Back Lit

Rod Wave

Uh, uh
Yeah, yeah
Oh, oh
Yeah, yeah
(Oh my God, Ronny)

If you ain't tryna get no paper, then stay the fuck from 'round me (Yeah)
Bought a brand new Bentley, sent the pictures to the county (Yeah)
I don't want no friends, evidently I just want the cash (Money)
I been shittin' on these niggas bad, got these niggas mad
She want Prada, she want new Chanel, she ain't cheap
She want Louis V, she want Gallery, Van Cleef (Yeah, yeah)
What you know about it? I ain't know about it 'til you told me
Spend that shit, know I spend that shit, you don't owe me
Look, and I been had my stripes (Yeah, yeah)
I've been thuggin' all my life (Yeah, yeah)
I've been hustlin' all my life (Yeah, yeah)
I've been druggin' all my life (Yeah, yeah)
I've been chasin' after that paper (Yeah, yeah)
Runnin' all my life
Runnin' all my life, yeah (I been runnin')

Okay, I've been gettin' paid every way, tryna get it right (Yeah, yeah)
I just hit the stage forty days and forty nights
Tired for real (Yeah), grindin' for real (Yeah)
They say his heart is broken, but his mind on them M's (Frrt)
Got out my feelings and got in my bag, okay
Got out my feelings and got in my bag, okay (Ah, ah, okay)
Get out your feelings and get in your bag (Yeah)
Get out your feelings and get you a bag (Yeah)
Get out your feelings and go get the bag (Yeah)
Get out your feelings and-
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay (Frrt, beep)
Get out your feelings and get you a bag
Get out your feelings and run up a bag
Got out my feelings and got in my bag
Got in my- I'm back in my bag

Yeah, back in my bag (Yeah, yeah)
Uh, uh, back in my bag (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Back in my back (Yeah, yeah)
Back in my bag (Yeah, yeah)

And nigga, I'm so for real, nigga, this growth for real (For real)
I won't say I'm finally healed, but nigga, I'm tryna heal (Yeah, yeah)
I just pulled up on my nigga Jigga like, "Brother we them niggas for real" (For real, brother)
I got fifty million for real (For real, brother), we come out the trenches for real (Yeah)
Fuck keepin' tabs on a bitch, fuck how these niggas'll feel (How they feel, yeah)
Just jumped off the jet on the way to the fight, we out here livin' for real (Yeah, yeah)
Thank God for my freedom and my life, wish all my niggas was here (Free my brother)
For my nigga TWeezie, I roll one twice and I crack a seal

Okay, I've been gettin' paid every way, tryna get it right (Yeah, yeah)
I just hit the stage forty days and forty nights (Yeah, yeah)
Tired for real (Say, tired), grindin' for real (Bitch, I grind)
They say his heart is broken, but his mind on them M's (Oh, it's on my mind)
Got out my feelings and got in my bag, okay (My bag, my bag, okay)
Got out my feelings and got in my bag, okay (Okay, okay, okay, okay)
Get out your feelings and get in your bag (Yeah, yeah)
Get out your feelings and get you a bag (Go get it)
Get out your feelings and go get a bag (Yeah)
Get out your feelings and– (Frrt, beep, beep)
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay
Get out your feelings and get you a bag
Get out your feelings and run up a bag
Got out my feelings and got in my bag
Got in my– I'm back in my bag

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