

Bring It Back (feat. Drake)

Trouble & Mike Will Made-It

[Intro: Trouble]

Let do it

Money man

Go get your money man, go get that

Go for that shit now, go get your money man

Mike Will Made-it bitch [Pre-Chorus: Trouble]

Ounces in my motherfucking pantry

Diamonds on a young nigga, dancing

Just dropped some bank rolls on some glasses

Just dropped your bitch off, man that ho so nasty

Huh, all about that paper, can't miss a beat

Yeah, I'ma get some cho-cho, one thing 'bout me

Yeah, gas up all that old shit, miss me with that

I could put you frontline, just bring it back

[Chorus: Trouble]

Bring it back, bring it back, yeah

Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back, yeah

Don't wanna have to chase you down 'bout no stack

Cause I will blow you back, bring it back, this ho here throw it back [Verse 1: Trouble]

Yeah, tryna show me that she 'bout it

'Bout it, 'bout it, yeah, shawty 'bout it, 'bout it, yeah

Take the charger, bad lil shawty say she 'bout it

I gotta come for you, you shot at my lil' partner though

The loud wild off the gate, don't need your molly

As a git, you scraped the candy, Mr. Charlie

Nowadays I ride a foreign by Mr. Charlie

I got the game down now, sorry Mr. Charlie

Ayy, she say you so motherfucking hood

But you ain't no motherfucking good

Might be right, gift and a curse, I take it all this blessing

Know you fucking with a real one though, no question

Partna you gon' get spent on all that flexing

So many of us shooting you straight, ain't no pressure

Hating on that man won't do you no blessing

Tryna teach a young nigga flexing

Wanna go to war, but you ain't got no money

Worry 'bout these hoes and you ain't got no money

Mike Will Made-It

Big Trouble, baby

[Pre-Chorus: Trouble]

Ounces in my motherfucking pantry

Diamonds on a young nigga, dancing

Just dropped some bandos on some glasses
Just dropped your bitch off, man that ho so nasty
Huh, all about that paper, can't miss a beat
Yeah, I'ma get some cho-cho, one thing 'bout me
Yeah, gas up all that ho shit, miss me with that
I could put you frontline, just bring it back[Chorus: Trouble]
Bring it back, bring it back, yeah
Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back, yeah
Don't wanna have to chase you down 'bout no stack
Cause I will blow you back, bring it back, it's on here, throw it back[Verse 2: Drake]
Yeah, I don't play no games boy, I'm at your head
All about the family, niggas took the pledge
Now you gotta own up to that shit you said
You can't push us to the edge, Trouble from the edge
Hit the gas and we outta there
Do it for the six because we started there
I got a girl that used to ride around with 'Pac an' them
I gotta get it, you came from my lil partner then
Yeah, Richard Mille, heavy on the watch
Extra million just to see the Maybach drop
Crest white smile on my face
Once I get to snapping ain't nobody safe
Reality gon' hit ya or we gon' hit ya
Either way if they was with ya, they going with ya
Mike WiLL Made-It
Me and Big Trouble baby[Pre-Chorus: Trouble]
Ounces in my motherfucking pantry
Diamonds on a young nigga, dancing
Just dropped some bandos on some glasses
Just dropped your bitch off, man that ho so nasty
Huh, all about that paper, can't miss a beat
Yeah, I'ma get some cho-cho, one thing 'bout me
Yeah, gas up all that ho shit, miss me with that
I could put you frontline, just bring it back[Chorus: Trouble]
Bring it back, bring it back, yeah
Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back, yeah
Don't wanna have to chase you down 'bout no stack
Cause I will blow you back, bring it back, it's on here, throw it back
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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