

Goin Back (Instrumental)

1982

(I'm goin back, back, back)
Where they do that? You rat, go to court for the pigs
I'm coppin crack, pockets fat like Porky the Pig
I cock it back, I pop a gat, at the thoughts in your head
Cause I'm a felon, you be tellin, just to shorten your bid
And my life a movie but it never had a director
In the school of hard knocks, you never had a semester
I graduated from my class, now Cass' a professor
I'm applyin math pressure, ask Statik Selektah (I'm goin back)
Yeah, I get, get, get it, that's how I gotta be
I gotta see bread but I know that the Feds watchin me
I rap, sell crack, get money and cop property
You only buy houses when you playin Monopoly
You ain't got a pot to pee in or a window to throw it out, stop it B
You not a G and you not hot to me
A lot of people think you hot but I do not agree
I write just like Homer, it's all prophecy
But not as complex as the Iliad and the Odyssey
Cass', Xzibit and Termanology
Do what we paid to do, 1982 (I'm goin back)
Statik let the drums knock on it
Should've got M.O.P. and the Freddie Foxxx on it and the L.O.X. on it
Fuck the cops swarmin with they warrants
Bump it on my recorder, they pumpin it on the corner
This is drug music, bum losers with snub Rugers
And millis on all kinds but really they all mine
I rarely get outshined, I'm hailin from punch shrine
I kill you in one line like sniffin the junk dime (I'm goin back ...)
Tell me it ain't a thing
But anyone in the ring, I dead 'em like they the King
Of Pop, young bucks and veterans too
I walk around, head high, cause I'm better than you
I put you in a box, like my fresh Air Max's
So let's see if they make fresh air caskets
My rims chrome but my guns' all plastic
Me and Stat shit, '82, this is classic (I'm goin back)
Laced up, brand new, move like a pack of wolves
Damn this kush taste good and my backer wood
My carbon footprint bigger than Texas

If I'm ever arrested, I'll be out before breakfast
My particular method not to be questioned or tested
I'm a hostile country buildin a nuclear weapon
I don't keep 'em and cool 'em, I just fuel 'em and use 'em
Cause ain't no history books ever been writin by losers
I'm a shanker, a mover, tactical flankin maneuver
Busy, petty maneuver, flushin you back to the sewer
Fly out to Newark, New Jersey, Caravan through the city
Drop guap from them drop tops, now show me your titties
Yeah, show me your titties, cause I believe in your cleavage
And I'm promotin your assets, ya love when I beat it (*laughing*)
Yeah, cause I believe in your cleavage
And I'm promotin your assets, ya love when I beat it (I'm goin back ...)
Statik Selektah, yeah, let's take this shit back, my nig'
Know what I'm talkin about? Uh huh

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