

# Back Up

Warren G

Now  
Now go  
You got me fucked up  
Why?  
'Cuz I'm a bad muthafucka and you can't understand meMC's don't know how we puts it down  
K-9 and P-C from east to north town  
We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step  
So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weaponBack up, see I came to stack up  
Bodies like hits, what's that?  
You wanted to act up and diss the clicks  
A sister, put my niggaz up wetted the grave  
You wanted to get richer, so offer your beats that made by fade  
Cascade, because yo ass is soapyMr. Loc, you wanna be Mr. Loki  
When yo ass used to be low key  
You know me, so act like you know my click  
And I'm an assist to kick the shit that you and MD could never get with  
And speakin' of MD, another nigga that used to be from my click  
Act like he double to down, but when it go down, go down he splits  
Now this is strictly for all of y'all niggaz that diss meY'all think y'all skills is up to par well stars, come out and  
get me  
Now we got these niggaz out on the streets, and a place to lay my gun  
I guess you could say that I got hostess, in more ways than one  
Y'all keep clickin' and clickin', my chips continue to stack up  
But while you dissin' and dissin'  
I'm a tell you niggaz to back up 'cuzMC's don't know how we puts it down  
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We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step  
So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weaponMC's don't know how we puts it down  
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We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step  
So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weapon(Hey K-9 what about Mad Dog)  
Well, let that nigga loose  
No better yet just, let the dog loose  
So he could fetch, goin' to Vegas to see what he catch  
Ain't gonna be no cases  
Just tell him what he faces and watch him snitch  
While I lay up in Vegas  
It's either the Raiders or the switch, so he didSwitched over like electric shocks, moms got on pregnant static  
So they suspected pops, did they know about me?

Mr. K-9 see, clicksta in deep, in your Mama's panties  
 Did they know that I was bangin' it?  
 Where at, oh, your Daddy's bread be back  
 Now she's pregnant and I ain't claimin' it Your husband's cryin' 'cuz he feels like a chump  
 What, your son is fit to die and he ain't nuthin' but a punk, huh  
 She can't sayin' nuthin' 'cuz she needs my support  
 But not for the child, see the hooker's tryin' to take him to court  
 And I'm a body like Jah but accept with mo mil  
 We probably was meant for each other  
 'Cuz we two, niggaz, they gave us both jams MC's don't know how we puts it down  
 K-9 and P-C from east to north town  
 We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step  
 So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weapon MC's don't know how we puts it down  
 K-9 and P-C from east to north town  
 We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step  
 So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weapon Back up, back up  
 So when the east is in the  
 When the north is in the house  
 Back up, back up  
 So when the west is in the  
 When the south is in the house  
 Back up, back up  
 So when the east is in the  
 When the north is in the house  
 Back up, back up So when the west is in the  
 When the south is in the house  
 Back up, back up  
 So when my click is in the  
 When my click is in the house  
 Back up, back up So when K-9 is in the  
 When K-9 is in the house  
 Back up, back up  
 So when P-C is in the  
 When P-C is in the house  
 Back up, back up  
 When Warren G is in the  
 When Warren G is in the house  
 Back up, back up MC's don't know how we puts it down  
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We be bound by honor, or whoever wants to step  
So either ya keep on steppin' or we takes ya automatic weaponBack up

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