

# Playboi Carti, BACKR00MS (FT TRAVIS SCOTT)

In the middle of the field, throw me a bomb, I'm throwin' that bih like a quarterback  
Standin' in the field, holdin' a bomb, throwin' that ho like a quarterback  
Stood in the field, hold me a bomb, throwin' that ho like a quarterback

Ice on my face, woah, bitches tryna chase, woah  
I ain't ever flake, woah, tell me what it take? Woah  
Tell me what it takes, woah, grab the duct tape, huh  
We not the same gang, woah, ho, I bang, bang, woah  
I'm with La Flame, gang, woah, we too insane on these hoes  
I took off my mask, you know, they mad, I don't see below  
And the hoes, they fuckin' the hoes, big rocks on me, so cold  
If you know what I know, hide your ho, big cups, I'm sippin' flamingo  
I was in the spot yesterday with my pops, my grandma still play bingo  
Niggas want a problem with the gang, man, I don't know why but we goin' dumb, ho'  
Shakin' my dreads in her face, this bitch a lil' vibe, put her in my demo  
Fuck how they talkin', we poppin' this shit right now, yeah, huh, huh  
Uh, I was just zombie, boy, can't feel myself, oh, yeah, yeah  
Uh, she's a trendin' topic so I'm tryna pipe, oh, yeah, yeah  
Ooh, hit it one time, then I'm out, hit it one time, then you out  
Uh, fuck all these bitches and bops, all of these hoes are hot  
Ooh, I'm walkin' around with a lot, pockets is filled with them knots (Ayy, fuck this internet)  
Bitch tryna sneak pictures, I don't give a fuck 'bout much  
I think I need me a Ice Spice, yeah, I want me a munch

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Throw it like 12 (Yeah), just so you know we don't fuck with 12 (Fuck with 12)  
Not in this bitch by myself, but I'm by myself (By myself)  
They got money on your top, who say you can't buy help? (Tell the tale)  
I'm feelin' like Joe or somethin', like Terror Squad, we blowin' somethin' (Hah)  
She poppin' them 30s, thinkin' they workin', but they ain't doin' nothin' (Woo)  
She doin' Ozempic, tryna be different, tryna be a newer woman (Nah)  
That shit a look iffy, need her thick, needed her to move somethin' (Ify)  
Like it prove somethin', just don't you remove nothin' (Don't you do it)  
Crib like a zoo, jumpin', we got reggae too bumpin' (Ha)  
I need me two cummin', double-double, quick Drummond (It's lit)  
I keep a full drum and never know what fool's comin' (Yeah)

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