

Back Against the Wall (feat. Master P)

E-40

[E-40]
Trying to make it
It's been a long road
Sic-Wid-It Records[Master P & E-40]
Oh! (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 using, ghetto tactics
Like, chopping up candy canes
Sitting on top of a dried up JC Penney day mattress
Whatever it takes to survive, see that's what I supply
Like slipping and sliding in the grocery store
And settling out of court
Soft white coke a black turn into hard solidses
Thirty-eight snub nosed pistol grip lay ninjas on they
The saga continues, the struggle's just beginning
And it's hard to look up to snotty folks, cause THEY be sinning
'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 see
One love, to Rapping Ron and Plan B
Victims of the trigger
Po' out a little liquor[Chorus: x2]
It's not the same, this world is crazy
We out here going through it all
Everything must change, it's getting shady
Got our backs against the wall[Master P]
I shed tears for pain 40, some for anger
Seen bloodshed by crooked cops, and gang bangers
Feel my pain only time'll change it
And fast money, cars, and bitches got me trapped in this game
And my lil' homies balling, picture me falling
And momma in the funeral screaming and crawling
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, shooting in an inhabited area
They was steady complaining about the dope selling
But they ain't never been evicted, or convicted
They ain't never been subpoenaed to court, or arrested
Shackled like an animal for pushing 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 growing up
Without a father will he end up being a bastard?
A bastard, that's a good question
I don't know, I don't know[Chorus]

Songwriters

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