Front to Back

Sigma

[Woman: "Mixtape Messiah"....Yeah nigga it's the Mixtape Messiah nigga, ol' pussy ass nigga]
[U.G.K. Inserts: Bun-B (Pimp-C)] {Chamillionaire}
From the back (back), to this front (front)
Now to the side (side) {Get ya step on}
(repeat 4x)
{Hold up, Okay}
(What goes up, must come down)
From the back (must come down)
To this front (must come down)
[Verse 1: Chamillionaire]-Yuh, Yuh.
Go get a sack, roll a blunt, then let it light
Hop in ya ride, but don't let no gimmick rapper blow ya high
Go get some screw (what type of screw fool?), Dj Screw
And other Dj's can wreck too (how many?), just a few
Where that O.G. Ron C and other boys better not get lazy
Would it be slab or Mercedes? Better go ask that naked lady
on the hood, I feel like boys ain't no where near my caliber
I'm years ahead of yall and you ain't no where near my calendar
Went from the front, to the back, now push the side
Now I'm standin' on my own 2 Chuck Taylors when I ride
Ride on yall wit pride, homie you might ask me why
It seems like real niggaz die, and fraud niggaz multiply
Is ya hearin' me? no rapper can even see as clear as me
I make my own turns there is no one else that's steerin' me
How could you think that you could handle Koopa lyrically
My flow ain't perfect yet, but no rapper come as near as me
Look what you created, now you got me aggravated
Gettin' braided, sittin' bladed, then I go hit that 280
Uhh-Uhh, 8 bumper scrapped, but I'm steady tippin' down
Ask a question for real niggaz, I bet the frauds is gon' reply
Who the realest?
[U.G.K. Insert] {Rasaq ad-libs}
[Verse 2: Rasaq]-Ay we bout to tip down man
From the back to the front, front back to the side (to the side)
I'ma come down while my 5th wheel rise (5th wheel rise)
Fall up in the club, and I'm draped up in ice (draped up in ice)
Yellow-bone in my lap, and she shakin' them thighs (shakin' them thighs)

Wanna come home, but I'm past on the game
Niggaz waitin' in the alley, tryna jack off my chain
It's the Color Changer, ridin' on swangers
Recognize pimpin', I ain't never been no stranger
Bumpin' on screw, slowed down in my disc changer
If you wanna throw down, I got 1 up in the chamber
It's that brown-boy from that C.C.C
Them other boys cool, but they ain't me (you gotta love it)
Been true all my life, I ain't tellin' you a lie
Put ya deuce in the sky, if you 'finna get high
Alot of niggaz lame, they be sangin' they name
But I swear that they soft, and they gay in the game
I'ma come down, 84's spinners swang
Takin' butter-heads to the mall to buy me pinky rings
I be ridin' the hardest, yall niggaz is insane
23's behind the paint like that boy LeBron James
[U.G.K. Insert] {Yung-Ro ad-libs}
[Verse 3: Yung-Ro]-Let me see it, let me see it
From the back, to the front, to the side
I'm in the back, now here it cum, girl open wide
Don't be ashamed, do ya thang, 'cause I'ma do mines
Tell ya man that I got 2 nines, so lil daddy do you mind?
If I do what I'm supposed to do
It's pimpin' baby, I'm fly I'm supposed to screw
Every bitch in the vacinity
I'm on Hypnotiq and Hennessy
and you askin' what the hell don' gotten into me
I'm 'finna be, leavin' the scene with yo hoe
Just like I'm 'finna be turnin' 22, and that's comin' fa'sho
That's for Ro, just pimp-tastic baby
Need a bitch, break a bitch-up, pimp classic baby
You askin' baby, and I can feel it in my ear
Lookin' back at ya like G'yeah, tellin' you what you wanna hear
But it's cool with me, yeah just close the curtains
And if ya, fuckin' Nobody, ya still a virgin
Now from the back, to the front, to the side
From the back, to the front, to the side
From the back, to the front, now to the side
Heh!, yeah (Get ya step on..Get ya step on) yeah, Right!
[U.G.K. Insert]

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