

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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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
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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
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