

BackOutsideBoyz-Drake Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

“BackOutsideBoyz”

[Chorus: Drake & Lil Yachty]

BackOutsideBoyz, totin' a seventy on the strip, I'm ready to die (Die)
Cuttin' the traction, bendin' the corner, bet I make shit glide (Shh)
Tried to bring the drama to me, he ain't know how we cha-cha slide (Yeah)
I'll never lose sleep over no bitch, way too much pride (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Fill it up in a briefcase, split this shit with the vibes (Yeah, yeah, hm, hm,
hm)

[Verse 1: Drake & Lil Yachty]

Breakin' a Brink's truck, my right wrist Van Cleef (Cleef)
I spent days in the East tryna figure if I'm geeked ('Kay)
This bitch tweakin', talked too much while I was geeked, blew my peep
(Brr)
Fuckin' rap niggas' hoes, I'm on the street, this shit sweet (Hey)
I went half a million on rosé, did four million on my ice (Hey, hey)
Couple million on my cars, I went Tyson, I'm too nice (Hey, hey)
Nigga stopped me on the street, wanted to talk, so he asked my price
(Yeah, hey, 'kay)
The number was high as me, I ain't gon' lie (Yeah, okay)
I was fuckin' with this lil' woe, I think she bi (Bi)
Tweakin', the 6 God is comin' back (Brr)

[Chorus: Drake & Lil Yachty]

BackOutsideBoyz, totin' a seventy on the strip, I'm ready to die (Okay)
Cuttin' the traction, bendin' the corner, bet I make shit glide (Hm)

Tried to bring the drama to me, he ain't know how we cha-cha slide (Hm,
slide)

I'll never lose sleep over no bitch, way too much pride (Brr, brr)
Fill it up in a briefcase, split this shit with the vibes (Hm, hm, uh, hm, hm,
let's go)

[Verse 2: Drake & Lil Yachty]

I don't know nothin' 'bout no crime or no news
I'm an owl, but I'll never tell you who (Who)
Wagon when she walk, she get on planes, it take up two (Go)
My member just got out, he still on papers, still'll shoot (Shoot)
Shoot, ayy (Shoot it up)
Still'll shoot (Shoot up, brrt, shit)
Love him, he stay down just like a root (Just like a root)
She a ten tryna rap, it's good on mute, yeah (It's good on mute, shh)
It's financial, girl, I got the loot, ayy, yeah (I got the loot)
For the bands, lil' bae, what you gon' do? Yeah (Oh, what you do?)
Tropicana, that shit there the juice, yeah (Juice)
I'm the president, some Secret Service shit, we down to dump (Brrt)
Yeah, who the president? I never voted once, ayy, yeah
If I did, I would vote Teanna Trump, ayy, yeah (Hm, go)
If you play with me, I'm backin' out that one (Backin' out that one)
I treat mil' tickets like a hundred racks (Let's go)
Tweakin', the 6 God is comin' back (Damn, damn, okay)

[Chorus: Drake & Lil Yachty]

BackOutsideBoyz, totin' a seventy on the strip, I'm ready to die (Die)
Cuttin' the traction, bendin' the corner, bet I make shit glide (Shh)
Tried to bring the drama to me, he ain't know how we cha-cha slide (Yeah)
I'll never lose sleep over no bitch, way too much pride (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Fill it up in a briefcase, split this shit with the vibes (Yeah, yeah, hm, hm,
hm)
