

Lil Pump, Back (feat. Lil Yachty)

Yeah, yeah
217 on the track, man
Lil Pump
Yeah, yeah, ooh
Huh, yeah, huh, ayy
Yeah, yeah, yeah

All I do is count racks, ooh
Told that bih throw that shit back, ooh
All I do is count racks, ooh
Told that bih throw that shit back, ooh
Throw it back, yeah
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Throw it back, huh
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Throw it back, yeah
I fuck that bitch in a Cadillac, ooh
After that she didn't know how to act, ooh
Back then I used to be quarterback
Go to the bank and I pull out 100 racks
Put the AR in the trunk of my Pontiac
Want me fo' sho, bitch I'm chargin' 'bout 40 bands
I'm into trappin', I'm shippin' out hella packs
Diamonds dance so crazy, ooh
Your diamonds so fugazi, ooh
Bitch said the crash is the eighty, yeah
I just bought a brand new Mercedes, huh
In the kitchen whippin' up babies, ooh
In the kitchen whippin' up baby, yeah
And I got a bitch named Hailey, huh
And I got a bitch named Hailey (brr)

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Throw it back, yeah
(Lil Boat)
Throw it back, huh
Throw it back, ooh
Throw it back, yeah
Throw it back, yeah
Throw it back, huh
Throw it back, ooh
(Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat)

Young rich nigga need a dick rode
Hit it from the back, make her jump like a hiccup
Bang, bang, bang, like ya knockin' on the front door
Bitch brown skin like a muhfuckin' [?]
Used to post at the Citgo, uh
Now I got chips in the Citgo, uh
Now I got a wrist like a igloo, huh
And it glow like a disco ball
Bih, bend it over like your shoe's untied
Side bitch still got a iPhone 5
Main bitch still got a iPhone 7
Still caught a uzi pistol or a MAC-11
Still fuck a nigga main bitch while I got my own bitch
And I better still make it up to Heaven, uh
I'ma have a kid just to dress him up real bougie
To the seven, goddamn, I'm a reverend
Lil Boat, Lil Pump

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