

## Back End

Sha EK

MC, make another hit  
[?] baby, how you do that?  
Project-project X  
Grah

I'm too oppy, so I moved to Jersey  
I got thirty in bread, I don't gotta worry  
Bro took six, but shooting like he Curry  
And we sprint through that jig with our bro, be dirty  
All of my Goons and the wock get sturdy (Grah, grah)  
G3 on my body niggas wanna hurt me (Grah, grah, grah)

DB told me: "Get to that bread, he 'bout to go right back to the feds"  
I'd rather see my niggas locked up, I don't wanna see my niggas dead  
I'm not dying bitch, I'm throwing lead  
Bitch you a gummy, can't fuck with my bed  
Rundown gang, it was just me and Ted  
I don't care what other niggas said  
Come, we deep in the streets, bro enough tryna talk to heat  
Now he carry his knife when he go to sleep  
He said: "Once I got locked, they ain't care about me"

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Don't lack in that cell, bro just called me: "They denied his bail"  
He too silent, he'd never tell  
He the oppiest one in that jail  
But he dead either way, that it smell  
When he just pushed up on boy, nigga slipped up and fell  
Like, my niggas running the island, my niggas really on timing  
Bow, bow, bow  
Uh-huh

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