

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
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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

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Shake it for a stack
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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