

Back Again

Juelz Santana

(Juelz)

Yeah nigga, I heard my man Luca was out
I guess he's...

(Chorus)

BACK A-GAIN,

Back with my 45, gotta new quarter drive
Tryin' to stay alllllllllvvveee

BACK A-GAIN

Same gansta team, new gangsta lean
Chasin' the fuckin' cream

BACK A-GAIN

Fitted to the back, Throwy well intact
Ladies holla back

BACK A-GAIN

This time we here to stay
Ain't got no time to play
Stay out my fuckin' way

(Verse)

Now I'm "Back A-gain", just like flash was
Bad like Shaft was, react like Cassius...
Clay did in the ring with his back up...
Against the ropes, jab, jab, back up
It's all for what, it's all for us, all for bucks
You chumps remind me of Mister Softee chucks
Icey niggaz, banana boat milkshake ice cream niggaz

I don't like these niggaz, nope

I pop shots, hot glocks, shoot through vans too

Oh-Bob-bobalo-bamboo, move

And I'm fo' really with the milly-o

Leave many wholes like the cereal Cheerios

You into funny money, I'm rakin' in silly do'

The type that don't really fold, just sittin' there and gettin' old

I got the game ina loop kid, kinda like Snoop did

It's more than me, it's more than the music

I'm....

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Come through new coup Z
Three plus fitty, me plus Jimmy
Speed up slow, ease up quickly
Yeah we puff really, yeah we just silly
Puddy-buddies yeah he just kills me, shit

And I'm sick in the mind
They don't understand this trife style lifestyle
Live in a mine, but still I'm "Back A-Gain"
Back with my 45, Cadillac that my shorty drives
Maggy-mackin' my shorty's live "Back A-Gain"
Straight from 4-45, West 53 in Amsterdam
Also known as Gramsterdam, way before the Santana man
Long time ago, way before the bandana, damn
Young scammy scam on the block hand to hand
Hard I was slangin' it, straight Leron James with it
No big star, no big car
One big rock, one big block, I'll go far

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Now this has been one hell of a year

This has been one hell of a ride, I'm tellin' you guys
They'd thought we'd never survive, Jeky'll and Hyde
Or the great american pie, weapons collide
Dead or alive, left with no choice but to um, better our lives
Get up and strive, but um, get up and roll, get up ya know
Get up and go, these motherfuckers ain't lettin' us go
So we get up and take it, get up and make it happen for us
Nobody can gt up and take this
In rappin' we trust, gat packin's a must
It's part of my nature, part of my wake up
Part of my waist yup, pardon my waist chump
For this part of my waist chump, come part in of your face, yup
It's Santana, part of the great stuff
Fo really man, pardon I'm great chump

(Chorus)

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