

## Sewed Up, Pt. 2 (Back Again)

Quin NFN

Yah, yah  
Ayy  
Phew, phew, phew, phew  
Gang, hold on  
Ayy, phew, phew

Back again with a whole 'nother sack (Sack)  
South the gang, she gon' throw me some cat (Throw the cat)  
We can fuck, if you show me some racks (Ayy)  
Givin' favors, was holdin' me back  
Quin and 2z, like Kobe and Shaq  
We outside, niggas know where we at  
On the block, tryna scout me a pack (Tryna scout)  
I was already turnt up and ignorant (Ignorant)  
Free the guys, they know all of 'em innocent (Free the guys)  
Niggas cap in they rap, we ain't feelin' it (Cappin')  
He ain't from where I'm from, he a immigrant  
She gon' fuck on the kid and get intimate  
You ain't hard on a ho, boy you feminine  
They know we tryna step like a timberland (Pow, pow)  
ARP known to blow of a ligament (Brrrah)

Pump fake and I don't need 'em 'round us ('Round us)  
Niggas envy, I don't need 'em 'round me  
Had to start all this shit from the ground up (Ground up)  
Built the bread, let 'em do it without me (Without me)  
Niggas see where you at, tryna clout seek (Clout)  
Okay cool, turn a rapper to ground beef (Pow, pow)  
I was already turnt when they found me (Found us)  
I'm the king in the city, they crown me (Bitch)  
One deep ten toes and it's all right (Ten)  
Now he lack on his actions, but talk right (Damn)  
When we drill 'em, we pop out in all black (Pow, pow, pow, pow)  
That's ironic, 'cause I'm rockin' off white (Haa)  
I adapt to this shit, that they call like (Call like)  
If you talkin' too much, he the loud type  
I be fuckin' that ho, had her brain dead (Brain dead)  
Pop a perc, go to work, hit her all night (Haa)  
Nowadays gotta stay with my gun  
Niggas my sons, I feel like I done birthed 'em (Birthed 'em)  
No they won't understand me, that's why I'm with only the family, I feel like I'm Durk 'nem (Durk)  
Let 'em shotta come jacked, boy I'm pose to react  
Put the bitch to your back like we burped 'em (Pow, pow paw)  
Had to show all the lines, when we search 'em (Damn)  
(He be gone with his move, we will murk him)

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Back again like I traveled through time  
In the world full of hate, with a bag on my mind (Ayy)  
Lil 2z a libra, but if you want smoke some cancer, then you could just give  
me a sign (Just give me a sign)  
Damn, I rap 'bout the same shit that we rap about  
But nine times out of ten, all them bitch niggas lie  
Theodore Roosevelt, my bitch a diamond (She a dime)  
Lil Quin and Lil 2z like ketchup and Heinz (Like ketchup and Heinz)  
Bet my Draco might know how to gang bang (Brrr)  
'Cause it bang till I start seeing blue flames  
Gotta stop washin' my clothes and my bread in my pockets  
'Cause they keep on leavin' a blue stain (Haha)  
I love 'em strippers like T-pain (Ayy)  
That's ironic, 'cause I'm rockin' two chains  
All black mask on, Lil 2z Bruce Wayne (Bruce Wayne)  
I used to hold up my pants with a shoestring  
I got this shit out the muscle like protein (Like protein)  
Run to that bag, got me good on my cardio  
I'm 'bout my bucks like Drew and Giannis  
And I'm 'bout my coins like Luigi and Mario (Like Mario)  
I just keep sendin' and I prob' do the same shit again, but Imma still tell  
God that "I'm sorry" tho (I'm sorry God)  
Niggas ain't never shot shit in they life, but they killed the whole world w  
hen you hear 'em on audio (Hahaha)

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