Back Against The Wall

E-40

[E-40]Tryin to make it..
It's been a long road
Sic-Wid-It Records
[Master P & E-40]UNNNNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHH! (C'mon, ooh)
Y'all feel that? (I feel it playboy, I smell you)
It's real out here 40 (It's real Pee!)
[E-40]I'm out here in the slums where thugs be usin, ghetto tactics
like, choppin up candy canes
sittin on top of a dried up JCPenney pee-stained mattress
Whatever it takes to survive, see that's what I supply
Like slippin and slidin in the grocery store
and settling out of court
Soft white coke-a-plants turn into hard solidses
Thirty-eight snub nosed pistol grip lay nijjas on they wallets
The saga continues, the struggle's just beginnin
And it's hard to look up to snotty folks, cause THEY be sinnin
'Pac gone, Biggie gone, Seagram gone -- and we also lost Eazy-E
one of the first gangster rappers of all time
to the most vicious and deadliest disease in history since cancer
To Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, tombstone
From the graveyard shift, RBL's Mister C
One love, to Rappin Ron and Plann B
Victims of the trigger (unnnggggggggghhhhhh)
Po' out a little liquor
Chorus: repeat 2X
It's not the same, this world is crazy
We out here goin through it all
Everything must change, it's gettin shady
Got our backs against the wall

[Master P]UNGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH, I shed tears for pain 40, some for anger
Seen bloodshed by crooked cops, and gangbangers
Feel my pain (unnnggghhh) only time'll change it
and fast money, cars, and bitches got me trapped in this game
And my lil' homies ballin, picture me fallin
and momma in the funeral screamin and crawlin
Is there a heaven or hell?
To ghetto kids in the anky only time will tell
And jealousy, and envy, come with money

While crooked, politicians, run the country
And it's a, damn shame to see my, weeples vanish
Now they teach us ebonics, what about english and spanish
I couldn't, live my life behind bars and gates
While the government play a game called process to eliminate
Chorus
[E-40]Case #246, shootin in an inhabited area
They was steady complainin about the dope sellin
But they ain't never been evicted, or convicted
They ain't never been subpeonaed to court, or arrested
Shackled like an animal for pushin rocks
Dang near choked to death by motorcycle cops
Pepper sprayed and laughed at like that shit was funny
Pregnant breezy threw down on her tummy
Do you ever think I'll ever be able to get
a chance to repent and ask the lord for forgiveness
before he close the casket, will my son end up growin up
without a father will he end up bein a bastard?
A bastard -- that's a good question (ungggggggghhhh!)
I don't know, I don't know
Chorus

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