

Drake, BackOutsideBoyz

BackOutsideBoyz, totin' a seventy on the strip, I'm ready to die (Die)
Cuttin' the traction, bendin' the corner, bet I make shit glide (Shh)
Tried to bring a job to me, he ain't know how we cha-cha slide (Yeah)
I'll never lose sleep over no bitch, way too much pride (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Fill it up in a briefcase, split this shit with the vibes (Yeah, hm, hm, hm)

Breakin' a Brink's truck, my right wrist Van Cleef (Cleef)
I spent days in the East tryna figure if I'm geeked ('Kay)
This bitch tweakin', talked too much while I was geeked, blew my peep (Brr)
Fuckin' rap niggas' hoes, I'm on the street, this shit sweet (Hey)
I went half a million on Rose and four million on my ice (Hey, hey)
Couple million on my cars, I went Tyson, I'm too nice (Hey, hey)
Nigga shot me on the street, he wanted to talk, so he asked my price (Yeah, hey, 'kay)
The number was as high as me, I ain't gon' lie (Yeah, okay)
I was fuckin' with this lil' woe, I think she bi (Bi)
Tweakin', the 6 God is comin' back (Brr)

BackOutsideBoyz, totin' a seventy on the strip, I'm ready to die (Okay)
Cuttin' the traction, bendin' the corner, bet I make shit glide (Hm)
Tried to bring a job to me, he ain't know how we cha-cha slide (Hm, slide)
I'll never lose sleep over no bitch, way too much pride (Brr, brr)
Fill it up in a briefcase, split this shit with the vibes (Hm, hm, uh, hm, hm, let's go)

I don't know nothin' 'bout no crime or no news
I'm an owl but I never tell you who (Who)
Waggin' when she waltz, she get on planes, it take up two
My member just got out, he still on paper, he still a shoot
Shoot, shoot
Lovin' me, still stay down just like a roof
She a ten tryna rap, it's good on mute
It's financial, girl, I got the loop
For the bands, lil' bae, what you gon' do?
Tropicana, that shit [?] juice
I know presidents on secret services shit, we down to dunk
Yeah, who the president? I never voted once
If I did, I'd vote Teanna Trump, ayy, yeah
If you play with me, I'm backin' out that one
I treat these tickets like a hundred racks
Tweakin', the 6 God is comin' back

BackOutsideBoyz, totin' a seventy on the strip, I'm ready to die (Okay)
Cuttin' the traction, bettin' the corner, bet I make shit glide
Shawty bring a job to me, he ain't know how we cha-cha slide
I'll never lose sleep over no bitch, way too much pride
Fill it up in a briefcase, split this shit with the vibe