

Back To The Crib (Freestyle)

Tory Lanez

Look, aha, yup, you know I had to murder this,
Shawty type cold, ice froze, no preservatives,
Young lad, walk into the pad with a heard a chicks,
That's why I don't even talk to em, I just chirp a bitch,
Nah I'm lyin' I just BBM,
Got a buncha fake niggas tryna BB him,
Clean BM's is what these hoes see me in,
See these rich nigga's, Yeah, I'm tryna BB them,
Yeah, aha,
Before whores, I'm a 4 door,
Here come the pussy, get it deeper than the corridor,
Report whores, 4 more up in the Ford Explorer,
It's the truth, I'm not Boots like Dora Dora,
My Nike Checks Val Veto,
Shawty I'm recordin', I ain't talkin' bout TIVO,
She say the 'Dick Game' like a torpedo,
So I'm a take her home, and I ain't talkin' bout the deep hole,
No wait, We sittin' eating Creme Brulee,
Now she wanna take it all back, OJ,
No doorman, Got a lotta bitches on me,
Plus I'm probably with yo mommy, and she got me feelin' raunchy
,
Feel like fuckin' fuckin' her,
Fuck it, put the fuck in her,
Now it's back to money man, I'm all about my duckies, brah,
Now hustle up and get your buckins up,
Your team celibate, you can't fuck with us,
Ehhh, I make a stitch girl horny,
And a sky girl stormy,
And a fly girl corny,
The hoes, yeah, yeah, they all just adore me,
I spit the heat, straight from the grill like a 'Forman',
Put your dumb haters in 'Defeat' (The feet), like some Jordans,
Or some Nike Checks, so tell me what your sportin',
Tim, no Hortons, been so important,
Smooth Criminal, you couldn't Trace Me (Tracy), like Morgan,
Yeah, Yeah, And I don't even Colla Back,
I ain't Gwen Stefani, I don't holla back,
Yeah, Yeah, And nigga you can prada that,
Like a phone company, tell us, and Roger That,
Yeah, Just the top of my frame,
Got ya girl lookin' good from the top of my frane,
Yeah, I'm just freestylin' off the top of my brain,
Now it seems like every hoe wanna give me top of some brains, n
igga.