

# Devil On My Back

Summrs

Look, all of my niggas 'bout business  
All of my niggas 'bout business  
The Maybach windows ain't tinted  
I want you to see who up in it  
I want you to shoot 'til it clickin'  
I want you to pull out your blicky  
None of my cars be rented  
I'm fuckin' these broads up in 'em  
Hundred thousand in my denim  
God help me stop sinning  
God help me keep winning  
I just brought a Audemars Piguet  
It got twenty pointers up in it  
I ain't trading my Patek  
I ain't duckin' from no static  
All of my albums turn classic  
All of my bitches' waists snatched  
Some of my niggas got hats  
We better not catch your ass lackin'  
I'm with my Bloods, what's brackin'?  
You know you not in my tax bracket  
Some of my niggas still trappin'  
Brought 20 racks up in Magic  
All these diamonds on me lookin' flashy  
Chanel, it's all on my fabrics  
I ain't too much into fashion  
But all of these racks that I'm having

Free my bros down the road  
Doodoo locked up on the soul  
And I just picked up Sosa  
When this shit gon' be over?  
Yeah, I'm on drugs, I'm not sober  
Italian leather on my sofa  
In a Maybach truck, not a Rover  
Pray the cops don't pull us over  
Yeah, got the Devil on my back  
I'm finna go Tesla Plaid  
Was pullin' off on your cat  
I'm feelin' like the bitches after me, feelin' like I need to go get a gat  
I'm getting all of this cash  
And I know the world gon' be slimey, when they try rob me, that's a new hat  
This FN, it's .45, it got a hammer  
Bitch, I made it out of Louisiana  
Let all my dawgs out, they still in the slammer  
Reach for my necklace, I'ma kill you on camera  
I'm screaming out, "Self defense!" when I muhfuckin' blam ya  
And you niggas ain't taking my brother  
'Cause I'm knowing they keeping the hammers  
With the D.A. and state, goin' to war  
Yeah, they say they got us on camera

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