

Back & Forth

Rico Nasty

CashMoneyAP

I said I'm back in this bitch
Every time I shoot my shot, I don't miss
Yeah, niggas wanna act like they rich
But my money stack taller than his
These other niggas lame (What?), they gettin' pissed (Haha)
I'm as real as it motherfuckin' gets
And once he fuck with me (Yeah, yeah), that's it (Yeah, yeah)
That's the farthest any nigga gon' get (Yeah)

I said, word, get back and forth
I don't wanna do none of the back and forth
Talk to me nice or don't talk at all
When you talk your shit then you turn me on
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Young Aminé on the verse and I'm the one that you call (True)
For a verse or a hook or the dick in my draws (Hey)
Any problem I can solve when your man piss you off (Yeah)
Come over in the night, black Rover and all (Uh-huh)
My diamonds wet (Yeah), that ain't a flex (Yeah)
I mean they literally drippin' just from your sweat (Sheesh)
You got an ex man? Well, I'm your next man
'Cause I'm a fly-ass nigga from the west, look
Baby, it's a 1942's-day (Yeah), roll me up a cool J (Yeah)
When we both high, we be fuckin' like for two days (True)
Weak, yeah, that's pump fake, ball like the ball players (Yeah)
Just made fifty, so we fuckin' like your birthday
Bitch, I can't play no games, play no games
It's fuck 12, baby, I can't say no names
Balenciaga mama wanna never do the drama
Said she really want the Prada, I can pay for them things

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You got a smart mouth, I'ma put my kitty in it
I like the flip my money, stack it up, and triple the shit
I'm independent, got my own, but I still make him spend his
I got a nigga from L.A. who's always good with them zips
I got a nigga out in Houston, he play all of my music
I got a nigga in Atlanta, if I say it, he do it
I got a dude out in Maryland and he find me hella bags
Hate it when I don't call, but I be busy travelin'
Said I got an attitude, you know what you gotta do
When you put it down, it's like I was never mad at you
I ain't gon' lie though, I like it when you get mad

We might leave early, you keep looking at me like that

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