

Back Up

C-Murder

Bob, ya head to this
Bob, yo head to that
Bob, ya head to this
They say I'm crazy but they can't faze me
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy
I test 'em up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boy
Now, back the fuck up
Throw ya hood up
Back the fuck up
Now nigga what
Back the fuck up
Throw ya hood up
Back the fuck up
Now nigga what
I ain't trippin' naw, nigga never
Any kind of weather, wind or whatever
I'm way too clever, status too lifted
Talented and gifted, we tossed it, I pitch it
A hog in the dog, ball, fall and ball
Touch all of y'all, duck off in the fog
Sippin', a lil' tipsy, like Nipsy, fortune teller said it look bad
She was a gypsy, mean like fiend, a gangsta, nawha mean?
Underground, tell I'm under the ground, get the mainstream
Pistol packin', totin', smokin' cuttin', throatin', soldier
I told ya, back up Rova, it's over
They say I'm crazy but they can't faze me
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy
I test 'em up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boy
Watch me flippa, flippa, treat em' like a doubie
Roll it and spin it fast, just like a Oozie
Ain't gone let it blues me, let nothin' get to me
Come back hard and star in my own movie
If ya think ya know me man, you don't know me
I done seen it all and done it all, ain't nothin' you can show me
I roll with high rollers and purse snatcha's
Cut boys, homie that still cause throw backa's
B.G. Skeeza's that count cheese and hold keys
Screamin' C, please let me see ya enemies
I keep it real like Murda dog and black dog
I'm attack dog, waitin' to jack and whack y'all
They say I'm crazy but they can't faze me
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy
I test em' up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boy
Back the fuck up
Throw ya hood up
Back the fuck up
Now nigga what
Back the fuck up
Throw ya hood up
Back the fuck up
Now nigga what
Ridin' down the wrong way down a one way on a Sunday
With a A.K., with the base hay, wildin' out, wildin' out boy
With a pocket full of stones, I'm in the zone

Do the gangsta walk, do the gangsta bounce
Now show ya gold's boy, mean mug that fool
Now show ya gold's boy
They say I'm crazy but they can't faze me
Them chicks be lovin' me 'cause I be thuggin' see
I'm just a cut boy, I hang in the cut boy
I test em' up boy, 'cause I don't give a fuck boy
Back the fuck up
Throw ya hood up
Back the fuck up
Now nigga what
Back the fuck up
Throw ya hood up
Back the fuck up
Now nigga what
Once again, you have been listening to
An XL and C-murder collaboration
Ya know, I told him, if he get me the vocals
I could hook him up, ya heard me
Holla, holla, holla, holla