

# Back Like That

Ghostface Killah

Damn, damn, ma, we ain't even have to go through it like that  
It wasn't even, even that big, man  
You know, nah, it's ight though  
But anyway, yo, let me get that coat  
Let me get those jeans, and let me get that rock on your finger  
Oh, it's stuck? Then I'll take the whole finger than, man  
Let me get those bags from Paris, and the puppies is staying, yo!

Come through the block, in the brand new Benz  
Knowing that billionaires do they friends  
(OK girl) Yeah, what I did was wack  
But you don't get your man back like that  
Bouncin' around, when I'm up in these streets  
Knowing that billionaires do got beef  
(OK girl) Yo, what I did was wack  
But you don't get your man back like that, no

Hey yo, I should just bark on you, burn your car on you  
Cause I'm too much man, to leave a mark on you  
You'se a bird you know that, giving that man  
Ten points, like he about to blow that  
He probably did, you swallow his kids?  
In and out of jail, he a snail, he wasn't wilding on bids  
In the summertime, I broke his jaw, had to do it, to him  
Quick, old fashion, in the back of the mall  
Me and him had 'mos forever, like I'm supposed to put him on  
When he came home and told on Trevor  
Had to bang on homey, ear blocks, out in spots  
Throwing them shots, like 'sucker, you know me'  
Stop fronting for them people out, side like you really ride  
And you a silly chick, thought you was really live  
But I guess I was wrong, I'ma holla at dog  
And rip his head off, words of a song

Hey yo, I thought we was iller than that, all them kisses  
And love yous, when jake came, you hid my packs  
It was time a brother went to war, vests banded up  
Staining in the kitchen, yo, holding a four  
Sweatin' and breathing, bounced out of town for a weekend  
Heard you had homey in the passenger seating  
Honey, look, I'm a monster don, I do monster things  
That's why I put your ass under my arm  
Messing with him can bring bodily harm  
And where you gonna hide in the streets when the body is gone  
If it's one thing I learned that, never trust a female  
On no scale, you just confirmed that  
Bounce to your momma house, pack your shit  
I don't care if you crying, you'se a ruthless chick  
Gots to watch you, these eyeballs in my face'll spot you  
My girl cousins, they gon' rock you

Shorty what is you thinking bout  
Didn't I put you down  
Flyest whips, rollin' round like yea  
That's the bosses chick, on the side  
I might of had, one or two  
Them silly broads wasn't nothing on you

Rolling with him, tryin' to get revenge  
That's what you just don't do

I'm a good dude, you see, yeah,  
Females out there that wanna be  
Acting like they getting they little revenge off  
Taking it further than what it really is  
You know what I mean, playing yourself,  
No what i mean, this is Don status, girl  
You will have to hold that now