

## Double Back

Skrapz

Yo we had to double back just to make them know  
Niggas still here, I'm like the sun disappeared and reappeared  
All my niggas name-brand like the clothes that I wear  
Man a star boy, we don't cuff hoes, we just share  
Gun fingers in the air and wave 'em like you just don't care  
Been on more rides than funfair  
Jumped out of an all-black Benz in a black Moncler  
With a dark skin ting but she's got blonde hair  
I switch up my flows like seasons for no apparent reason  
Thank God that I'm still breathing  
Niggas tryna get at me, tell 'em "Stay scheming"  
Say they're tough guys but nobody believes 'em  
I don't think that they even believe themselves  
I won't shoot them, beat them with my belt  
Some have reached out, they need some help  
Coming like them niggas over there suffering from mental health  
I don't need help, I do this by myself  
Feeling like it's us against the world, fuck everybody else  
All my niggas weigh heavy on the scales  
Go jail, put money up for bail, only time's gonna tell  
Who's lit and who really ain't shit?  
I jump out, empty the whole clip  
Can't walk through the area like we're gonna take a goal kick  
Got the young bucks moving John Wick

We've been doing this for too long, oh  
Light the stove and put the food on, go  
Locked Skrapz up, we've got some new songs, you know  
A Jewellers got our jewels on froze  
Lambo with the doors up, now I'm living it  
Six years ago in jail I envisaged it  
Skrapz soon come out  
Tell chief I'll make him a new piece  
I ain't in jail, you know I'm pulling Fundz out  
Uptown apartments, breathing in city smoke  
Now it's in my lung like I breathed in sticky dro  
My profit margin's why I'm speaking litty bro  
Gassing up my head and I'm feeling dizzy bro  
I tink big, when I talk it all come out  
People don't listen so my words they had to dumb down  
Never on drought, getting money, bun clout  
You tink I don't regret the years that I've done now?  
Sadly people don't listen  
So I've got a new chain, grill and ring and put some big bling in  
Three litres turbo, the whip's zinging  
They're all free but they're talking like it's prison

Money talks, you ain't speaking to me  
I step how I step, man ain't got secrets for me  
I started little waves, find me deep in the sea  
Free my nigga Skrapz, you know he keep it a G  
Styla back on the damn scene  
Now everybody's woke like they had a bad dream  
Rarely up front, pap in the backseat  
Just take note, man just run it like some athletes  
Man just run it on my JJ's  
I'm in the trap, cover the break down like AA

Everybody's on me like when they taped J  
I told everybody "Next Friday" like Day-Day  
Every day is a payday  
And ain't nothing changed, J's a shanaynay  
Styla don't play, drippy on a grey day  
Jeans distressed, screaming out "Maintain"

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