

Backfade

The Game

I got your backfade, I got your backfade
A hundred niggas knocked out, a hundred racks made
I got your backfade, I got your backfade
Couple Ms for my son, had the track made

Mason jar with the Branson in it
Two-tone Maybach, look like I spent a nigga whole advancement i
n it
New York bars on a Compton nigga
Mobbin' through Laguardia, he back and this time, he brought a
monster with him
Big Hit on some big hits, poppin' big shit
Rag brighter than the lady gremlin lipstick
Right pocket on some opposite-of-Crip shit
Stuff half and let the rest bleed like my wrist slit
Land of the misfits
Where we never miss a court date, but we miss Neighborhood Nip'
s shit
If I ain't bangin' this shit, I'm bangin' his shit
Hit produced it, I wrote it, and nigga, we ain't mix shit
And I'm still in the streets with it
Somewhere between the 105 in the middle of the beef with it
Eat with it, sleep with it
Point me out in a lineup, yup, he did it

I got your backfade, I got your backfade
A hundred niggas knocked out, a hundred racks made
I got your backfade, I got your backfade
Couple Ms for my son, had the track made

Told Game just gimme the sign, just point him out and he gon' d
ie
I'm rushin' niggas like rushers, L-Gang, fuck repercussions
Nigga, it's nothin', I'll sock you out, stomp you out, knock yo
u out
Max you out like a stolen credit card, nigga
What's happenin'? P the Rollie, blood, leave the Rollie
Cleats to his face, nigga, meet the goalie
His nigga ran up, then I stole him
On PDL, 'bout to bleed 'em, homie
Nah, blood, I ain't cut, but I'm cut like that
L-Gang, nigga bust, I'ma bust right back
I keep one in the chamber 'til I'm the one in the chamber
Like the beats on the rest of this album, nigga, we bangers

I got your backfade, I got your backfade
A hundred niggas knocked out, a hundred racks made
I got your backfade, I got your backfade

Couple Ms for my son, had the track made