Back on Road

(Zone 6!)

I got money that I saved then I'm back on road... Get my jewelry out the safe cause I'm back on road I still do these hoes same when I'm back on road If you wasn't there for me when I was all alone (Then bitch don't expect no love when I'm back...)

I'm just an East Atlanta nigga with a body on this belt I done had a million beefs, but I ain't never call for help I'll take a nigga's bricks and I done took a nigga reup Put that rifle on your partner made him shit all on himself Got your bitch so f**kin' drunk That she done threw up on herself 'Fore I send her back to you She gon have guwop on her breath I'm the last real nigga left, I'm on an island by myself I'm my only competition so I'm battling with myself Facing prison, drug addiction It's like I'm battling with myself I done shook up all my demons Now I'm back to myself You done keep it real nigga so just keep it to yourself Waiting on Gucci Mane to call you Better hold your breath

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These niggas faking like they happy but they mad I'm home I'm the 2K16 Al Capone I slap a nigga with a strap and then I throw him a hammer He be like "f**k going to trial, Man just throw me the money" Can't eat, can't sleep, Man I miss these skreets Muhammad Ali and these skreets miss me I went from trappin' on the block to niggas trappin' for me I left the trappin' went to rap thought you'd be happy for me And then your jealousy turned to hate And you wrote a statement on me But when they let me out the gates, my bitch was waiting on me See I ain't mad at you homie, we ain't got no beef But I ain't got no rat for you, I know you must love cheese

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(Then bitch don't expect no love when I'm back...)

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