

# Back Up

## C-Murder

Bob, ya head to this  
Bob, yo head to that  
Bob, ya head to this They say I'm crazy but they can't faze me  
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see  
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy  
I test 'em up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boy Now, back the fuck up  
Throw ya hood up  
Back the fuck up  
Now nigga what Back the fuck up  
Throw ya hood up  
Back the fuck up  
Now nigga what I ain't trippin' naw, nigga never  
Any kind of weather, wind or whatever  
I'm way too clever, status too lifted  
Talented and gifted, we tossed it, I pitch it  
A hog in the dog, ball, fall and ball  
Touch all of y'all, duck off in the fog Sippin', a lil' tipsy, like Nipsy, fortune teller said it look bad  
She was a gypsy, mean like fiend, a gangsta, nawha mean?  
Underground, tell I'm under the ground, get the mainstream  
Pistol packin', totin', smokin' cuttin', throatin', soldier  
I told ya, back up Rova, it's over They say I'm crazy but they can't faze me  
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see  
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy  
I test 'em up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boy Watch me flippa, flippa, treat em' like a doubie  
Roll it and spin it fast, just like a Oozie  
Ain't gone let it blues me, let nothin' get to me  
Come back hard and star in my own movie If ya think ya know me man, you don't know me  
I done seen it all and done it all, ain't nothin' you can show me  
I roll with high rollers and purse snatchas  
Cut boys, homie that still cause throw backas B.G. Skeeza's that count cheese and hold keys  
Screamin' C, please let me see ya enemies  
I keep it real like Murda dog and black dog  
I'm attack dog, waitin' to jack and whack y'all They say I'm crazy but they can't faze me  
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see  
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy  
I test em' up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boy Back the fuck up  
Throw ya hood up  
Back the fuck up  
Now nigga what Back the fuck up

Throw ya hood up  
Back the fuck up  
Now nigga whatRidin' down the wrong way down a one way on a Sunday  
With a A.K., with the base hay, wildin' out, wildin' out boy  
With a pocket full of stones, I'm in the zone  
Do the gangsta walk, do the gangsta bounce  
Now show ya gold's boy, mean mug that fool  
Now show ya gold's boyThey say I'm crazy but they can't faze me  
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see  
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy  
I test em' up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boyBack the fuck up  
Throw ya hood up  
Back the fuck up  
Now nigga whatBack the fuck up  
Throw ya hood up  
Back the fuck up  
Now nigga whatOnce again, you have been listening to  
An XL and C-murder collaboration  
Ya know, I told him, if he get me the vocals  
I could hook him up, ya heard me  
Holla, holla, holla, holla

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