

I Got Your Back

Flipmode Squad

Catching my fever
Rob the passenger, the last griever
You don't lone my squad?
Fuck y'all, we don't love your ass neither
Way off the meterYo Bus, me and Spliff, we got heaters
Everything's alright
Let's get drink up inside of Cheetah's
Go up in Cheetah's
And see this motherfucker named Peter
Tried to stick me for five bricks
But his broads the schemerWord is bond, I murder any bitch
That fuck with my niggas
Blow a hole up in your body
Straight dismantle your figure
A'yo where Rah Digga?Scopin' out the little blaze chicken
Bitch stay trickin'
Fuckin' with my niggas
Gonna get her face kicked inA'yo Spliff, what you starting at?
Them bitches over there
Or them bitches over there
Or them bitches right here?
Nah, that nigga on line
Motherfucker still drunk off'a Bacardi and limeSpliff, I feel this way
If it's for my squad, let's play
Back him 'gainst the door
Patch his body with gauzeMop up the floors
Splatter nigga's blood on the walls
Bust that nigga's shit
Make the nigga suffer for yoursAnd if they run up in your crib again
I got your back
Always keep the heat on me son
I got your backI'ma hold you down until I die
I got your back
And if you ever need stacks, yo
I got your backIf I kill him and get knocked
I got your back
And if your bail is a hundred G's
I got your backAny nigga try to set you up
I got your back

Yo let me set this shit off first, what?
I got your back Fuck waiting
Bash his face for a statement
Cock the stainless
Make his whole chest cave in Ooh, shit is changing
My whole adrenaline is racing
Blow this nigga shit like horror flicks
Wes Craven A'yo Bus, Spliff, chill
(Fuck you talkin' 'bout?)
Don't do that nigga nothing
(Fuck that)
Blow that nigga's family up just for fronting
Yo, where the bitch that was with the nigga? Caught her with the left
Choked her by the halter, bitch bloody to death
Then the ho starts crying 'bout her hair and nails
Gettin' stomped with the shells
I heard the bitch-nigga yell Caught Peter, man, by the speaker
Looked me in the eye and didn't even know
I was his brother's keeper
Slap the nigga, through him in the sleeper Deeper and deeper
Nigga's vision start to black out, straight Grim Reaper
Still lookin for that nigga Peter
Chill, let's bounce
Spliff is high on 'bout a half an ounce
If he's hiding, we gon' find him on the eye of a needle Yeah that's the shit I'm talking bout
Let's go fuck with his peoples
Nigga got a sister?
Yeah, she work up in Kids World I don't know for sure
But I think the nigga live with is girl
There the nigga goes
Let's hit him with the 4-5 chrome Chill Spliff, we gon' trail this nigga's bitch ass home
Rush the crib
Kill the bitch while she ain't even looking
Still all fucked up from the last ass-whuppin
Chop the bitch up Caught up in this foul mix-up
Tore wide open, bitch'll need a major stitch-up
Dig a ditch up where no blood-hound'll sniff up
Yo, bury that bitch, don't leave a scent for dogs to pick up Oh shit, yo I hear somebody coming
From the upstairs bathroom where I hear the water running
Fuck that, there the motherfucker go right there
I want a morgue for him, make that nigga's crew pall-bear
Yo, let me lift him Wait, before that, let me go kiss him
Put five in his head and wrap him in the bedspread
Fled from the scenery without nobody seeing me
My squad sworn to secrecy

If anybody ask about him we ain't seen him recently

I got your backAny nigga ever try to front

I got your back

And if you ever need my burner son

I got your backA'yo I hit you with my last, god

I got your back

Any bitch step outta place

I got your backAnd if I gotta co-defend you

I got your back

Let me snuff that nigga talking shit

I got your back

I go against the world for my squad

I got your backI got your back

I got your back

I got your back

I got your back

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