

# Lil Pump, Back (feat. Lil Yachty)

Yeah, yeah  
217 on the track, man  
Lil Pump  
Yeah, yeah, ooh  
Huh, yeah, huh, ayy  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

All I do is count racks, ooh  
Told that bih throw that shit back, ooh  
All I do is count racks, ooh  
Told that bih throw that shit back, ooh  
Throw it back, yeah  
Throw it back, yeah  
Throw it back, huh  
Throw it back, ooh  
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Throw it back, yeah  
Throw it back, yeah  
I fuck that bitch in a Cadillac, ooh  
After that she didn't know how to act, ooh  
Back then I used to be quarterback  
Go to the bank and I pull out 100 racks  
Put the AR in the trunk of my Pontiac  
Want me fo' sho, bitch I'm chargin' 'bout 40 bands  
I'm into trappin', I'm shippin' out hella packs  
Diamonds dance so crazy, ooh  
Your diamonds so fugazi, ooh  
Bitch said the crash is the eighty, yeah  
I just bought a brand new Mercedes, huh  
In the kitchen whippin' up babies, ooh  
In the kitchen whippin' up baby, yeah  
And I got a bitch named Hailey, huh  
And I got a bitch named Hailey (brr)

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Throw it back, yeah  
(Lil Boat)  
Throw it back, huh  
Throw it back, ooh  
Throw it back, yeah  
Throw it back, yeah  
Throw it back, huh  
Throw it back, ooh  
(Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat)

Young rich nigga need a dick rode  
Hit it from the back, make her jump like a hiccup  
Bang, bang, bang, like ya knockin' on the front door  
Bitch brown skin like a muhfuckin' [?]  
Used to post at the Citgo, uh  
Now I got chips in the Citgo, uh  
Now I got a wrist like a igloo, huh  
And it glow like a disco ball  
Bih, bend it over like your shoe's untied  
Side bitch still got a iPhone 5  
Main bitch still got a iPhone 7  
Still caught a uzi pistol or a MAC-11  
Still fuck a nigga main bitch while I got my own bitch  
And I better still make it up to Heaven, uh  
I'ma have a kid just to dress him up real bougie  
To the seven, goddamn, I'm a reverend  
Lil Boat, Lil Pump

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