

## Walk Back

Skooly

Where's the manager?  
I'm the manager  
Who's the manager?  
Where's the manager?  
I eat on her face, then I eat at her waist  
I know bitches, they callin' me Hannibal  
Fuck up a Phantom, and I didn't finish my dinner  
This money is federal, bustin' out of pocket  
I gotta walk back to the bank, yeah  
Walk back to the bank (Walk back)  
Walk back to the bank (Walk back)  
Walk back to the bank, yeah  
Drinkin' all the lean, I need a four, yeah  
Smokin' all the weed, I need a O, yeah  
Drinkin' all the lean, I need a four, uh (Don't want no gas or fire)  
Smokin' all the weed, I need a O, uh

Walk back to the bank (Walk back)  
Talk back to the bank  
No one, no Jackson 5  
Talk back to the Franks  
Diamonds, talk back to my chain  
I bounce back in my lane  
I talk back to the bank, ooh  
I walk back to the bank  
I'm talkin' Evil Knieval  
I'm talkin' Leave it to Beaver  
Good thing I don't need you either  
I got my strut like "Indeed, ah"  
Boy, you a bitch and I pepped ya  
Bitch, I'm too cold, catch a fever  
I'm out here dressed like a Beatle  
I do this shit for my people  
I'm on that drink and I don't give a fuck what you think  
I been stockin' on pinks, uh  
Tell me who the man in here, uh, uh  
Tell me who the manager, uh, uh  
No, I don't pour champagne  
You know what it cost, the chain  
I need some money, I'm doin' two hundred  
And I'm tryin' to stop the pain

Where's the manager? (Damn)  
I'm the manager (Somebody let me in)  
Who's the manager? (Where is your manager?)  
Where's the manager? (Let me in)  
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Drinkin' all the lean, I need a four, uh (Hey, hey)

Smokin' all the weed, I need a O, uh (It's Dolph)

Sixteen, that's a pint (A seal)  
Jacket and jeans off-white (Yup)  
Got fifty on me, somethin' light (Racks)  
I just pulled up in somethin' tight (Horses)  
My bitch told my bitch she wanna fight (What?)  
Send 12 to the left when you're right (Right, damn)  
I must be doin' somethin' right (Damn)  
I spent too much money on ice  
Roll the gelato, get high (High)  
In the bank with the Chinese eyes (Ha)  
Benjamin Frank', that's my guy (That's my guy)  
Stack 'em, put 'em to the side  
My bitch in the car pourin' drink (Drink)  
Took her to the trap, first date (On God)  
It ain't about money, bitch, wait (On God)  
I don't want that love if it's fake (Hey)  
Still stuffin' racks in the safe (Yeah)  
Still stuffin' stacks in the safe (Yeah, yeah)  
Just smoked a blunt to the face (Strong)  
Come here, girl, I just want some face (Ugh)  
Pour a eight, go outer space (Woo)  
I pour a eight, go outer space  
Get hot like I'm in the race (Yeah)  
Then I go pull up at Chase (Skrtrt)

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