

Backwards (feat. Meek Mill)

Gucci Mane

Gucci Mane, Gucci Mane, Gucci Mane
Gucci Mane, Gucci Mane, Gucc' (Gucc') (Yeah)Wizop there, Wizop there, Wizop there
Wizop there, Wizop there (Guwop)Gucci there, Gucci there, Gucci there
Gucci, Guwop, oh that Gucc' (Gucc') (Guwop)
(It's Gucci)God keep coverin' me with drip, I think He tryna smother me
They stopped me at the border, had too many felonies
I'm splashin', I ain't even drippin'
Laughin', I ain't even trippin'
I'm crashin', I ain't even dissin'
Heard he dropped somethin', I ain't even listen
No one realer, triller, street gorilla
I pull up like Chauncey Billups
Nigga, don't gas me, I don't need a fill-up
Took her up and make her suck my dick till she hiccup
Wild nigga slim like a bicycle rim
But his bank obese and the pockets on chubbyHit up like head-cold just like Lovett
Thuggin' in public, these hoes love it
I double and triple, quadruple your budget
Baseball money like David Justice
Whole load sold, I ain't even touched it
Underarm kush, damn, the room so mustyMost of you rappers all style, no substance
Big ol' rocks on, they disgust me
Niggas talk but never touch me
Broke haters can't tell me nothin'
(Fuck 'em)
Yeah, this that Meek Mill 'n' Gucci Mane
Young nigga swim through F and N's
They gon' come right back through, like a boomerang
Louis and Saint Laurent drip, ooh
Pimp on these bitches like Pootie Tang
He wanna be by that bitch but we all fuckin' her
So he don't know who to blameShe want a check from me, huh
She gotta check for me, huh
Fuckin' the two baddest bitches on Instagram
They on the ecstasy, hey
Diamonds like Voss, and I got the sauce
I mix up the recipe
Before all this rappin' shit, I was a trapper
The plug gon' invest in meWoah, jumped off the porch
I got a Porsche, too many hitters
They can't extort, I take that meal to the table, no fork
Then split it up with my dogs like divorce

They shot at us, it was by force
We shot at them, they went to court I don't wan' beef with these niggas no more
I cannot beef with these niggas no more
Shorty says she only fuck trappers
Ended up fuckin' with a rapper
Damn, bitch, how you go backwards? Diamonds all froze like Alaska
That ain't even none of my business
Put your face down and your ass up
I ain't preachin' to you like the pastor
I'ma keep runnin' these bands up, yeah Bands up, bands up, bands up, bands up
Bands up, bands up, bands up, bands up
All these diamonds on me make me handsome
Shorty fuckin' on me like a dancer Bands up, bands up, bands up, bands up
Bands up, bands up, bands up, bands up
Went from a trapper to a rapper
Damn, bitch, how you go backwards? Wow, I thought I was proud of you
But I take it back
You wouldn't understand
When you out with a stack Or are you tired of that
Where these shooters at
Thought you had a plug
Yeah I had a scrub
Damn

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