

## **Ghostface Killah f/ Ne-Yo**

### **"Back Like That"**

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Damn, damn, ma, we ain't even have to go through it  
like that

It wasn't even, even that big, man

You know, nah, it's ight though

But anyway, yo, let me get that coat

Let me get those jeans, and let me get that rock on  
your finger

Oh, it's stuck? Then I'll take the whole finger than, man

Let me get those bags from Paris, and the puppies is  
staying, yo!

[Chorus: Ne-Yo]

Come through the block, in the brand new Benz

Knowing that billionaires do they friends

(Ok girl) Yeah, what I did was wack

But you don't get your man back like that

Bouncin' around, when I'm up in these streets

Knowing that billionaires do got beef

(Ok girl) Yo, what I did was wack

But you don't get your man back like that, no

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, I should just bark on you, burn your car on you

Cuz I'm too much man, to leave a mark on you

You'se a bird you know that, giving that man

Ten points, like he about to blow that

He probably did, you swallow his kids?

In and out of jail, he a snail, he wasn't wilding on bids

In the summertime, I broke his jaw, had to do it, to him

Quick, old fashion, in the back of the mall

Me and him had 'mos forever, like I'm supposed to put  
him on

When he came home and told on Trevor

Had to bang on homey, ear blocks, out in spots

Throwing them shots, like 'sucker, you know me'

Stop fronting for them people out, side like you really  
ride

And you a silly chick, thought you was really live

But I guess I was wrong, I'mma holla at dog

And rip his head off, words of a song

[Chorus]

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, I thought we was iller than that, all them kisses  
And love yous, when jake came, you hid my packs  
It was time a brother went to war, vests banged up  
Staining in the kitchen, yo, holding a four  
Sweatin' and breathing, bounced out of town for a  
weekend  
Heard you had homey in the passenger seating  
Honey, look, I'm a monster don, I do monster things  
That's why I put your ass under my arm  
Messing with him can bring bodily harm  
And where you gonna hide in the streets when the body  
is gone  
If it's one thing I learned that, never trust a female  
On no scale, you just confirmed that  
Bounce to your momma house, pack your shit  
I don't care if you crying, you'se a ruthless chick  
Gots to watch you, these eyeballs in my face'll spot you  
My girl cousins, they gon' rock you

[Chorus]

[Ne-Yo]

Shorty what is you thinking bout  
Didn't I put you down  
Flyest whips, rollin' round like yea  
That's the bosses chick, on the side  
I might of had, one or two  
Them silly broads wasn't nothing on you  
Rolling with him, try'nna get revenge  
That's what you just don't do

[Chorus to fade]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

I'm a good dude, you see... yeah.....  
Females out there that wanna be  
Acting like they getting they little revenge off  
Taking it further than what it really is  
You know what I mean, playing yourself..  
Nahwhatimean... this is Don status, girl  
You will have to hold that now..

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