

# Back

Young Jeezy

(Cannon)

They say I left the hood, but I got it on my back (On my back)  
Ask Gotti, yeah I got it on my back (On my back)  
Took a trip outta town went and got 'em, brought 'em back  
Mister El Chapo, underground, now I'm back (Yeah)  
Ask Sno, nigga, I got it on my back (Ask Sno)  
Ask your ho, nigga, I got it on my back (Ask your hoe)  
Who want a load? Nigga, I got 'em in the back (In the back)  
We sell 'em whole, and you can't return 'em back (Let's go)

Damn, bald head, Pac shit  
Plus my main thing like to eat with chopsticks (Damn)  
I can whip a dream with a fork, nigga (Fork, nigga)  
Yeah, play that pyrex like a sport, nigga  
The highway hot, nigga no shade (Shade)  
Picked up a hunnid packs, split it two ways (Ayy)  
Damn, that's fifty here, and fifty there  
Get it in the air, like money in the air  
That soda in that yola caught a fade, bitch  
Clean it up with the same card we play spades with  
The streets ain't a game, you can't renege (Nah)  
Grown man shit, you can't play, kids  
You ever been to Hell? Been off in a cell? (Damn)  
Two codefedants, you better not tell (Nah)  
Water in the vision bowl, yeah you know the smell  
Breakin' out the weight set, yeah you know the scale  
Even got our stamps on it, yeah you know the brail (Ayy)  
Feds put the dogs on it, they smell it like it's quail (Ooh)  
Blowin' money fast, yeah I lived to tell the tale (Tale)  
They say that I'm irrelevant, it ain't no way in Hell

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This money standin' tall, nigga, Yao Ming  
Five tickets of a whole lot of greens  
Yeah, and I ain't talkin' soul food  
I just put a quarter mil' in an old school  
Niggas talkin' brick talk, to me that's old news (Old news)  
Niggas braggin' on they plug, when they old dude  
I don't gotta tell (Tell)  
Nigga I'm in the lab (Kitchen)  
I want twenty for a half, forty for a slab (Bricks)  
And a ten for a quarter if you can do the math  
Your bitch deepthroat, I call her lil giraffe (Ugh)  
And I'm a plug's first pick if they had a draft  
I put bricks in the Uber, used to be a cab (Yeah)  
Long story short, and the short story long (Story long)  
I'ma get money, try to free 'em 'til they home ('Til they home)  
Eight figure nigga, boy I came up sellin' zones

2020 Rolls truck, I set it on chrome (On chrome)  
Bitch want a Chanel, she gon' hold the sack  
He think I'm a pussy, he must be on crack  
Shawty like that Rolls truck, I got 'em back to back  
They tryna say I left the hood, when I got it on my back (Got it on my back)

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