

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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