

## Back 2 Back

YN Jay

(Fingerz, you a fool for this one)  
I mean like  
Fingers, why you do that man  
You always doing something, man  
Why— ah

Got Fingerz on the beat, I'm finna go crazy  
I just hit a bitch like fifty-six, that's my old lady  
She tryna suck my dick from the back, I'm like, "No, baby"  
Man, this bitch just squirted everywhere, I'm like, "Woah, baby"  
I'm lookin' for a bad freaky bitch with the toe painting  
Bad bitch walkin' in some heels, ain't got no laces  
I just beat this lil' bitch down, she had gold braces  
Pussy so good, I couldn't stop, I'm a whole date  
I just met a bitch that's twenty-one, she got four babies  
Stuffed twenty 'bows in the basement, got the whole— damn  
Shit, got the 'bows stankin'  
One thousand old hundreds, Bens with the bold faces  
Police couldn't find no evidence, we gon' cold case it  
I just made a hundred racks in blues, not the old faces  
I just took some ice out the freezer, it's a froze bracelet  
Bitch sniffin' coke all day, got her nose stankin'  
Auntie quit fuckin' with the dog, she gon' cocaine it  
Finna blow a nigga house up, I'ma propane it  
Finna draw a picture like Picasso, I'ma pro paint it  
Drop the vacuum sealer, but the 'bows stankin'  
Woah, Jaylein  
I'm finna cool the summer down like a cold blanket  
I just touched a bitch heart, we gon' soulmate  
Bitch ain't wash her feet off— ah  
Got her toes stankin'  
Shit, that's a damn shame  
I just threw paint on my old-school, look like champagne  
Hundred rounds on my AR, ain't gotta damn aim  
Within the first night, I beat the campaign  
Nigga only shoot his— damn  
Nigga only shoot his gun when he at the damn range  
I just hit dog from far away, I got damn range  
Not a walker for an old person, but I sell 'caine  
I just popped a nigga in all white, ain't got a damn stain  
I would never stop shit talkin' 'cause the fans change  
I just fell in love with Mary, don't tell Jane  
I just got caught with my side bitch, don't tell main  
Fuck, that's a damn shame  
Bitch, if I don't speak to you first, don't say a thing  
Ayy, Mike, hey  
Who the fuck gave dog a firearm? He just dropped his flame  
Hey, Jay, fuck  
Who the fuck gave dog a damn chain?  
You can't talk around dog, he gon' tell things  
I be fuckin' with the EDD, we got twelve names  
I'm a rapper, but I look like I sell 'caine  
I just dropped thirteen shots, then 12 came  
Okay the W popped up before the L came  
I used the ho to catch somebody, that's jailbait  
How the fuck you get a manicure, but your nails stank?  
Ask how much lean I drunk today, about twelve eights

Shit, okay, the bitch ass real, but her hair fake  
Should I break the bag all the way down or sell weight? (We don't smoke the same)