

Come Back Baby

Pusha T

I wanna talk to all you addicts out there
That's got yourself a great big Jones
And you have tried all the methadone
And you just can't leave that heroin alone
I wonder
Have you tried Dope just touched down
I'm so grateful
Numbers so low, bitch, be thankful
They say don't let the money change you
That's how we know money ain't you
Bitch, I been had
Bitches been bad
We buy big boats
Bitch, I'm Sinbad
Downright sinful
Bitch, we been full
All my dopeboys
We like kinfolk
Be more burnt spoon
DC glass pipe
VA sent bales
About that trap life
Blew through thousands
We made millions
Cocaine soldiers
Once civilians
Bought hoes Hondas
Took care children
Let my pastor
Build out buildings
Rapped on classics
I been brilliant
Now we blend in
We chameleons, ahh!
Never have I been locked up in a world of misery
I need you darling to set me free
Come back baby
Just find me one more time
Ooh baby, I'm 'bout to go out of my mind (I can't) Who else got the luxury to drop when he want
'Cause nobody else can fuck with me?
What a show off
Nigga wrist for wrist let's have a glow off

Fuck it, brick for brick let's have a blow off
If we go by connections made
I can still climb ladders when complexions fade (yugh)
White on white that's the tester
Black on black that's the Tesla
See these diamonds in this watch face?
All that shit came from pressure
They don't miss you 'till you gone with the wind
And they tired of dancing like a Ying Yang Twin
You can't have the Ying without the Yang my friend
Real niggas bring balance to the game I'm in (yugh)
Can't escape the scale if I tried
Interstate trafficking's alive (Push)
Never have I been locked up in a world of misery
I need you darling to set me free
Come back baby, just find me one more time
Ooh baby, I'm 'bout to go out of my mind (I can't) Still fresh off the boat niggas
Don't make me super soak niggas
Your life ends up a quote nigga
The good die young, all dogs go to heaven
It's really just momma's falling out on the reverend
I play musical chairs with these squares
Rich flair before they was Ric Flair's
Cocaine concierge, longest running trapper of the year
Stood the test of time like Dapper Dan
Season my sauce like Zatarain's
Is he still in the caravan? (No)
It's a mill in in the caravan? (Whoa)
Richard Mille on a leather band (Whoo)
Behind the wheel like an ambulance (Go)
On my way up to Maryland Never have I been locked up in a world of misery
I need you darling to set me free
Come back baby, just find me one more time
Ooh baby, I'm 'bout to go out of my mind (I can't)
Come back baby, just find me one more time
Ooh baby, I'm 'bout to go out of my mind (I-I can't)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>