

Back Home (feat. Freddie Gibbs)

Zeds Dead

Pack came in, dope showed up
Word gettin' out, phone blowin' up
Loose lips will get your mouth sewn up
Count fucked up, house blown up
Count fucked up, house blown up
Fuckin with me and my niggas we fed up, yeah
Nigga fuckin' with me it's a man down Lord I promise I been tryin' to change my ways
Seems like the money and the bitches in my way
I lost my mind so for my enemies I pray
I look the police in their face, say crime pays (crime pays)
Get that yay, whip that yay Fuckin' with me and my niggas, we fed up
Fuckin' with me and my niggas it's man down
So much dope in the trunk but when I hit the city I ran out
So much dope in the trunk but when I hit the city I ran out
Got a cocaine wrist
Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch
Pocket full of bands, they my motherfuckin' friends till the end cause these niggas and these
hoes ain't shit
Say good Lord
Got a cocaine wrist
Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch
Pocket full of bands, they my motherfuckin' friends till the end cause these niggas and these
hoes ain't shit
Say good Lord Lord I promise I been tryin' to change my ways
Seems like the money and the bitches in my way
I lost my mind so for my enemies I pray
I look the police in their face, say crime pays Say why you wanna go to war with me, to war
with me
I got choppers in the car with me, the squad with me
You don't want to go to war with me, to war with me
I got choppers in the car with me, the squad with me
Bitch I'm smokin' on that Schwarzenegger, that terminator
I put meat and potatoes on tables, from flippin' yayo
My amigo got 53 acres, a regulator
Got big nuts, I say fuck the world I might, impregnate her
I'm a shark with the fork and the pot, the calculator
Don't get popped with the flex and finesse
Don't try my paper
I spray niggas, straight till they can bless up
Black activator
My amigo got 53 acres, a regulator
Drivin' up lets get this paper, get this paper Fuckin' with me and my niggas, we fed up

Fuckin' with me and my niggas it's man down
Bitch I'm back on that dope, boy I'm Codeine and Molly and Xan'd out
I relapse on that dope, boy I'm Codeine and Molly and Xan'd out With a cocaine wrist
Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch
Pocket full of bands, they my motherfuckin' friends till the end cause these niggas and these
hoes ain't shit
Say good Lord
Got a cocaine wrist
Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch
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Say good Lord Lord I promise I been tryin' to change my ways
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You don't want to go to war with me
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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