

# Back Again

## Juelz Santana

(Juelz)

Yeah nigga, I heard my man Luca was out

I guess he's...(Chorus)

BACK A-GAIN,

Back with my 45, gotta new quarter drive

Tryin' to stay alllllllllvvveee

BACK A-GAIN

Same gansta team, new gangsta lean

Chasin' the fuckin' cream

BACK A-GAIN

Fitted to the back, Throwy well intact

Ladies holla back

BACK A-GAIN

This time we here to stay

Ain't got no time to play

Stay out my fuckin' way(Verse)

Now I'm "Back A-gain", just like flash was

Bad like Shaft was, react like Cassius...

Clay did in the ring with his back up...

Against the ropes, jab, jab, back up

It's all for what, it's all for us, all for bucks

You chumps remind me of Mister Softee chucks

Icey niggaz, banana boat milkshake ice cream niggaz

I don't like these niggaz, nope

I pop shots, hot glocks, shoot through vans too

Oh-Bob-bobalo-bamboo, move

And I'm fo' really with the milly-o

Leave many wholes like the cereal Cheerios

You into funny money, I'm rakin' in silly do'

The type that don't really fold, just sittin' there and gettin' old

I got the game ina loop kid, kinda like Snoop did

It's more than me, it's more than the music

I'm....(Chorus)

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Stay out my fuckin' way(Verse)

Come through new coup Z

Three plus fitty, me plus Jimmy

Speed up slow, ease up quickly

Yeah we puff really, yeah we just silly

Puddy-buddies yeah he just kills me, shit

And I'm sick in the mind

They don't understand this trife style lifestyle

Live in a mine, but still I'm "Back A-Gain"

BACK with my 45, Cadillac that my shorty drives

Maggy-mackin' my shorty's live "Back A-Gain"

Straight from 4-45, West 53 in Amsterdam

Also known as Gramsterdam, way before the Santana man

Long time ago, way before the bandana, damn

Young scammy scam on the block hand to hand

Hard I was slangin' it, straight Leron James with it

No big star, no big car

One big rock, one big block, I'll go far(Chorus)

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Stay out my fuckin' way(Verse)

Now this has been one hell of a year

This has been one hell of a ride, I'm tellin' you guys

They'd thought we'd never survive, Jekey'll and Hyde

Or the great american pie, weapons collide

Dead or alive, left with no choice but to um, better our lives

Get up and strive, but um, get up and roll, get up ya know

Get up and go, these motherfuckers ain't lettin' us go

So we get up and take it, get up and make it happen for us

Nobody can gt up and take this  
In rappin' we trust, gat packin's a must  
It's part of my nature, part of my wake up  
Part of my waist yup, pardon my waist chump  
For this part of my waist chump, come part in of your face, yup  
It's Santana, part of the great stuff  
Fo really man, pardon I'm great chump(Chorus)  
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