

Sadat X

"Cock It Back"

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Yeah, cock it yeah [* Gun cocking *] cock it back
Bling bling Dat

[Hook]

When I feel like I'm fallin' the fuck down
And just for the fuck of it wanna let off a round
What, cock it back nigga [* Gun cocking *]
Cock it back, cock it back click [* Gun cocking *]
When I feel like the world is pay
I wake up one morning be like ya fuckin' me today
Cock it back nigga [* Gun cocking *] cock it back
Cock it back click [* Gun cocking *] cock it back [* Gun
cocking *]

[Verse 1]

When I'm dead save my bones
Take DNA and make clones
Award, afford me luxury in my old age
After these years I should be slidin' on the gold stage
Missed the blades fifty, they left a nigga off the whole
page
Fifty motherfuckers that was better than me [* Gun
cocking *]
That mean fifty motherfuckers was boiling hot [* Gun
cocking *]
That's a lot, I can see that, that's a plot
Y'all bring y'all best five to the game
And I'm gonna do the same [* Gun cocking *]
And if y'all win I'm burst from the same way I came
The great Dat aligned with a bo-day of Arabs
They said don't fly black, yo just play cabs
Y'all happy y'all had a good day, y'all niggas slave
slabs
Y'all niggas got money then huh y'all niggas get paid
tabs
Save my mic in a steel case for when they blast this
place
And I can still be a hero to my race
Y'all know I can't change my face
That's why I only move with pros
Who move that eighty long money when the bright
sunshine

And the streets was kind but we can't rewind

I want that new money, tight fittin' jewel money
Mine's on tour, so I can take no more
So y'all niggas better knock it off

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Blame my check bein' late for this rage
Blame child support for makin' me beats on the
mailman
I got a new whip but is fucked up as my old van
Nigga crash my whip, you seen em' hit em' cause he
was an old man
[* Gun cocking *] I gotta cold hand these days and no
heart
You believe in that bullshit baby please don't start [*
Gun cocking *]
Cock it once and it means no stress
House cleaned and you fumed into my favorite dress
[* Gun cocking *]
You say I feelin' best, hey broad don't gas me
And don't ever take no money outta my pockets, yo just
ask me
See me down the block drinkin' Bud with the Mexicans
Speakin' broken Spanish, I know a lil' I manage

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I'm about to leave New York I can't stay
The way shit is goin' I might have to get away
All day tryin' to hit me with prices I can't pay
Niggas bust the guns, got to duck and stray
Is the block clear, nah y'all can' rock here
With the 12, 12, 38, and 58, 58 [* Gun cocking *]
If we don't get it done here we gon' take it outta state
Burn something in the air, let the room be few [* Gun
cocking *]
My broads gon' give a show cause I told em' so
Cause they holdin' dough, while y'all niggas movin'
slow
Oh y'all ain't know, this is my every day flow [* Gun
cocking *]

[Hook]

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