

## Bring It Bak

Robb Bank\$

Yeah, we spillin' on them niggas for real, you dig  
Tuh  
Rich, spillin' that shit on 'em  
Hap-hap-hap-happy  
Nah mean?  
Hap

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you dig  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you dig  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you dig  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you dig

Drippin' on them pussy niggas, really though  
Shoot a nigga then I take a video  
Pussy Hulk Smash'd, now it look like Cheerios  
Nigga, I'm in that Hellcat, backseat, eatin' cereal  
Redbone, dig, cutthroat, dig  
Dope boy magic, drove [?]  
My family never rattin', I'm the last Don  
Mafioso in this bitch, I told 'em get low  
I got a whole band of crooks for a broke hoe  
Know Phone finna go and get some toto and get the dome  
Never did no drive-by, they in slow-mo, I just walk up  
Nigga, I'ma make sure those crackers don't find you, call it chalk dust  
Yeah, 4301, just without the bums, ain't nothin' new  
You see I fucked a witch, I tried to hitch, gave her a broom  
Talked to God today about the plan, he told on you  
Show my dick on IG, I'ma need a super zoom (SSET)  
Don't drink Tech, no IT, I could teach you what I do (did that)  
Fucked a bitch in Portland, the next day, I caught the flu  
I drink syrup when it get boring, it ain't never nothing new  
I ain't sleep, I'm never snorin', I check on my opps way more than you, uh

Bring your ass back  
Bring your ass back  
Bring your ass back  
Bring your ass back  
I think I might be happy  
Girl, bring it back  
Shake it for a stack  
Walkin' with the MAC  
Push your shit back  
We them niggas poppin'  
We them niggas on it  
We them niggas wildin'  
We just [?], they follow  
My hoes in Armani  
That's how you identify 'em  
Nigga, we the SSET Almighty  
Y'all them niggas droppin'

Top off the Benz, left with your friend  
Her tract ain't sewed in, blew off in the wind  
Phone off the Xan, they sleep on me again  
Nikki rub my back and she got stabbed  
These niggas part time traitors and full time haters  
I don't know where they do that at

Say they pullin' up on you, but you know they all fu, body rubber  
So you know I had to scream "Free Bam"  
My clip bubble when it's 93 degrees like fuck it  
I ain't finna compromise my fit  
Duct tape your momma, lil nigga, you don't want no trouble  
But I gotta break off my wrist  
What you sayin'? We the gang  
Sendin' hits, we ain't come to play  
Bitch, you a trick, I let you buy my main  
Pimpin', bitch, raise up your cup, mane  
Dig

Bring your ass back  
Bring your ass back  
Girl, bring it back  
Shake it for a stack  
Walkin' with the MAC  
Push your shit back  
We them niggas poppin'  
We them niggas, yeah  
We them niggas  
We them niggas droppin'  
We them niggas poppin'  
We them niggas droppin'  
We them niggas poppin'  
We them niggas droppin'  
Drop, drop