

You got another Backwood? (That shit good)

Niggas through all this complainin' and bitchin'  
Rockie ain't playin' the victim, I need a brand new whip  
Back on the road, I'm takin' a trip  
Jesse White Tumblers, I'm makin' it flip (Yeah)  
I gotta stick to my script (Yeah)  
I am not one of the goofies, y'all niggas gotta salute me  
And I say shoutout to Shan, I gotta commemorate  
Shoutout to Jackie, I gotta commemorate  
Funny how niggas want me to disintegrate  
But I cross over and penetrate  
Crazy I innovate, shit that they imitate  
Niggas don't wanna see me again, give 'em the news like CNN  
Life that we livin' is not pretend  
We gotta get it, this shit for real  
Put in the work, now we showin' skills  
Niggas wanna send shots, I'm a man of steel  
Niggas want me to win, I windmill  
That means a nigga gon' really spin  
I get that money and pay my friends  
If you wan' get a Benz, and a bigger crib, this the manuscript, let's get it

Hot as Sahara, hot as the desert (Yeah)  
This shit that I'm living is really a blessing (Yeah)  
I promise the Devil be trying to test me (Yeah)  
Back in the class, I'm teaching 'em lessons  
Niggas send shots, we converse with the weapons  
Niggas won't talk, we put on the pressure  
Niggas want beef, put 'em on stretchers (Yeah)  
We tryna keep this shit chill, niggas be talkin' not keepin' it real  
Middle fingers up, it's f\*ck how they feel  
They playin' the horns, we back in the building

They playin' the horns, we back in the building  
My people hungry, I got 'em a meal  
Wine 'em and dine 'em, then pick up a bill (Yeah, yeah)  
Ayy, funny how they wanna see us struggle  
They don't know struggle created the hustle  
Bitches be mad I got no time to cuddle  
I stay on my bag, I stay outta trouble  
So f\*ck with a winner now, I move with a different style  
I ship 'em then get 'em out, I'm back on a different route  
Got so much money it's harder to keep the count  
I remember sittin' on my Mama couch, I was really out here tryna blow an ounce  
Nigga tryna move his life along, couldn't understand my life at home  
So I had to get it on the road, got money never sold my soul  
I can tell that she down to vote, the way that she been runnin' to my pole  
Pushin' buttons like it's a remote, I got everything in control  
And my lane just like I bowl, knockin' down every single pin  
I shoot this movie with a different lens, cut some scenes with a couple friends  
I'm just tryna get presidents, niggas lyin' say I'm sellin' shit  
Oh that's right, you Fresh, nigga, you know that nigga ain't sellin' shit  
I keep it corporate with deals, I need a crib in the hills  
My bitches pull up with flowers, then they get work for hours

I put in work for days, that's why they be peepin' my place  
Shawty gettin' on her knees, you would think it's time to pray