Back Stabbers

OJay

Smile in your face, yeah back stabbers
They smile in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The back stabbers
(Back stabbers)
The buda got my brain seein' my own my blood stains
Dental records checkin' my remains, it's hard to explain
First I see 'em then I don't, they disappear
First she tried to slit my throat, now she ain't there
I'm seein' bitches in the mirrors behind me
But when I turn around, they hard to find
A little bit of weed and a little bit of greed
Make a bitch wanna choke me till I bleed
Now watch a bitch breathe from dum-dums
That some young bum had to bust just for wreck
Earn some self-respect, now should I tote a fo' pound
'Cause a clown wants my autograph
Broken off that hash I think he wants my cash
The lexus and rings, give a sex simple and plain
But these bitches is mad an' they niggas is bad
So they scheme on a cream, you know
Fuck the hoes, bitches is detrimental, the guns is essential
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I'm havin' re-occurin' dreams bitches they want my cream
They wanna be lieutenant so it seems, I can't sleep
I see an image that keeps movin' round and round my bed
The shadow stops, points a glock to my fuckin' head
I grab my pillow,crack the back window
Pull out the tre-8, bust three times at the gate
Lord have mercy, the Devil tryin' to curse me
I keeps seein' shit that wasn't there in the first
See bitches be livin' mad fad they fuck my man

Steal out my crib, then come an' try an' shake my hand
Yeah, man, breakin' you down one time
I packs that shit for your ass, chronic for your mind
I keeps it real on all you bitches, I wish you keep your mind
Off my motherfuckin' riches
Bitches, I'm tired of all you hos beggin' me for clothes
Bank rolls is all I knows, that shit is dead chicken-head
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The back stabbers
(Back stabbers)
They smile in your face

All the time they wanna take your place
The back stabbers
(Back stabbers)
The mornin's finally here,damn, what should I wear?
Time to get dressed and do my hair,once again it's on
Somebody's knockin' at my door, but when I walk across the floor
Just hope it up,the motherfucker's gone
I'm hearin' voices in the back of my mind
Better grab my 2, 'cause this fool might get outta line
I guess it's time to test this bullet-proof dress
From puttin' holes up in my chest
I'm lookin' through the peep-hole to recognise the face
I see three bitches and still I got to play it safe
I hope my dress come in handy but when I open the door
Three little girls sellin' candy, ya see bitches is jealous
Of little Kim because my click is thicker than the rest of them
All I wanna do is be rich and stay that bitch
Clock dough on the law, you know
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