

# Back to Back

Young Dolph

Let the band play  
Yeah  
Skrtrt sktrrt, sktrrt' uh

Pull up foreigners back to back' back to back' back to back to back  
And hop out with them racks, with them racks, yeah' with them big old racks  
Ayy, shout out to my set, to my set' you see it around my neck  
Yeah, bitch, we like to flex, we like to flex, we ball, don't break a sweat

Yeah, all these damn dead presidents, I'm gettin' too much, it's scarin' me  
Fuck these hoes, just let 'em be, can't let 'em get the best of me  
Bitch, I got the recipe, can't no nigga compare to me  
Yeah, all this water water on me, I might go join the swimming team  
I got dough, Krispy Kreme  
Fresh to death, crispy clean  
Bitch I smoke Christmas trees  
Got them lumps in my jeans  
Diamonds jumping, trampoline  
Uh, all you hear is bling (Bling)  
Ball so hard, they think we cheatin'  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you see it

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We pull up back to back, back to back to back to back to back  
No, I don't play fair, shit 'round my neck jumpin' like jumping jacks  
All these bitches swear that they love me, bitch, you just love these stacks  
Dolph come on the radio, your girl gon' turn it up to the max  
Paper Route, Paper Route, Paper Route (Uh)  
Motherfuckin' Business, lil' nigga (Uh)  
Fuck this rap shit, got some homeboys down the road doin' life sentence  
Lil' nigga (Free my dawgs, free my dawgs)  
I never played tennis but I got racks (Racks)  
Eight stacks just for a backpack (Racks)  
See some fuck niggas, then blatt blatt (Blatt blatt)  
Blatt blatt blatt blatt (Ayy)  
Lake Michigan on my wrist (Flooded)  
Mississippi river on my neck (Flooded)  
Went to hollywood just to go flex (It's Dolph)  
I took his bitch, made her my pet (Bitch)  
I wish all of my old hoes the best (Fuck y'all)  
Me and Tray-Tray on a jet (Bitch)  
Blue Power Ranger on his chest, hah, blessed

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