

Goin' Back Home

Real Boston Richey

Huh, uh, I got drip—uh, uh
I got drip fare, uh
(Section 8 just straight cooked this motherfucker up)
I got brick fare
I got drip fare, uh
I got brick fare
Pay for a bitch hair
Uh-uh

I'm tired of fuckin' these hoes, it's time to go back home
I'm trappin' up off the phone, I'm tired of swingin' them Os
I'm tired of swingin' the pole, bitch, fuck the famous hoes
They act like they don't know me and what the fuck I'm famous for

I'm famous for trappin' the Bubba, uh, I'm famous for swingin' the cutter
I pull up and finger-fuck her, might text her, but never fuck her
A robber from out the city, I ran it up, I was trappin' Bubba
Robbin' half of the city, Boston always stayin' in trouble

That blicky got the hiccups and when I blow it, that bitch gon' stutter
Ain't shit, nigga, we can fight, I'm bumpin' good like D-Slugga
My Tahoe tinted up, comin' through like undercovers
I'll drop a mill' on your head, you fuck off with my brother
I'm out here duckin' the feds, leave a hundred up on her bed
Ride with me like I got pegs, I'm cuttin' her off, she don't give head
I see it up in his eyes, boy, give me that blicky, your ass scared
I'm out here movin' swiftly, half of these opp-ass niggas on dead
I don't care if she got some followers, I'ma leave the lil' bitch on read
Out here trappin' hella ice like I just jumped on a sled
Check out my neck, it's hella ice, I got that shit from trappin' meds
If she can't show a fifty ball, bitch, get up out my bed

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Uh, uh, uh, whoa, Kemosabe, big ballin', this my hobby
Before these nigga was doin' 'Cats, I was runnin' up 'round the lobby
Before they got on Hellcats, I was whippin' a big body
If you don't like how I pop my shit, nigga, we can hit 'bout it
That Tweetin' up on IG'll get a nigga stick 'bout it
Uh, sayin' that, "Lil' Boston," last nigga got flipped 'bout it
That shit up in my hand, ain't gotta come off the hip 'bout it
Playin' with the money'll get your ass killed 'bout it
Pull up, white and blue McLaren, Boston just fucked on a Karen
Real fuckin' pallbearin', why the fuck is y'all starin'?
Get in the field and do some leg work like my name was Uncle Daren
Connect this bitch like we on Bluetooth, me and her pairin'

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