

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
Or I'ma grab the gat and hit a nigga with the heat
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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
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 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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