

Backbone, Yes Yes Y'All

We get the work, we do the dirt
We drop the vert on the car
We bend the corner off the floor
Because they know who we are
Yes, yes, y'all
We on a money making mission
Baby, stay on ya job
In the Cut, drunk as a skunk, gone little girl
Let me see you shake ya rump
While the beat go bump, I know you seen it post up
It make you lose ya mind when you see it close up
Give me Hennessey no ice
One lime and whatever the lady like
Super thick to def, I know I had to get her
She say she like a liquor dark like a nigga
Figured it out, girl, I like the way you figured it out
You drink and we go out
Yo, Slic PA run wit Fat Face the only
I run up on 'em, run up in 'em and leave 'em lonely
Believe that, game sharp as creased britches
I stay fresh, fresh too slick for these bitches
(Excuse me)
I'm a nigga with class
Superfly, I stay on they ass
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Slic Patna, baby
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Front Street shawty
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Baby, stay on ya job
Blow a dub, hit the club nigga, showin' me love
Shawty at the bar recognize, shit wassup?
You coming wit me? Gonna see what it's gon' be
Now finish ya drink, I think she tipsy
Club close at 3, we post up campaign
In the V.I.P., little girl rubbing on herself
Off that Xtasy, slow down little lady
See I'ma treat ya good but everything ain't gravy
I like 'em with class, cute face, petite waist
And whole lotta ass, ya boy straight off Campbelton Road
Where them niggas ride vogues
Straight cut up on a hoe, you ain't know?
Take it slow, so you can maintain
We ride out 4 deep ain't nothing changed
Them peanut butter gut seats have 'em melting like ice
Didn't have to think twice, on the grind for me buying head for me
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Baby, stay on ya job
Up in the club I stay posted
Eyes fire red 'cause I'm toasted, roasting all these hoes
Sow motion coastin' by
Puffin' red when she had to see my fie
Now I'm on her keep poppin' like I'm big time
I sold it so a pound, I ain't have but a dime
Keep trying to get her back to the hotel
Steady fixin' got my pistol for protection
Never slipping, mouth gripping make me touch and bust
Made a mess in her mouth washed up and peeled out
If it ain't no bank on it, I can't think on it
Hit her for her credit card, full tank on it
I stay down for mine, forever grind
Keep on stacking and stacking on this side street till it jump
Gotta get me meat, I'm about cheddar
Got to break bread, fie head or better, no way
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