
If you really that buy your kids some more outfits, nigga
Grown ass men tryna clout check niggas (Bitch)
Don't count me out til' you count six figures (Don't count me out)
Don't count me out til' you count my niggas (Don't count me out, huh, don't count me out nigga)

I make a play and I execute
I started late but I still got ahead of you
They tried to hold it back when all the credit due
New dirty K, had to clean off the residue
We know you told so it ain't no respecting you
They drop a bag, now it ain't no protecting you
Not in to talkin' I get in the stu and start speakin'
The mic only one I'm confessing to (Huh, damn, huh)
Nah I ain't Usher but I got Confessions too
Give me the word, I'll still pull up and serve like a Sessions do
I've been poppin, way back since niggas was still rockin' Jimmy Choo's
Don't get it twisted, we'll pull up with that oil like a Jiffy Lube

I'm havin' money on money on money on money
Used to have partna's on partna's, til' niggas turnt flaw for a couple of hundreds
Don't do the internet games 'cause I'm havin' this motion, this shit by abundance
Why would I cap? I put my team on the map, kinda feel like a compass

Can't even come to the trap without crying, lil bro sold a couple of onions
I post the shit that I want niggas knowin', so don't try to make no assumptions
Have bronem go and get on ya ass, if I drop the bag, they gone pull up and hunt it
She want a nigga to trick on her, I sent the hoe to my couple of cousins

I'm back at it
Stay with my pipe like a crack addict
I done came to far to half-ass it
Pull out the pump make him asthmatic
Give him a fitted he back cappin'
Or throw him a role niggas back actin'
Quin a magician, the pack vanish
When niggas go left, I just laugh at it