

## Lil'o "Back Back"

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Back, back, back, back, gimme fifty feet  
Or I'ma grab the gat and hit a nigga with the heat  
Back, back, back, back, gimme fifty feet  
Don't try to gimme dap bitch, you ain't no kin to me

Back, back, back, back, gimme fifty feet  
'Cause you catch a slap if keep on grillin' me  
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Hey, here's a little story 'bout a nigga like me  
I fuck bad broads, live large and drive v's  
Some say I'm cocky and rude I might be  
But nigga fuck you, you ain't got to like me

I'm at the bar taking sips of long island ice tea  
Wrist looking' blue or icy I'm pricey  
Bitch, niggas mean mugging and starin' all shiesty  
Don't make me pepper spray your face have you lookin'  
all spicy

'Cause I know you niggas hatin' and wanna fight me  
Thinking I'm all Hollywood like Spike Lee  
Thinking I'ma steal you and fuck up your white T  
When I catch you in your jaw I'ma fuck up your white  
teeth

But nigga I be ready to scuffle like dice peat  
And ya'll walkin' outta this tussle ain't likely  
I hope you boys ready to rumble i'm quite deep  
And I ain't friendly but i'ma tell you politely

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Say I'm the type of cat when I pull up in the place  
You hatas like a blow job put it in they face  
I buy the Gucci shoes, matching belt lookin' great  
Dubs sounding cool you can tell I'm pushin' weights

Courtier full of flakes snow storms in the peaks  
Hoe taming nigga keep my bitch on a leash  
You the tyra cat that'll chase a chick for weeks  
Then try to box a nigga when you hear he hit your freak

But playa don't you know you outta line that shit is weak  
And fightin' over broads will get you killed up in these  
streets  
You running round here plexin' always thinking shit is  
sweet  
Then have the nerve to wonder why them bullets hit ya  
cheek

Then wanna step to me talkin' but  
(Oh, you foul)  
All up in my face talking 'bout  
(You hit my gal)  
I'm looking at him stupid like man this shit is wild  
You better give me space asshole I ain't ya pal

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I keep my game on face when I'm riding on chops  
Straight gorilla pimp don't even wave to the bops  
Lookin' like a snail crawlin' slow through the lot  
Fist full of grain, other hand on the glock

'Cause when you want fee jackers want what you got  
That's why I stay ready with the inferred dot  
The first one to jump is the first getting shot  
Put the beam on his head then I take off his block

You love to rob o like take off you rocks  
Take off your shoes playa take off your socks  
But I'm the type of cat before I take off my watch  
Aim at your chest and try to take off you heart

You know how I do playa shake off tha marks

Hit him with the big guns that take off a part  
Chest lookin' like he been ate by a shark  
Bitch you better mind stay in line play it smart

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