

# Front Back (feat. U.G.K.)

T.I.

(Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side)[Mannie Fresh]

Ladies and gentlemen, fresh![T.I.]

T.I.P., hey!

I know a lot of y'all niggas out there, man who ain't up on this down south shit

Probably wonderin' what the fuck you listenin' to right now, ahah!

King amongst kings! It's an absolute honor and a pleasure why'know I'm sayin'

To bring you.. some gangsta shit of catastrophic proportions

All the UGK alumni like myself know what this is man

Hey Bun! Pimp see nigga![T.I.]

I gotta '66 Impala so fresh

White top, burnt drop wit' the choppers on deck

It was off, Panda motor on a '94 'Vette

Fish bowl, televisions pimpin' I ain't done yet

I got the checker red leather and I'm sittin' on chrome

On 26 inches just to get my roll on

On a Jesus songs on, make them bitches get low

I get that ass raised up, like Dr. Dre six four

Hey, come up in my hood, bet them bitches know Tip

If you tell 'em you wit' him, all them bitches gon' strip

If I show up in yo' hood, I bet you niggas won't trip

Once I empty out this clip, I bet you niggas gon' dip

Or get hit up in yo[Chorus]

"Back, front back, front back, fr-front back, side to side" [Repeat: x2]

Never let hoe ass niggas ride!

"Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front back, side to side" [Repeat: x2]

And we never let hoe ass niggas ride![Bun B]

It's the Gulf Way Boulevard gangsta

Swangin' on T.I., essence of fo's (essence of fo's)

Pirellis and blazin' 'em crews of hoe

I'm a player, you can tell by how I choose my hoes

When it gets to swangin' on the curb, you might lose ya toes

Dedicated to the slab (slab), the dunks (dunks), the drops (drops)

The candy painted cars wit' the chopped off tops (off tops)

Now put ya diamonds up against the wood wheel

Lean back or throw ya leather, chunk a deuce, and show your grill

Keep it trill, this the south baby, Texas and GA

T.I. reppin' for Bankhead, I'm reppin' for P.A. (for P.A.)

Now pop ya trunk, get it crunk, it's time to ride

Show them boys you got that front back and side to side baby[Chorus][Pimp C]

I'm switchin' lane to lane (uh), leanin' on the switch (on the switch)  
Sippin' on the barre, smokin' green and hittin' licks  
Bumpin' Too \$hort baby, in the candy red whips (whips)  
Drop the top and pimp the lot and watch the trunk do tricks (do tricks)  
Pimp see, I keep my money on my mind (mind)  
Keep a hooker on the track and keep a swisher full of pine (pine)  
If why'know like I know, you wouldn't try it (try it)  
Wanna jack me for my candy car, you must wanna die (wanna die)  
But I don't really wanna hit ya wit' this hot thing  
I just wanna get some brain in the turnin' lane  
Comin' down creepin' slow, sippin' on a poor fo'  
Bangin' on the screw, and keep the pistol right here in the do'[Chorus]"Back, front back, fr-front back, fr-front  
back, side to side" [Repeat: x2]

Songwriters

Nocentelli, Leo / Neville, Arthur Lanon / Porter, George Joseph Jr / Modeliste, Joseph Jr / Harris, Clifford  
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