

# Back Back (feat. Hawk)

Lil' O

Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
Or I'ma grab the gat and hit a nigga with the heat  
Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
Don't try to gimme dap bitch you ain't no kin to me  
Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
'Cause you catch a slap if keep on grillin' me  
Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
Gimme 50 feet, gimme 50 feet 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 y'all 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 Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
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Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
Gimme 50 feet, gimme 50 feet  
Say I'm the type of cat when I pull up in the place  
You hates like a blow job put it in they face  
I buy the goochie 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 typa 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  
 Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
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 Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
 'Cause you catch a slap if keep on grillin' me  
 Back, back, back, back gimme 50 feet  
 Gimme 50 feet, gimme 50 feet 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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