

# I'm Back - TLE Cinco Lyrics

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## "I'm Back"

Ayy

Ayy

(Why is this beat so complex?)

Ayy, don't play with me, nah

Big Cinc' control of the mob

Fucked up like, "Who to rob?"

Ayy

Ayy

Ayy

Ayy, don't play with me, nah

I fucked up like, "Who to rob?"

Big Cinc' control of the mob

Ayy, hood nigga, I'm a real-deal star (Let's go)

Can't fuck with Gucci, can't talk in the car (Ayy)

For BPD, they know I'm hard

Walk an opp, his ass ain't even charge, want me to cut my charge (Gang)  
Five percent tint, she hittin' that head, but I'm still gon' park, let's go (Skrtrt)

1017, I ride my throat

Balmain, can't cuff no ho

Balmain, ain't stole my flow, let's go

Sick of a bitch, send seven 'bout a G.O.A.T.

Mantain good aim, shoot like a pro'

Mantain, I can't go broke (Ayy, ayy)

Chop it up, slow it down

Fully hit, they on the ground (Grrt)

Fully hit, a hundred-round (Grrt)

Shit all got low at the crowd (Grrt, let's go)

Cinco a G, ain't stole my style

I'm in the booth on ten right now

Ice hittin' hard, this shit like, "Baow"

I pop so quick like, "How?" Gang

Showtime, gang, feel like I'm Prime

Book a show, we goin' down

Bitch, I'm the shit, needa check my bike

I milk the game like cows do

All up, these niggas ridin' and 'round

Locked up, got out, they still ain't 'round

No Halloween, he still a clown  
Strapped the hip from the ground, damn (Ayy)

Ayy, don't play with me, nah (Ayy)

I fucked up like, "Who to rob?"

Big Cinc' control of the mob

Ayy, hood nigga, I'm a real-deal star (Ayy, ayy)

Can't fuck with Gucci, can't talk in the car

For BPD, they know I'm hard

Walk an opp, his ass ain't even charge, want me to cut my charge (Ayy)

Five percent tint, she hittin' that head, but I'm still gon' park, let's go (Skrrt)

1017, I ride my throat

Balmain, can't cuff no ho (No way)

Balmain, ain't stole my flow, let's go

Sick of a bitch, send seven 'bout a G.O.A.T. (Ayy)

Mantain good aim, shoot like a pro' (Ayy)

Mantain, I can't go broke (Ayy, hey, ayy)

Ayy, mantain, I can't go broke, let's go

Three hundred racks 'fore I heard 'bout a 'yo

Three hundred racks 'fore I stepped on a 'yo (On God)

These niggas real-deal broke (Let's go, gang)

Put on a ten, gotta turn up my folk

Can't cuff, big Cinc' want both, gang (Ayy)  
Fuck on a ho, put her out 'cause she slow  
Fuck on a ho, put her out, she broke, let's go  
Trap jump, I'm on the road (Ayy)  
Big Cinco pass out these 'bows (Ayy)  
I can't walk, my pockets swole  
Bitch ask for the lo', no, gang  
Diamond boy like Johnny Dang  
I had cash before the fame  
Can't cuff if she can't move these things  
Can't cuff, bitch, I got a main, gang (Ayy)  
1017, I feel like Wop  
Grrt, ayy, it's a switch on the Glock  
These niggas six plus six, they cops  
Run up on me, get popped, ayy (Ah)  
Show on the ville, might pull up on Flock (Ayy)  
He don't say, Cinco flock, gang (Ayy)  
Stop this shit, boy, I'm straight off the block (Ayy)  
And gangster, dick in the Glock (Ayy), gang

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