

# Lady XO, Backseat (feat. Guru Goldie)

Oooo!

Yeah aye, BITCH!

Yeah wha? Haha aw shit I'm lit right now but fuck it bitch

Ay

I'm in the backseat

Ash in a napkin

He textin me

Ain't talkin to him

I be on money

You can't relate

You ain't goin to the bank

You not cashin out off plays

You not havin a good day

Bitch, I ain't ya fuckin bae

Don't be callin me names yeah

Checkin on you, you okay? Ay

Put you in ya fuckin place

You not in my fuckin way

I be known for goin cray

Talking crazy catch a fade

I just wanna get paid

All my homies be with me

All that fake

Be astray

Shit stuck on you like a blade

All I do is post up studio

Call out all these bitches you a hoe

They weren't fuckin with me back before

Now they wanna be my friend bro

Y'all so cheesy just like queso

Make em move if I say so

Where I'm from we be so cold

Bitch that's my city Chicago bitch

Ay this off the top of my head

Don't give her dick make her beg yeah

I live life close to the edge that's why I'm takin my meds yeah

Niggas is built like a egg

I'll put a crack in his head

You could be trappin instead

You won't move work cause you scared

You rather sit in the bed

I put a bitch in a headlock

She get cut off like my dreadlocks

All of my ops get them red dots

Just like a zombie get headshots

I was out runnin them bands up

Pickin up money can't stand up

We can drop 4's in a Fanta

Bitch I'm too cold like the winter

Ay I'm known for all of these bars

They tried to size me up par

Now I gotta leave a scar

Bullseye I'm scorin like darts

Sweet and sour shit be tart

Viibez be guidin yeah that part

We snatch it right from the start

Sippin henny it's galore

Why you drinking for no reason?

Ima go and get a legion

I got bitches out here leechin

Niggas out here really tweakin  
I don't wanna sign no label  
Big bags on the table  
Hella money in the way hoe  
Lil baby in the way though