

# Backbone, Yes Yes Y'All

We get the work, we do the dirt  
We drop the vert on the car  
We bend the corner off the floor  
Because they know who we are  
Yes, yes, y'all  
We on a money making mission  
Baby, stay on ya job  
In the Cut, drunk as a skunk, gone little girl  
Let me see you shake ya rump  
While the beat go bump, I know you seen it post up  
It make you lose ya mind when you see it close up  
Give me Hennessey no ice  
One lime and whatever the lady like  
Super thick to def, I know I had to get her  
She say she like a liquor dark like a nigga  
Figured it out, girl, I like the way you figured it out  
You drink and we go out  
Yo, Slic PA run wit Fat Face the only  
I run up on 'em, run up in 'em and leave 'em lonely  
Believe that, game sharp as creased britches  
I stay fresh, fresh too slick for these bitches  
(Excuse me)  
I'm a nigga with class  
Superfly, I stay on they ass  
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Slic Patna, baby  
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Front Street shawty  
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Baby, stay on ya job  
Blow a dub, hit the club nigga, showin' me love  
Shawty at the bar recognize, shit wassup?  
You coming wit me? Gonna see what it's gon' be  
Now finish ya drink, I think she tipsy  
Club close at 3, we post up campaign  
In the V.I.P., little girl rubbing on herself  
Off that Xtasy, slow down little lady  
See I'ma treat ya good but everything ain't gravy  
I like 'em with class, cute face, petite waist  
And whole lotta ass, ya boy straight off Campbelton Road  
Where them niggas ride vogues  
Straight cut up on a hoe, you ain't know?  
Take it slow, so you can maintain  
We ride out 4 deep ain't nothing changed  
Them peanut butter gut seats have 'em melting like ice  
Didn't have to think twice, on the grind for me buying head for me  
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Up in the club I stay posted  
Eyes fire red 'cause I'm toasted, roasting all these hoes  
Sow motion coastin' by  
Puffin' red when she had to see my fie  
Now I'm on her keep poppin' like I'm big time  
I sold it so a pound, I ain't have but a dime  
Keep trying to get her back to the hotel  
Steady fixin' got my pistol for protection  
Never slipping, mouth gripping make me touch and bust  
Made a mess in her mouth washed up and peeled out  
If it ain't no bank on it, I can't think on it  
Hit her for her credit card, full tank on it  
I stay down for mine, forever grind  
Keep on stacking and stacking on this side street till it jump  
Gotta get me meat, I'm about cheddar  
Got to break bread, fie head or better, no way  
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