

Back End

Rich Homie Quan

30, 00 for a Jesus piece, I put that on yo head
Freddy Krueger don't scare me no more, them boys will bite you in that bed
Talk to God before I eat, and end it off with a "Amen"
I don't care how tired I get, I'm gon' still run up them bands
I'mma still count up my back end, I'mma still do it for my fam
Just because I got a lil' money, that do not define the person I am
I don't give a fuck about what the critics say, I'mma stack it up for them papers
I clocked in, like I'm working
I ain't have to sell my soul, it ain't worth it

Sold out, sold out, now I'm mad
We done sold out, it's a hold out, hold out on them bags
We gon' roll 'bout 1 something, 4 of y'all, 2 in the van
I don't care what that money do, I'mma blow this shit like a fan
RIP to my nigga Shawty Lo, I'm still walking 'round feeling like the man
Commissary going out on Sunday, gotta make sure I still got a plan
Talk to my girl on Monday, on the phone with my hands in my pants
Walking around with my hand on my ear, I ain't heard a word that they saying
Niggas talk about what they gon' do, rubber bands still around that paper
Overdue for some new music, might as well put it out for my haters
Niggas talkin' hard, know they can't stop me, I'm in that front yard with them choppers
I'll do whatever for my partner, I hit the jewelry store with

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Nigga lurkin', cell phone, no service
Tent on the car, not working, so I had to close them curtains (Ooooh)
Pulled up in something they ain't never heard of
I ain't seen no caution tape, but the whole scene I murdered
(Woooo) Lying to me, I'm used to bitches
Watching out who I'm talking to, cause a lot of niggas, they superstitious
Dirty pots, cause I used the dishes
40 Glock, keep it in my britches
50 shots of them big bullets, that lil' nigga might need stitches
That big body, I lean in it
That drop top selling [?] in it
And I ain't gotta wear a suit everyday to show a nigga I mean business
With all this lean, I need a kidney
Why the lil' boy goin' so hard
You tellin' on me, you the real 12
You lame as hell like a Soap Opera

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