

Back 2 Back

Shoreline Mafia

(Chambers)

(Diego)

Bad hoes with good pussy, we gon' go and fuck 'em back to back (Ayy)

Me saving hoes with a cape, can you imagine that? (What?)

I only want the money, nigga, show me where the cabbage at (Ayy)

Smoke like a vape, I'ma show you where my savage at (Ah, ah)

My O chain glistenin' (Ah, ah), I don't think they listenin' (I don't)

I don't fuck with fake niggas, I ain't really fittin' in (Ayy)

Everywhere I touch down, show me where the kitchen is (Where it's at?)

I'm all about my dividends, bricks? We gon' get it in (Ayy)

I don't fuck with middle men, my niggas most wanted (Wanted)

Ridin' with the reaper, my niggas most haunted (Ho)

Get it, then I want it and I flex it, then I flaunt it (Flex)

Air out my opponents, gon' like that, yeah, I'm on it

Yeah, I'm 'bouta roll my Benz up (Yeah)

In and out the Lamb' truck

That is not your bitch, is you a cop? Remove the handcuffs (Rrr!)

Yeah, I thought a nigga said somethin'

That lil' bitch a peasant, she just pickin' up the bread crumbs (Bread)

Long live my dead ones, I'm janky and I'm handsome (Ayy)

You'll never get your bitch back, hold her for ransom (Ayy)

My chain keep dancin', middle of my mansion

Masked up like a opera (Ayy), sittin' in the Phantom

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I said, "Wait, why these niggas talkin' to me funny?"

Yeah, I'm like the bank teller, only thing I talk is money (Ayy)

It's a micro Drac' up in the backpack, blast that

We'll turn their block up into Baghdad, nigga, hmm

How you niggas out here thirty, never touched thirty? (Never touched thirty)

Dick up in my Glock, I'll leave a pussy nigga burnin' (Burnin')

Better give me top, but I ain't fuck her, she ain't worth it (Nigga)

Nobody's perfect, but baby, me? I'm a different person (Bitch)

So you better watch your mouth when you talkin' (Watch your mouth)

I give her good dick, now she can't walk and the bitch stalking (She can't walk)

On the 'Gram poppin' shit that you not, nigga, stop

We'll take his ass up top (Stop), all we needed was a drop (It's all we needed)

I like real thick bitches with they hair sewed

Nails done, toes done, too, I'm like velcro (Ayy)

Strapped up, act up, we'll go and leave a nigga packed up (Bitch)

"Brrt," nigga, that's the sound when that MAC bust

Black trucks and I got my thugs with me (Got my thugs with me)

Dropped a fifty on his head, he caught a hundiddy (Got a whole hundred)

Yeah, she bad and she know it, yeah, I like that (Yeah, I like that)

I'ma blow that strap first, nigga, I don't fight back (I don't fight back)

Got four pockets full, fifty thousand, I got thigh pads (I got thigh pads)

Huh, off the molly, Moonwalkin' like I'm Mike Jack' (Moonwalkin')

Ayy, geeker, I stay with the torch like a tweaker (I got it on, Diego)

Even if I'm fuckin' with lil' baby, I don't need her

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