

Back Door Who

Sha EK

(Cuando vayas conmigo)
(Ve apoyada en mi hombro)
Like, Choppa the top one, nigga
Like, suck my dick, everything dead, everything K
They know my body, nigga

Can't come to the Hill, niggas lied (Killa Kam killed that shit)
Niggas know what I do on that side (What I do on that side)
I'ma tweak, them niggas not on my time (Niggas not on my time)
Either my mans or my fan, pick a side
Don't think with your dick and get lined (And get lined)
Backdoor who? Nigga, I'm slime
Think it's sweet? Come outside (Come outside)
Dude was my mans, now he gotta go, word to bro (He gotta die)
Free Goon, they know how I keep one when I run into Lo (Lil' Dudey)
Who not Os? Niggas know, got booked with the chops, still tryna tote (I'm still tryna tote)
I'm like the reaper, I'll take his soul (I'll take his soul)
I'm tryna creep up, let it go

Wanna act like I'm not in the streets? (I'm not in the streets?)
Oh, it's beef? Let's meet
Like, Dee, I'm playin' for keeps (Like, what?)
And Roscoe, I know where you sleep (I know where you lay)
I had Hill bitches on they knees (On they knees)
Wanna act like I'm not OD? (Like I'm not OD?)
I'd get them shot, lowkey (Like, I gotta aim)
Up close, go deep (Like, nigga, I'm tough)
Think I'm pussy? They don't know me (they don't know me)
And I'm 'boutta tweak, I'm really savage
DudeyLo on dick, tryna move like a bad kid (That lil' nigga pussy)
Like I don't keep knocks in this Mackage (Like, I got a coat)
Like, none of this shit is for fashion
Dee really pussy, he the fastest
I bet he run when I hop out and flash it (Hop out and flash it)
I don't do none of this shit for the captions (I don't do this for the captions, nigga)

I ain't doin' this shit for the 'Gram
Nigga be all on my dick like a fan
Screamin' out, "Die Y, die Gz, 800K"
I'm still smokin' on Rah and his mans
We gon' pop out 150 deep (Like)
Who reversin' the V?
We gon' light that shit up with some heat
I done had many opps pick up they feet, like
And I don't need a codeine
Bet I'll get on yo' ass with my doley, like
Don't get shot tryna troll me
Bitch, I'm really the O, niggas know me
Let him play, he get done up
He ain't smart but he couldn't be dumber
Let's just spin his shit and he'll stutter
Brr-rt-t, brrrt like a drummer
Like, brr-rt-t, brrrt, then he die
Throw up a switch on a Glock, make them hide
Like, I would chase him and shit, but I'm high

Turned up the beam, lean fuck with my eyes
Like, don't come to my side with that nonsense
And the cut on, bro tryna harm shit
Get to spinning, that shit till I'm nauseous

OGz, the fuck up
Made it back to the block, like six
How the fuck I throw shots, and I miss?
I gotta call the PD, on his bitch
If he jacking OY, word to bro I'mma blitz
Like AJ, niggas done told me you switched
I'mma go post up on 155th
Smoking on Caine, he a spliff
Dropping they gang, cause it's lit
I let it bang, with the Rips
2016, we did drills on the 5th
But I can not talk 'bout them trips
I'm a demon, with my knock on my hip
Do a drill, then I changing my fit
After that, I'm right back on the strip
Big die Y, stop jacking my shit
Why-why the fuck they keep dropping my O?
Catch lil' DD, and I'm letting it go
Like-like what should I do with my pole?
like Rah Gz, died on that phone
I would have to get back
Word on my dead, this shit deeper than rap
Dummy got poked, they left him flat
Winter got shot, can't get a bag

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