

Back Again

Rappin' 4-Tay

Get a dose of my brand new twist
For your tape or compact disc
Im no man when I'm off the indo
With a proper tempo and an instrumental I get so sick my homies know this
So, kick on back because a player wrote this
Type a rap you know the beat is phat
And when I leave the party homies said you did that It's a bay thing an everyday thing
You do your thing and I'll do my thing
I take the mic I like to rip it up
And if you call my bluff I'm like nigga what? I am the rapper, 4-Tay
Don't crowd me fool because your in my way
I gotta run you over, hit the gas
Buck in the next lane on that ass I bet you never thought I had the capability
It's ninety-foe and I know that you feel me
Fools are comin way too ill-iac
But a gang a the fools is comin way too whack I'm a drop another one for ninety five
But it's ninety-foe 4-Tay has arrived
Fresh out the lab a little dab
Hit the sucka with a right then a jab Callin' the kayo misscomayayo
Then you gotta problem with a fool outta Frisco
Now I'm off a that dank and gin
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again Now I'm off a that dank and gin
(Foe baby where you been)
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again
In the studio clockin' ends Now I'm off a that dank and gin
(Foe baby where you been)
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again
In the studio clockin' ends Somebody hold me hold me, I'm getting hyper
A secretary couldn't fade me on a typewriter
All these concepts and new arrivals
For ninety-foe I'm dropping fourteen titles Walk with this, ride with this, slide with this
Still guaranteed to move yo hips
So do what cha wanna girls get sassy
Oh get to talkin' bout ooh that's nasty What's nasty the way you dancin'
Shakein' you pants and niggas be glancin'
Don't blame it on the Rag Top mob
Your just doin' your thing I'm doin' my job To a faster pace I lace the beat nicely
Once again friends it's so spicy
Finger lickin', never getting caught up no mo

Suckas wanna see me stretched out on death row
Instead of rockin' every crowd that I run into
But they can't fade me and sure can't fade you
From Frisco to Oaktown dank is smokin'
Vallejo to San Jo niggas choking
I'm a do my part don't fight the feelin'
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again Now I'm off a that dank and gin
(Foe baby where you been)
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again
In the studio clockin' ends Now I'm off a that dank and gin
(Foe baby where you been)
Oh shit 4-Tay is back again
In the studio clockin' ends

Lyrics provided by

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