

Back Like That (Remix)

Ghostface Killah

Damn, damn, ma, we ain't even have to go through it like that
It wasn't even, even that big, man
You know, nah, it's ight though But anyway, yo, let me get that coat, let me get those jeans
And let me get that rock on your finger, oh, it's stuck?
Then I'll take the whole finger then, man
Let me get those bags from Paris and the puppies is staying, yo Come through the block in the
brand new Benz
Knowing that me and that nigga ain't friends
(Okay, girl)
Yeah, what I did was wack
But you don't get a nigga back like that
Flossin' around when I'm up in these streets
Knowing that me and that nigga got beef
(Okay, girl)
Yo, what I did was wack
But you don't get a nigga back like that, no Aiyo, I should just bark on you, burn your car on you
'Cuz I'm too much man, to leave a mark on you
You're a bird you know that, giving that man
Ten points, like he about to blow that He probably did, you swallow his kids?
In and out of jail, he a snail, he wasn't wilding on bids
In the summertime, I broke his jaw, had to do it to him
Quick, old fashion in the back of the mall Me and him had 'mos forever like I'm supposed to put
him on
When he came home and told on Trevor
Had to bang on homey, ear blocks, out in spots
Throwing them shots, like "Nigga, you know me"
Stop fronting for them niggas out, side like you really ride
And you a silly chick, thought you was really live
But I guess I was wrong, I'ma holla at dog
And rip his head off, word get this on Come through the block in the brand new Benz
Knowing that me and that nigga ain't friends
(Okay, girl)
Yeah, what I did was wack
But you don't get a nigga back like that Flossin' around when I'm up in these streets
Knowing that me and that nigga got beef
(Okay, girl)
Yo, what I did was wack
But you don't get a nigga back like that, no Aiyo, I thought we was iller than that
All them kisses and love you's, when Jake came, you hid my packs
It was time a brotha went to war, vests banged up
Staining in the kitchen, yo, holding a four Sweatin' and breathing, bounced out of town for a
weekend

Heard you had homey in the passenger seating
 Honey, look, I'm a monster don, I do monster things
 That's why I put your ass under my armFucking with him can bring bodily harm
 And where you gonna hide in the streets when the body is gone?
 If it's one thing I learned that, never trust a female
 On no scale, you just confirmed thatBounce to your momma house, pack your shit
 I don't care if you crying, you're a ruthless chick
 Gots to watch you, these eyeballs in my face'll spot you
 My girl cousins, they gon' rock youCome through the block in the brand new Benz
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 Yeah, what I did was wack
 But you don't get a nigga back like thatFlossin' around when I'm up in these streets
 Knowing that me and that nigga got beef
 (Okay, girl)
 Yo, what I did was wack
 But you don't get a nigga back like that, noShorty, what is you thinking 'bout?
 Didn't I put you down?
 Flyest whips, rollin' 'round like, yeah
 That's the bosses chick, on the sideI might've had, one or two
 Them silly broads wasn't nothing on you
 Rolling with him, try'na get revenge
 That watcha just don't doCome through the block in the brand new Benz
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 (Okay, girl)
 Yo, what I did was wack
 But you don't get a nigga back like that, no[Incomprehensible]
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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