

# Kept Back (feat. Lil Pump)

## Gucci Mane

[Intro: Gucci Mane & Lil Pump]

Huh, It's Gucci

Ooh

Huh, Wop, whah

Lil Pump

Brr, yeah, blah, oh, blow

M-M-M-MurdaMurda on the beat with the murder man

Ben Simmons shake 'em with the left hand

Steppin' on his dope like a step dad

Too turnt up, can't help that

Shittin' on a hater no Ex-Lax

Watch so dumb it got kept back

Bitch so thick, she can't help that

'Cause she living out the jet, got jet-lag

Need a real boss bitch, I can't help that

And her brain so dumb we got kept back

Just flew in designer to the bookbag

Tell her needed something real good to look at

Booty so big it got kept back

Pull up in the don, let the roof back

Don't tell me that you love me, baby prove that

Chain keep flickin' and the gang keeps spending

Got a lot of ice on my neck man

Damn man, hundred bands hangin' on my backpack

Wrist so cold need a ice pack

Put four hundred bands in the mic stand

Woke up in the morning, bought a Maybach

Ooh, I'ma go do what I want to do

Got your baby mama, nigga token' out the sunroof

Damn boo, I'ma keep it real, I don't fuck with you

'Cause you got an attitude

You cashed out on a Bentley Coupe (woo)

I'ma go and fuck your bitch tomor-row

Gucci loafers on when I walk, dough

Lil Pump smash your main ho (wow)

And she gon' do what I say so

I'ma show you how I live life, ooh

Made two mil in one night

Whole body covered in ice

Pourin' up fours in my Tropical Sprite

Murda on the beat with the murder man

Ben Simmons shake 'em with the left hand

Steppin' on his dope like a step dad  
Too turnt up, can't help that  
Shittin' on a hater no Ex-Lax  
Watch so dumb it got kept back  
Bitch so thick, she can't help that  
'Cause she livin' out the jet, got jet-lag  
Need a real boss bitch, I can't help that  
And her brain so dumb we got kept back  
Just flew in designer to the bookbag  
Tell her needed something real good to look at  
Booty so big it got kept back  
Pull up in the don, let the roof back  
Don't tell me that you love me, baby prove that  
Chain keep flickin' and the gang keeps spending  
Nigga keep missin' with the music  
Baby you a human jacuzzi  
I'ma twist a bitch like a rubix  
I might turn my book into a movie (Gucci)  
I'ma put a bitch in a movie, porno  
Rockstar couple, Cher, Bono  
Rock star my life, Muliano  
Pull up, ten bricks of that Nelly Furtado  
El Gato's down in The Hamptons  
My bitch with blue hair, Marge Simpson  
Pull up with the driver in a Phantom  
Pinky ring sick, it got cancer  
I was just sellin' dope on camera  
Now I got my own shoe like the Answer  
Might pull up throw some money on a dancer  
Had to tip my earrings 'cause they dancin'  
Murda on the beat with the murder man  
Ben Simmons shake 'em with the left hand  
Steppin' on his dope like a step dad  
Too turnt up, can't help that  
Shittin' on a hater no Ex-Lax  
Watch so dumb it got kept back  
Bitch so thick, she can't help that  
'Cause she livin' out the jet, got jet-lag  
Need a real boss bitch, I can't help that  
And her brain so dumb we got kept back  
Just flew in designer to the bookbag  
Tell her needed something real good to look at  
Booty so big it got kept back  
Pull up in the don, let the roof back  
Don't tell me that you love me, baby prove that  
Chain keep flickin' and the gang keeps spending

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

